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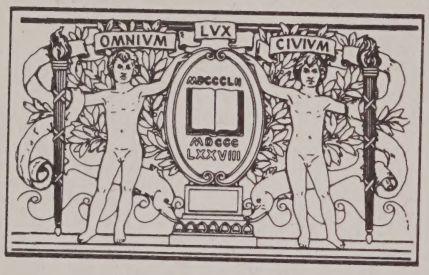

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXXVI.

JANUARY, 1835.

ART. I. — *Petrarch.*

Francisci Petrarchæ Florentini, Philosophi, Oratoris et Poetæ clarissimi, reflorescentis literaturæ, Latinæque Linguæ, aliquot Seculis horrenda Barbarie inquinatæ ac pene sepultæ, Assertoris et Instauratoris, Opera quæ extant omnia, &c, &c. Basileæ, per Sebastianum Henrichetri.

THE political state of Italy during the early part of the middle ages, although highly favorable to the development of mind, offered no advantages for secluded study. The war of the Investitures had been closely followed by the invasion of Frederic Barbarossa, and the war of the league of Lombardy. It was during this last, that the minds of the Italians, actively engaged in the defence of their rights, received an impulse and development, whose influence continued long after the freedom in which they originated had been madly sacrificed. But these exertions were accompanied by scenes of horror and woe, which chill the blood even at the distance of seven centuries; and the domestic life of the leading men of those times presents a picture of which we, surrounded by all the delicacies and comforts and securities of life, can form no adequate conception.*

* Among the protectors of literature during the fourteenth century, we find men not less remarkable for their vices than for their ambition. So that

Still the literary spirit of the age continued its train of constant, though slow advancement. The love of study spread by degrees from the convent to the court, and at length penetrated the retirement of domestic life. Amid the exciting cares of conquest, and even in the gloom of a prison, princes sought relief or relaxation in the cultivation of science; and private individuals, borne away by the same enthusiasm, neglected their more lucrative professions, for the enjoyment of intellectual pursuits.*

The human mind seems at first to have assumed a new form of conception, and the poetry which could not find full and permanent expression in the rude phrases of an unformed dialect, embodied its conceptions in the beautiful and sublime of a noble architecture. Then arose the daring dome, the frowning battlement, the dark pile of the cathedral, in which wild imagination and bold design mark out so clearly the epoch of their formation.†

The poetry of language soon followed and lingered for a time in the song of the Troubadours, and the minstrels of Sicily. Then suddenly passing into the nobler tongue of Tuscany, it became once more the language of nature, the expression of the overflowing feelings of the heart, the embodying of the bright and glowing forms that float before the eye of fancy. Foremost in the train we meet the daring genius of Dante, and the tones of his lyre have hardly died upon the ear, when we catch the soft strain of the lute of Petrarch.

The defeat of the Bianchi party of Florence in 1302 was followed by the banishment of its leading members.‡ Among these were Dante and the father of Petrarch. For a long time they indulged the hope of a recall, and they seem to have

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the zeal which they displayed, seems to have proceeded more directly from their love of magnificence, than from their love of letters; a proof of the general esteem in which literature was held.

* A remarkable instance of this is related in one of Petrarch's letters. V. Mem. pour la Vie de Petrarque, Tom ii. p. 486. ap. Tirab.

† V. Histoire Littéraire de la France, Vol. XVI. Discours sur l'état des Beaux Arts au treizième siecle.

‡ V. Tirab. Vol. V. p. 443. et seq.
Petrarch de orig. et vit. passim.
Squarzafichi, vit. Fr. Petrar. Petr. oper. edit. Basl.
Mem. de l' Académie des Inscriptions, Vol. XV. p. 746. et seq. XVII. 390. et seq.
Besides these professed biographies, there are many highly interesting facts scattered through the letters of Petrarch and some in his Dial. de Cont. Mund. and in other parts of his works.

first sought a refuge in the vicinity of Florence, either with a view to assist the efforts of their friends, or to avail themselves of them, if successful. It was probably this circumstance which first led them to Arezzo, and it was here that Petrarch was born in the second year of his father's exile. On the very night of his birth, the banished party attempted to force an entrance into Florence. The effort failed, and so far from increasing the chances of return, it completely alienated the affections of their few remaining friends. Still the father of Petrarch lingered around Florence with all an exile's fondness, and it was not until the bitter experience of seven years had forced upon his conviction the vanity of his hopes, that he was able to tear himself from his native land. He then retired to Avignon, where the residence of the Papal Court had drawn immense crowds of the ambitious or discontented of Italy. He here engaged in the profession which he had originally pursued in Florence; and, unable to keep his son in the crowded city of Avignon, he placed him at the school of Carpentras, a small town in its neighborhood. Petrarch here not only followed the usual course of elementary studies, but soon completing his grammar and rhetoric, advanced to the higher classes of Latin. His fondness for study and readiness in learning led his friends to form great expectations of his success, and, accordingly, as soon as his age would permit, his attention was directed to the study of law, as the surest path to wealth and honor. But fortunately for posterity, Petrarch had already acquired too strong and decided a taste for polite letters, to permit his mind to engage with any degree of pleasure in the subtle distinctions of the codes.* It was not surprising, therefore, that although placed first at the school of Montpelier, then at that of Bologna, and allured by some interesting points in the study itself, he should pursue it with aversion, and seize the first opportunity of quitting it forever. The death of his father, which is placed by some writers about the year 1326, is supposed to have been the immediate cause of his return to Avignon; and there, having no guide but his own inclination, he abandoned every study for his favorite pursuits. But unhappily for the freedom of his choice, his small inheritance had been shamefully wasted by his father's execu-

* One of his biographers attributes this passion to an emulation excited by the writings of Dante, which were then beginning to attract the notice of the learned. — Squarzafichi, vit. Petr. p. 2.

tors, and he soon found it necessary to direct his thoughts to some additional source of revenue. With this view he entered the church, and assumed the clerical robe. But the path of ecclesiastical duty offered no more allurements than he had previously found in the study of law, and although he enjoyed the protection of the Colonnas, he never advanced far in the honors of the church.

This portion of the life of Petrarch has been enlarged upon by all who have undertaken his history; and some of his biographers seem to have believed that the passion for Laura was almost the only important event of his life. In one point of view it is undoubtedly interesting; for it exerted a powerful influence over a great part of his life, and gave rise to the Italian poems by which he is chiefly known. It is difficult to conceive the warmth and constancy of this passion, and were there no other evidence of its reality, than the testimony of his verses, we could almost pardon those who view it as a poetic fiction. But the same tone of feeling which characterizes the Canzoniere, extends to his letters and dialogues, and a large portion of his other works. We have not at present any means of ascertaining with what feelings he first met its approach. But he was not long in perceiving that it was destined to prove destructive of his peace; and the unsettled state of his mind, the alternate mixture of hope and fear by which he was constantly tormented, are evident as much from the manner of his life, as from the tone of his verses.* It was not, however, by a weak abandonment of his duties that the power of his passion was manifested, for he pursued his studies and continued the cultivation of his mind with unrelaxing industry. But the constant change of residence, the frequent attempts to tear himself from Avignon, where, however, he constantly returned, the tender strain of thought which ran through all his writings, were clear indications of a 'heart ill at ease.'

* Readers who are desirous of re-examining this oft-examined question, will find one of the prevalent opinions strongly supported in the Mem. de l'Acad. cited above. In another, (we believe the 16th vol. of the same work) the opinion of the Abbé de Sade is supported in a very ingenious essay upon Laura. The Abbe's opinion (v. Mem. pour la Vie de Petrarque) has been adopted by Tiraboschi and other celebrated critics. But early in the present century it was violently attacked by Lord Woodhouselee. We have not been able to procure his essay, but from a few extracts that we have seen, we should suppose that his lordship knew more of the spirit of Petrarch, than of that of Petrarch's age.

The first of his tours was made in company with his friend and patron James Colonna, to the Bishopric of Lombes.* After passing a summer in that place, where the solitude of the situation was enlivened by the society of his friends Lelius and Socrates, he again returned to Avignon. There he remained tranquil for near three years, eagerly embracing every occasion to extend his information, not only by means of books, but of the society that was constantly gathered around his patron. He thus became acquainted with Richard of Bury, tutor and ambassador of Edward III., and with many other distinguished men, whose correspondence long continued to form one of the chief pleasures of his life. The conversation of these friends may perhaps have concurred with the unsettled state of his mind in forming the taste for travelling, which nothing but the infirmities of old age could ever overcome.

About three years after his return from Lombes, he made a tour through the north of France, the Netherlands, and along the Rhine, and while absent communicated to his friends the course and events of this journey, in letters which now form one of the most interesting portions of his correspondence. † He next directed his steps towards Italy, and the true feeling of Italian pride breaks out in the delight with which he says, that wherever he wandered and whatever he saw, he found nothing to make him ashamed of his native land. For a time his passion for travelling was satisfied, and, purchasing a small cottage at Vaucluse, in the neighborhood of Avignon, he arranged his library there, and established himself in that solitude.

He now engaged in his studies with the ardor of youth. He was at a distance from the world, and received no interruptions from the cares of society, while the monotony of solitude was cheered by the occasional visits of his friends. Every hour was a succession of delightful occupations. He turned from the grave composition of his moral treatises, to study his eclogues or epistles. The retirement of the closet was relieved by the fresh air of the valley, and the thousand thoughts and images, that rose from his peculiar situation, and from the

* It has been asserted that it was during this tour that Petrarch first became acquainted with the Provençal poetry; but his long residence in a part of France not far distant from the seat of Provençal literature, could hardly have left him in ignorance of a poetry that had already spread throughout Italy itself.

† V. Famil. Lib. I. ep. 3, 4.

sweet aspect that nature wore around him, were recorded upon his tablets, and at length formed into the tender verses of the Canzoniere. Here he composed the greatest part of his early sonnets and odes. Many of his letters were written from here, and beside the Latin dialogues and moral treatises, he here commenced his great epic, the poem of Africa.*

Thus far the reputation of Petrarch, although not confined to the immediate circle of his friends, had been an indefinite expectation of future excellence, rather than the fruit of some superior production. For it should not be forgotten that the sonnets and odes by which he is chiefly known in modern times, were but little esteemed by the grave and learned of the age for which he wrote. Not so with the younger portion of society, and especially with those who felt, or wished to feel, the passion which he has so truly depicted. They were also spreading rapidly through the lower classes, changing, it is true, and losing a part of their original polish and beauty, as they passed from mouth to mouth among a rude peasantry, but silently forming for their author that far-spread and flattering reputation, which seems to be the peculiar lot of Italian and Grecian poets.

But the poem of Africa, in which he was engaged, raised the expectation of his contemporaries to the highest pitch, and upon this he also for a long time placed his hopes of permanent reputation. The first verses were hardly known, when the attention of the learned, and of the patrons of learning, became wholly directed to the valley of Vaucluse. † And long be-

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* The letter from which we obtain these facts was written in reply to a friend, who had attempted to dissuade him from returning to Vaucluse. After several observations, he adds the following: — Quod idcirco dixerim, ne quis dubitet, me illius rus non spernere, quod mihi, meisque rebus aptissimum semper inveni, ubi sæpe curas urbanas, rustica requie permutavi, quod non tantum electione ipsa, sed agrestibus muris et (ut spero) solidiore cemento, verbis atque carminibus illustrare pro viribus studui. Illic, juvat enim meminisse, Africam meam cœpi, tanto impetu, tantoque nisu animi, ut nunc limam per eadem referens vestigia, ipse meam audaciam et magna operis fundamenta, quodammodo, perhorrescam. Illic et epistolarum utriusque styli, partem non exiguam et pene totum Bucolicum carmen absolvi, quam brevi dierum spatio si noris, stupeas. Fam. Lib. VIII. ep. 3.

Another writer goes still further; — Illic denique quicquid fere omni aetate composuit aut præfecit aut incepit, aut scribere cogitavit, eo fuit in loco. Vergerius apud Squarzaf. p. 3.

† The wonder and admiration, which the mere intention of writing a poem excited among the scholars of that age, will seem strange to an age like ours, so well accustomed to the appearance of heroics, that number volumes instead of books. But according to Tiraboschi, this was not the case with our

fore the work was completed, the Senate of Rome sent him an invitation to receive the laurel crown upon the Capitol. While he was yet agitated by the joy of this unexpected honor, a letter from a friend in Paris urged him to accept the same high reward from the university of that city. He hesitated for some time between these two invitations, but the advice of his friend Colonna concurring with his own veneration for the Roman name, at length decided him in favor of the former.*

It was a glorious moment, not for him alone, but for the literature, the genius of all ages, when the Roman Senate, renewing for a moment its long associations with all that is noble in genius or daring in enterprise, placed the wreath of laurel upon the brow of Petrarch. The dark clouds which hung so thickly over the moral and political horizon, seemed for an instant to break away, and the shout of the thousands who crowded around the Capitol, and filled the avenues of the Forum, might have seemed the voice of reviving Rome: reviving, not to roll the dripping wheels of the triumphal car along the steep of the Capitol; not to suspend a new shield or lance at the shrine of Capitolinus; but to place upon the bloodless brow of genius the reward of victories, gained in the pure field of intellectual exertion, over the ignorance and wildness of a barbarous age.

From this time Petrarch resided more constantly in Italy. His reputation procured him the friendship of princes and republics, as well as of men of letters.† There was hardly a court that did not seek to allure him by the most favorable offers. The republic of Florence endeavored to engage him in her new university by the proffer of any chair that he might deign to fill: the Emperor Charles IV. favored him with his correspondence, and sought to establish him at his court. He was invited by Innocent XVI. to become apostolic secretary, a post to which he had been previously called by Clement VI. This pontiff had also held out for him the additional

unfortunate forefathers. — Un poema, says he, a quell' età era una cosa si rara che doveva destare ammirazione verso l'autore in chiunque udivane il nome. Quindi appena ne corse la fama mentre Petrarca non aveane fatta che piccola parte, e appena vedute le altre Latine poesie da lui composte, egli divenne l'ogetto dell' universale maraviglia e per poco non fu creduto un uomo divino.

* Op. Tom. III. p. 3. Tirab. V. p. 455.

† V. Tiraboschi, Vol. V. Lib. I. cap. 2, passim.

allurements of ecclesiastical advancement. But, too fond of his freedom to submit to the confinement of public employment, he passed from city to city, and from court to court, — now simply seeking to gratify his private attachment, and now charged with the embassy of some Italian prince.* Twice he attempted to act as mediator between the rival republics of Genoa and Venice; he averted the impending wrath of Charles IV. from his friend and protector the Visconti. By his eloquent expostulations, he partly prevailed upon one pontiff to remove the papal chair to Rome, and contributed powerfully to prepare the mind of another for the same change. Were we to follow his history through all the details of this period, we should be led from court to court, we should be obliged to enumerate all the literary enterprises of the age, the search and restoration of ancient manuscripts, the spread and cultivation of Greek letters, the introduction of pure taste into the study of antiquity, the application of reason and criticism to the examination of ancient monuments, and descending to minuter details, the history of many inferior undertakings, of which he was the origin and the soul. We must, however, confine ourselves for the present to a single anecdote, which illustrates in a very forcible manner, the estimation in which Petrarch was held by his contemporaries.†

While he was receiving his public examination at the court of King Robert of Naples, a school-master of Pontremoli, blind and enfeebled by age, hastened to Naples in order to see him. Petrarch had already started for Rome, but the report of so extraordinary an occurrence spread rapidly through the city, and soon reached the ears of the king. It was natural that so great a lover of letters should be struck with this burst of enthusiasm, and after having received a confirmation of the story from the lips of the old man himself, he supplied him with some conveniences for his journey, and urged him to hasten towards Rome, where he might, perhaps, be in time to satisfy his curiosity. But here also, the poor old man was too

* It is worthy of remark, that many of the principal Italian scholars were employed in the most important embassies. Without counting Machiavelli, who was a professed politician, Dante alone is said to have been fourteen times ambassador.

† There is a curious statement in a letter of Petrarch, written in reply to the invitation to become Secretary to Innocent XVI., by which we learn that while he received almost divine honors from some, he was thought little better than a magician by others. Vid. Rer. Sen. L. I. Ep. 3.

late, for Petrarch had already started for France. He returned to Pontremoli almost broken-hearted with his disappointment, but had hardly reached home, when he was told that Petrarch, instead of returning to Avignon, had stopped at Parma. Not discouraged by his former disappointment he again set out to seek him, and crossing the Apennines through snow and cold, with no support but the arm of his son, and of one of his scholars, he at length reached the house in which Petrarch was lodged. It would be impossible to describe the rapture with which he embraced him, listening with ecstasy to every word that he uttered, and alternately kissing the hand that had written, and the head that had composed such noble verses.* After having passed three days in the enjoyment of his society, the old man returned home joyful and contented.†

The mind of Petrarch had always been open to religious impressions, and even in the earlier periods of his attachment to Laura, he seems to have sought relief from his sorrows in the offices of devotion. This feeling continued to gain strength as he advanced in age, and many letters, composed during the last years of his life, bear witness to the resigned and tranquil mind with which he viewed the approach of death. His studies at this period were divided between the classics of Greece and Rome, and the works of the fathers; for his strong mind, while deeply impressed with the truths of religion, was raised far above the narrow bigotry which can see no traces of its Maker in the productions of a Pagan. His application to study was never relaxed while he had strength to bear the exertion. To borrow his own words, he hastened his steps as he drew nearer to the goal, and believing that much still remained to be done, while his increasing infirmities reminded him, from hour to hour, how small a space remained for labor, he allowed to sleep and relaxation only that time which the weakness of nature imperiously demanded. He arose at midnight, to pray and study, and divided the day between religion and literature. But his

* Et quotiens putas, sed quid loquor, praesens rebus intereras, quotiens filii et discipuli alterius, quo pro filio et quibus ambobus pro vehiculo utebatur, manibus sublatis, meum caput osculatus est, quo illa cogitassem, quotiens hanc dexteram qua illa scripsissem, quibus se diceret vehementissime delectatum. Rer. Sen. ut sup.

† This anecdote is related by Petrarch himself in a letter to one of his friends, in which he attempts to prove that the love of letters does not pass unrewarded in their age. Vid. Rer. Sen. Lib. XV. ep. 7.

debility and disease daily increased. Frequent fevers slowly undermined his strength, and his body seemed to sink under him from hour to hour ; but still his mind grew brighter and brighter, and his imagination purer and purer, as sense faded within him. At length, on the morning of the eighteenth of July, 1374, he was found dead in his study, seated in his chair, with his head reposing as in meditation upon the pages of a book.*

The Italian poems of Petrarch can never be correctly estimated, until some poet shall arise, who, possessing the same depth and purity of feeling, can transfuse into the most harmonious form of his native language, the grace and sweetness of the original verses. Until then, the enjoyment of the Canzoniere must be confined to the native Italian, and to the few who enter enough into the spirit of the language, to catch the feeling of the original as well as its sense. The perfect simplicity and pure nature of its imagery, the variety and richness of its diction, and the arrangement and structure of the verse, corresponding so fully to the general character of each piece, — now moving with pensive gravity, now chiming to the brisk flow of gayer thoughts, like music, that harmonizes by its measure to the feelings that its tones have awakened, — these are beauties which must escape the observation of the early scholar. But every step in the language brings him nearer to their spirit. Beauties insensibly arise where he had thought all was vain expression, truth of feeling breaks forth from passages that at first seemed stiff and artificial, until, losing sight of the book and the writer in the thrilling responses of his own heart, he is borne irresistibly onward by the flow of the thoughts and of the verse that embodies them.

We have already observed, that the value which Petrarch and his contemporaries attached to the Canzoniere, was far from that enthusiastic admiration with which it has been commented on and studied by posterity. And this arose, not so much from their insensibility to its beauties, as from their exclusive admiration of the manner of the old classics. His odes and sonnets were regarded as the light, although elegant relaxations, in which a scholar might unbend his mind without derogating too far from the dignity of his profession, while his claims to the admiration of posterity were supposed to rest almost exclusive-

* A very good account of Arqua, where the house of Petrarch, the chair in which he died and several other relics are preserved, may be found in the notes to the fourth Canto of Childe Harold.

ly upon his Latin works.* But this very circumstance may have contributed to the real excellence of the former. For although the one was labored with greater care and formed after the pure models of antiquity, the others have caught more truly the real movements of his own heart, and breathe an unlabored and almost involuntary sweetness; as the harp, when touched by the passing breeze, will utter tones of unearthly minstrelsy, which the most perfect science can never draw forth.

The amatory portion of the Canzoniere possesses two distinct characters. During the life-time of Laura, the poet's mind has a gayer or rather brighter range of imagery. The charms of her person float constantly before him. Her 'loved idea' is mixed with every object, from the soft hue of the evening sky, to the deep brown of the rustling forest, from the gale that fans his feverish brow, to the stream that lulls by its gentle murmurings. All the varying emotions of his soul are fully recorded.† We now find him flushed with joy at some simple mark of favor, now deeply dejected by some act of unusual harshness. At times he laments the fatal destiny that has condemned him to days of hopeless complaint, to nights of watchful agony. At others he seems to rejoice in his chains, and although fully sensible of the hopelessness of his passion, to cherish with anxious solicitude the flame that feeds it. And throughout the course of these feelings, the flow of the verse chimes sweetly to the thoughts they record; moving like music at night amid the stillness of some lonely lake, now floating softly over the unrippled water, now lost amid the

*But Petrarch himself seems, at a later date, to have perceived and acknowledged the superiority of his Italian poems over all his other works. — Paulus Vergerius scribit habuisse a Calutio Salviato, qui dicebat ab ipso Petrarcha audivisse, melius se omnia quæ scripserat facturum præter ejus in lingua vernacula scripta, ubi ingenue fatebatur seipsum in illis vicisse. Verger. apud Squarzaf.

And in one of his own sonnets Petrarch says, that had he believed his poems would prove so acceptable, he would have increased their number and given more polish to the style. Sonn. 253, 2d part.

† Itaque per os meum flamma cordis erumpens, miserabili sed (ut quidam dixerunt) dulci murmure valles, cœlumque complebat. Hinc illa vulgaria juvenilium laborum meorum cantica, quorum hodie pudet ac poenitet, sed eodem morbo affectis (ut videmus) acceptissima. Fam. Lib. VIII. ep. 3.

E certo ogni mio studio in quel temp'era
Pur di sfogare il doloroso core
In qualche modo.

Sonnet, 253.

rush of the rising breeze, now broken by the voice of the awakened echoes.

Laura dies; and here the tone of his sorrow is changed. She is no longer an earthly beauty, whom he can hope to bend by his tears, but a spirit of heaven, who has wiped away the dross of earthly passion, but still cherishes that pure affection by which man is sometimes drawn back to the image of his Maker. She then visits him in dreams, and amid the still watches of the night, rebukes his vain and sinful sorrow. She bids him weep for himself and not for her; she shows him by bright glimpses of heaven, the inexpressible bliss of the state to which she has passed, and bids him look with anxious anticipation for the day in which he may be permitted to follow. There is something exceedingly touching in this communion with the dead whom we have loved, in this affection which even from heaven can look back upon the sad footsteps of the dear ones left behind, and cheer by friendly words and soothing visions the grief which none but itself can feel to be vain.

The style also of the second part seems to have changed in accordance with the feelings of the mourner. The movement of the verse is solemn and slow; a softer and purer strain of lament swells up from the heart; we are led to the solitary grave; we seek in vain for the form that was once so lovely, but which is now mingled and lost amid the common dust at our feet; at times a voice from heaven breaks in upon the stillness of night; a heavenward aspiration arises from the lone and stricken soul; while the imagery, shaded with the same deep coloring, softens and deepens and harmonizes the whole.

But these expressions of feeling, although beautiful from their illustrations and truth to nature, never approach the penetrating analysis of the mind, which may be found in the writings of some English poets. They are brought before us in a few rapid sketches, not drawn in the fullness of their fearful reality; entwined around some lovely object in nature, not chilling the heart by their lonely despair; we see the heaving, the agitation of the waves on the surface, but cannot discover the mighty arm that stirs them up from the foundation. Hence we rise from the Canzoniere, with a soft tinge of tender melancholy, but never oppressed by the weight of sorrow; with a tear glistening in the eye, or stealing in silence down the cheek, but never with the heart wrought up to that fearful excitement, which follows the reading of the Robbers, the Corsair, or Wer-

ter. In the most touching complaints of Petrarch we find, if not a gleam of hope, at least, the melancholy smile of resignation; the utterance of his feelings seems in a measure to relieve him from their pressure, and even when he calls upon death as his only friend, we feel, that although grief may hasten his approach, the sufferer will never anticipate the blow.

It will be evident, even from this imperfect sketch, that the chief merit of the Canzoniere must lie in the choice of imagery and expression, and in the adaptation of its verse to a natural flow of tender thought. Elegance of expression, which is so important a part of all poetry, is peculiarly essential to lyric verse. The short compass of an ode or sonnet will not admit of the compression of many ideas, much less of their full development. It is only by seizing some pleasing thought, and adapting to it the embellishment of appropriate imagery, that the poet can fix our attention. However beautiful the leading idea, it is far from being the principal object in the piece. It is in its connexion with some beautiful object in natural scenery, with some lovely form of the poet's fancy, in its power to touch some hidden chord of our own sympathies, that the force and interest of the sonnet consist. Hence it must be the expression of our passing feelings, flowing almost spontaneously from their own deep sources, taking its tone from the impulses within, seldom exciting deep emotions, but sometimes mastering the heart, by a few bold images and vigorous expressions.*

The illustration of these remarks may be found upon every page of the Canzoniere. As far as propriety of expression depends upon the choice and arrangement of words, Petrarch is a remarkable instance of pure taste. Receiving the language almost immediately from the rough but vigorous pen of Dante, he contributed greatly toward giving it that sweetness and harmony, which have so long been considered its leading characteristics. And there is no fact more remarkable in the whole compass of literary history, than that scarcely two obsolete words can be found in his Italian poems; so truly did he judge the genius of his native tongue, and so exquisite was

* It should be remembered that the merit of Petrarch does not consist simply in the proper use of a vocabulary, already formed and fixed by polished usage, but in the selection of appropriate expressions, from the variety of an unsettled language. One proof of his superior taste in this respect is his rejecting the custom of mingling foreign words with those which are purely Italian, a custom universal among his contemporaries and predecessors in the literary world. V. Crescembeni della Volg. Poes. Vol. I. p. 363.

the taste with which he selected, arranged and polished its copious vocabulary.

In judging of epithets and expressions, however, we should always bear in mind that this, of all the beauties of speech, is the most exposed to the influence of time. A phrase may be vigorous or beautiful in one age or one country, from the peculiar circumstances in which it arose, while at a short interval either of time or space its beauty is unintelligible, or its power has been lost. True excellence will always bear the acuteness of critical examination, but many of the beauties of expression are strictly conventional, and thus are soon worn by familiar usage. Hence we pass over many delicate images which the quick imagination of the poet has connected with particular words, and read with comparative coldness many elegant phrases which usage has made familiar to our minds, although they first shone with the freshness of youthful beauty in the verse before us.

The Italian scholar will find a beautiful specimen of propriety of language combined with strength and richness of diction, in the ode supposed to have been addressed to Cola di Rienzi.

Spirto gentil che quelle membra reggi.

The same qualities will be found, although in a less degree, in the following sonnet. The movement of the verse is remarkably full and grave, corresponding with the loneliness of the heart it so beautifully describes.

Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi
Vo misurando a passi tardi e lenti;
E gli occhi porto per fuggire intenti
Dove vestigio uman l'arena stampi.
Altro schermo non trovo che mi scampi
Dal manifesto accorger delle genti,
Perchè negli atti d'allegrezza spenti,
Di fuor si legge com' io dentro avvampi.
Si ch'io mi credo omai, che monti e piagge
E fiumi e selve sappian di che tempre
Sia la mia vita ch' è celata altrui.
Ma pur si aspre vie, ne si selvagge,
Cercar non so, ch'amor non venga sempre
Ragionando con meco ed io con lui.

'Alone and pensive, the deserted strand
I wander o'er with slow and measured pace,
And shun with eager eye the lightest trace
Of human foot, imprinted on the sand.

I find, alas! no other resting-place
From the keen eye of man; for in the show
Of joys gone by, it reads upon my face
The traces of the flame that burns below.
And thus, at length, each leafy mount and plain,
Each wandering stream and shady forest know,
What others know not, all my life of pain.
And e'en as through the wildest tracts I go,
Love whispers in my ear his tender strain,
Which I with trembling lip repeat to him again.'

The same idea is finely enlarged upon in one of the sweetest odes of the Canzoniere. And it may here be observed, that the longest of Petrarch's pieces are generally the best. His feelings seem to gather strength as he warms with his subject, and ideas which at first rise coldly and singly in his mind, flow onward, warming at every step, gathering new strength from every object, drawing in imagery from every source, until the mind and heart of the writer himself seem to roll on with the full current of collected thought.

The following verses, with which the ode commences, will show with what richness of expression and imagery he gives the charms of variety to ideas that his own verses have rendered familiar.

Di pensier in pensier, di monte in monte,
Mi guida amor, ch'ogni segnato calle
Provo contrario alla tranquilla vita.
Se'n solitaria piaggia rivo o fonte,
Se'n fra duo poggi siede ombrosa valle;
Ivi s'acqueta l'alma sbigottita:
E come amor l'invita,
Or ride, or piange, or teme, or s'assecura:
E'l volto, che lei segue ov'ella il mena,
Si turba e rasserena,
E in un esser picciol tempo dura:

'From thought to thought, from mount to mount,
Love leads me on; each beaten way
From life's calm tenor leads astray.
But if I find a lonely stream or fount,
Or 'twixt two gentle slopes a shady vale,
My troubled spirit finds relief,
And there, obedient to its chief,
Now weeps, now smiles, or hopes or trembles now.

While o'er my face, which still her will obeys,
Or joy, or sorrow plays,
Fast changing with the thoughts that move below.'

The following verses exhibit a beautiful contrast between the bright aspect of nature and the solitude of the heart; hues that glow, charms that pass brightly before the physical eye, but which cannot penetrate the frozen sources of feeling within.

Zefiro torna e'l bel tempo rimena,
E i fiori, e l'erbe sua dolce famiglia;
E garrir Progne, e pianger Filomena;
E primavera candida e vermiglia.
Ridono i prati, e'l ciel si rasserena;
Giove si rallegra di mirar sua figlia;
L'aria, e l'acqua, e la terra è d'amor piena:
Ogni animal d'amar si riconsiglia.
Ma per me, lasso, tornano i più gravi
Sospiri, che dal cor profondo tragge
Quella ch'al ciel sene portò le chiavi.
E cantar augellette, e fiorir piagge,
E'n belle donne oneste atti soavi
Sono un deserto e fere aspre selvagge.

'The soft west wind returning, brings again
Its lovely family of herbs and flowers;
Progne's gay notes and Philomela's strain
Vary the dance of springtide's rosy hours.
And joyously o'er every field and plain
Glows the bright smile that greets them from above,
And the warm spirit of reviving love
Breathes in the air and murmurs from the main.
But tears and sorrowing sighs, which gushingly
Pour from the secret chambers of my heart,
Are all that spring returning brings to me;
And in the modest smile, or glance of art,
The song of birds, the bloom of heath and tree,
A desert's rugged tract and savage forms I see.'

There is no species of poetical embellishment that requires so pure a taste, such accurate judgment, as the introduction of the stream and the forest and the bird that warbles in its shade to a share of our own feelings. When the heart is cold and the fancy unexcited, such images seem lifeless and extravagant. We catch not the tone of feeling which gives life to whatever meets the eye. It is like the soft strain of a pensive air in an hour of revelry, or the thrilling notes of the clarion when ex-

hausted nature is fainting for repose. Yet every one, who has associated a strong passion with some favorite scene, will feel that this is the natural language of the heart. The thought of a dear object will be dearer amid the scenes that she has loved, and the wind that has 'breathed through her lattice' will come softer and sweeter to the brow. How naturally does imagination, when warmed by the view of some venerable ruin, read over its barren walls the rich drapery of other days, and summon up the forms and awaken the voices with which it was once enlivened. It is but a step further to call upon the mossy stone for the tale of its youth, or to believe that the air around you is still warmed by the breath of those whose memory makes it dear.

But even this is extravagant, if we view it only through the cold medium of judgment. The air cannot breathe, the stone cannot speak, and the ivy drapery of the walls cannot be exchanged for their original embellishments. But for such an eye there is no form of beauty in the evening sky, no soothing voice in the whispered hymns of the forest. It is useless to scan the poetry of passion with the cold eye of unimpassioned reason. Our moments of truest poetic feeling are those of deepest excitement; not always of an excitement that arouses the energies of the mind, and acts upon its deepest sensibilities, but of one which sometimes speaks in low tones to the softer senses of our nature, and stirs with a gentle touch the deep sources of passion.

Now we are too apt to forget, that the poetry of feeling is the language of this excitement, — a language that flows naturally and freely from the depths of the soul, although a chill often spreads over it from the unmoved sympathies of the reader. What the true poet writes with feeling he has often felt in agony, and although, when he calls upon the grove and the stream to witness his emotions, it may seem to us the language of embellishment, it is for him the warm expression of real emotions.

We find repeated examples of this imagery in the verses of Petrarch, varying, however, according to the nature of his own emotions; sometimes pursuing the rapid current with envious eye, at others seeking with jealous haste, the solitude of the desert; now linked with some beautiful form of natural scenery, now responding to the soft notes of the melancholy nightingale;

while every image that arises in the mind receives the coloring of that mind, its warmth, its purity, and its tenderness.

While passing near the sources of the Rhone on his way to Avignon, the sight of a stream, whose waters would flow from his eye to murmur around the footsteps of Laura, called forth the following sonnet, — light and easy in its movement, although not characterized by any depth either of thought or of feeling.

Rapido fiume ; che d' alpestre vena
Rodendo intorno, onde'l tuo nome prendi,
Notte e dì meco desioso scendi
Ov' Amor me, te sol natura mena ;
Vattene innanzi ; il tuo corso non frena
Nè stanchezza, nè sonno : e pria che rendi
Suo dritto al mar, fiso ù si mostri, attendi
L'erba più verde, e l'aria più serena :
Ivi è quel nostro vivo e dolce sole,
Ch' adorna e'nfiora la tua riva manca ;
Forse, (O che spero !) il mio tardar le dole,
Baciale 'l piede e la man bella e bianca.
Dille ; il baciar sie'n vece di parole :
Lo spirto è pronto, ma la carne è stanca.

'Swift current, that from rocky Alpine vein,
Gathering the tribute to thy waters free,
Mov'st joyous onward night and day with me,
Where nature leads thee, me love's tyrant chain ;
Roll freely on ; nor toil, nor rest restrain
Thine arrowy course ; but ere thou yieldest in
The tribute of thy waters to the main,
Seek out heaven's purest sky, earth's deepest green ;
There wilt thou find the bright and living beam,
That o'er thy left bank sheds its heavenly rays ;
If unto her too slow my footsteps seem,
(While by her feet thy lingering current strays,
Forming to words the murmurs of its stream)
Say that the weary flesh the willing soul delays.'

The following verses have a far sweeter flow, with a deep tone of tender melancholy. They were written after the death of Laura.

Quel rosigniuol, che sì soave piagne
Forse suoi figli, o sua cara consorte,
Di dolcezza empie il cielo e le campagne
Di tante note sì pietose e scorte ;

E tutta notte par, che m'accompagne,
E mi rammente la mia dura sorte.

'Yon nightingale, whose melancholy strain
Laments his tender young, or partner dear,
Pours sweetly through the mellow air and plain,
His thousand notes, so mournful and so clear:
And through night's lonely watches flowing near,
They wake the buried memory of my pain.'

The following piece is purely devotional.

I vo piangendo i miei passati tempi,
I quai posi in amar cosa mortale
Senza levarmi a volo, avend'io l'ale,
Per dar forse di me non bassi esempi.
Tu, che vedi i miei mali indegni ed empi,
Re del cielo invisibile, immortale;
Soccorri all' alma disviata e frale,
E'l suo difetto di tua grazia adempi.
Sicchè s'io vissi in guerra ed in tempesta,
Mora in pace ed in porto; e se la stanza
Fu vana, almen sia la partita onesta.
A quel poco di viver, che m' avanza,
Ed al morir degni esser tua man presta;
Tu sai ben, che'n altrui non ho speranza.

'In tears I trace the memory of the days,
When every thought was bent on human love,
Nor dared direct its eager flight above,
And seek (as heaven designed) a nobler praise.
O, whilst thine eye my wretched state surveys,
Invisible, immortal king of heaven!
Unto my weak and erring soul be given
To gather strength in thy reviving rays.
So that a life, mid war and tempest past,
A peaceful port may find; and close at last,
On Jesus's breast, its years of vanity.
And when at length thy summons sets me free,
O may thy powerful arms, around me cast,
Support the fainting soul, that knows no trust but thee.'

Mingled with the amatory verses of the Canzoniere, there are a few noble odes, which breathe a purer feeling, and flow in a more elevated strain than individual love can ever inspire. These are the tributes to the sad state of his beloved Italy; verses, in which the love of country speaks boldly and fearlessly, while the pride of ancient power weeps bitterly over the

bleeding remains of the Empire. There is a boldness in the tone with which he addresses the rulers of his country, a confidence in the purity and elevation of his views, which give to every word the weight of an oracle. We listen to him, as to the sighs of a favorite child beside the tomb, that is closing over the lifeless remains of his parent. Whatever affectation of feeling he may have been guilty of in other pieces, there is surely none here. Every word comes warm from the soul. Every thought seems to rise up from the swelling heart. The imagery itself seems to be the resource of an excess of feeling, which plain language is too feeble to express. And the truth of observation, the sincerity of conviction with which he describes the wrong, and points out the remedy, correspond to the general warmth of his expostulations. The noble ode, which he composed upon the approach of the emperor, should be engraven upon the mind of every Italian. It opens with an address to Italy, and an invocation to the Saviour.

> 'Mine own Italia, although words be vain,
> The deadly wounds to heal,
> Which scattered o'er thy lovely form I see,
> Yet some relief my bleeding heart may feel,
> In forming such a strain
> As all thy trembling sons expect from me.
> Great judge of heaven, I turn to thee:
> O may the love, that led thee once to earth,
> Turn to thine own beloved land, thine eyes;
> See where she lowly lies,
> See from what trivial cause, what cruel wars have birth.'

Then directing his voice to the divided rulers of Italy, he describes in a few energetic words, which we know not how to translate, the miserable condition to which their own divisions and the intervention of foreign power had reduced them. He points to the Alps, the barriers which nature had raised for their protection, but which their own short-sighted ambition had broken down, and with a deep burst of indignation turns back to their former trophies of victory won from their present rulers. There is nothing more beautiful in the whole range of lyric poetry, than the melancholy flow of the verse, in which, speaking of the 'collected flood of deserts strange,' he asks, what hope can smile for those who are thus sinking under the blows of their brethren. Suddenly turning from the contemplation of these miserable divisions, and of the

clouds that cast their dark shadows over the future, he breaks forth in a most touching appeal to the home of his birth, the last shroud of his parents, by which, at least, although every other inducement should fail, the spirit of ancient Rome should again be aroused to cast off the fatal load that bows it to the earth. The last stanza, flowing in a less animated, but nobly dignified strain, is an exhortation to the Emperor to hush the busy spirit of hatred and envy, and devote to the nobler end of securing the peace and union of Italy, that time which is too often passed in the selfish gratification of individual passion.

In so large a collection of poems, chiefly devoted to the expression of one absorbing feeling, it would be unnatural to suppose that all parts should be uniformly perfect. Our feelings are not all equally fitted for expression, and the language that should clothe them not always at our command. The poet must sometimes feel deeply where he can find no adequate expression for his feelings, and the mind glow with thoughts that grow cold in the utterance. Accordingly, we find many cold verses and frigid conceits mingled with true bursts of feeling, and even some entire pieces remarkable only for skill of versification. Happily, however, they bear a very small proportion to the true expressions of nature. No clearer proof of this can be required, than what is furnished by the influence, which the Canzoniere has always exerted upon Italian poetry. Few literary histories record a greater variety of striking revolutions, than the literary history of Italy. Commencing at the birth of the language, with the wild and vigorous poem of Dante, the roughness of versification and occasional irregularity of diction were polished and corrected by the purer taste of Petrarch. Here, as the natural consequence of causes, whose origin we shall soon have occasion to observe, the taste of men of letters again turned back to the Latin classics. During the long interval of nearly a century, that elapsed between the death of Petrarch and the manhood of Lorenzo de' Medici, the progress of Italian poetry had ceased, and the cultivation of native literature given place to the schools of philosophy, and an unsuccessful imitation of Latin verse. With Lorenzo the taste for Italian poetry again revived, and together with it, were revived the honors of Petrarch. The Canzoniere began once more to pass from mouth to mouth, and to dispute the palm with Horace and Catullus. After a long and glowing period of noble productions, ushered in by the classic taste of Polizi-

ano, enlivened by the irregularly beautiful descriptions of Ariosto, and stamped at last by the solemn impress of the Jerusalem, the pure spirit of poetry yielded before another foe, the fanciful conceits and studied antithesis of the Seicentisti. And here Petrarch again disappears from the stage, but at the first dawn of reviving taste, the poets of Italy return once more to the father of lyric verse, to seek in his pages purity of style, chaste elegance of imagery, with all the simpler graces of natural thought. And never have they returned to this model, without a correspondent change in the character of their productions. Nature and feeling again resume their place at the side of the Canzoniere; the heart is again thrilled with the language of true patriotism, and the eye again wet with the tear of true feeling.*

The Trionfi of Petrarch are not generally so much admired, as the sonnets and odes. They are a sort of poetical vision, in which the praises of Laura are blended with the triumphs of Love, of Chastity, of Death, of Fame, of Time, and of the Divinity; a species of composition, which is supposed to have originated among the Provençal poets. They are written in terza rima, often less polished than the verses of the Canzoniere, but sometimes approaching the vigorous diction of Dante.† The long catalogue of names collected from ancient history and mythology is highly characteristic of the period in which the work was written, but is wholly unsuited to the taste of our own. Yet some of these are accompanied by bold sketches of character,—verses in which a prominent trait is made to represent the whole person, while a few vigorous expressions form a perfect painting to the mental eye. The passages in which he describes the characteristics of love, the nature and play of his own feelings, or where his imagination is warmed by some scenic description, which, as he writes, grows clearer and brighter to the eye of fancy, are among the best, if not decidedly the best, of his poems. Nothing, indeed, can be more beautiful than the last half of the third Capitolo of the Triumph of Love, and the whole of the Triumph of Death. But the

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* V. Crescembeni De' Comment. int. alla Stor. della Volg. Poes. Vol. I. pp. 118, 119, 120.
Denina Vic. della Lett. Parte III. pass.

† The occasional roughness of the Canzoniere is not to be attributed to the taste of Petrarch; but to his death, that left them incomplete. Squarzaf. Vit. Pet. 7.

chief qualities of these poems, (except that they possess greater vigor of conception and force of expression) are the same as those of the Canzoniere; the same tenderness of feeling, the same quick perception of the delicate sympathies between the external world and the world within, the same richness of expression and brilliant fancy.

We have thus far followed the course of Petrarch, through the productions which he seems to have composed in obedience to the promptings of his own genius; we must now (although with a hurried pen) trace his footsteps along the path, to which his judgment and his reason directed him.

It should not be forgotten that the spirit of his age was directed to the study of philosophy and the Latin classics, rather than to the cultivation of a native literature. Nor is it unworthy of remark, that the first who gave this impulse to modern taste, were among those whom we now venerate as the fathers of modern literature; not indeed for a successful imitation of the classics whom they admired so highly, but for productions formed in the style of their own age, and breathing its wild, irregular spirit.

A passion for Latin literature was closely connected with Petrarch's first attachment to letters. While his companions at Carpentras were following the beaten track of minor Latin writers, he had already overcome the chief difficulties of the language, and was learning to enjoy the beauties of Cicero and of Livy. The study of law, far from supplanting this taste, did not even retard its development. While his instructers supposed him engaged in the codes, he was secretly bending over the more congenial pages of Cicero; and even the allusions to old manners and monuments, which he met in his legal studies, served as new excitements to the cultivation of his natural taste.

A taste so strong and decided, combined with the most aspiring ambition, found unusual incitements to exertion in the peculiar state of Latin literature. Although a certain degree of veneration was attached to some of the classic writers, a strange mass of misconception was mingled with the opinion of even the literary men of the age. Petrarch carried on a correspondence in the name of the Bishop of Lombes, with a celebrated professor of law, who, not content with his legal reputation, aspired also to the name of scholar. In this he ridicules the anachronisms and gross errors of every description,

into which his correspondent was constantly falling. Even the wise King Robert was not wholly free from the erroneous views of the age, and he was long suspicious of the character, and neglectful of the works of Virgil. When scholars and their patrons are led into such errors as these, it is clear that the means of correcting them are very rare. And in fact, the works of most classic writers, contained in scarce manuscripts, and often scattered through different countries, were in themselves an object of eager research. A tract of Cicero might be found entire in a library of Italy, a few orations in some city of Flanders, a portion of Quinctilian or Livy in some convent of France or Spain: but to unite and compare and correct these scattered fragments, and give to them the form and convenience of a regular collection, was a task that required not money and leisure alone, but indefatigable industry, and an indomitable zeal for the pursuit of letters.

Petrarch engaged in this research with all the energies of his soul. He spared no expense in securing the assistance of others, for money was of no value to him when it could be exchanged for books. He employed professed copyists; he sent into different countries for particular works, not always, indeed, with the hope of finding them, but generally with the expectation of preserving some important manuscript. No friend was ever permitted to leave him for a tour, or for business, or even to return to his own country, without a charge to remember the wants of his collection, and particularly to search for the writings of Cicero. By his influence, many were induced to engage in the same pursuit, and whether coöperating with his views, or consulting more directly their private interest, they all contributed to the preservation and multiplying of classic authors. Nor was it by words and exhortations alone, that Petrarch animated his friends to this pursuit. His own activity in collecting and copying, was a bright example to his most zealous followers. During his various journeys, he kept constantly in view the discovery of his favorite manuscripts. During a journey to Rome, he discovered a part of the works of Quinctilian, and in a letter from Flanders he complains that he could hardly find in the rich city of Liege, a little yellow ink to copy a few orations of Cicero. A manuscript of Virgil of his copying, is still preserved in the Ambrosian library of Milan; and in the Laurentian of Florence may be seen two beautiful copies of Cicero's Epistles, one

of the Familiar Correspondence, the other of the Letters to Atticus, — both written by the same indefatigable hand.

But the task of copying formed a very small part of his labors. The ignorance and presumption of former copyists had introduced gross corruptions into the texts of many authors, and disfigured them so much, that, according to Petrarch, the writers themselves would have been at a loss to distinguish them. The labors of the editor have been so long familiar to modern readers, that they no longer come before us surrounded with bewildering perplexities; but for Petrarch, the path was new and encumbered with every species of obstruction. There were no fixed principles, no established canons; in short, no standard that he could follow, but the dictates of his own taste and judgment. The dignity of the laborer increasing in proportion to the difficulty and importance of his task, most writers have looked upon this as one of the proudest monuments of Petrarch's glory. The fourth letter of the second book *De Senectute* contains a fine specimen of his critical skill, — not, indeed, such acuteness and strength of argument as would command the attention of a modern scholar, but a degree of thought and observation, almost wholly unknown to his credulous contemporaries.

A passion for history was the natural companion of such researches. And the fondness with which Petrarch pursued this study, would be evident from his letters alone, had we not the clearer testimony of his own compositions. In this study, also, he was distinguished by the judgment with which he weighed the conflicting testimony of ancient writers, forming his opinion according to the authority of the historian, and the probability of his narrative. Nor was he content with the testimony of books alone; the ancient monuments, which have proved so useful to modern historians, were at an early period studied by him as sources of historical evidence, and the first collection of medals, of which we find mention in literary history, was that which he presented to the Emperor Charles II.*

We dwell with pleasure upon this portion of Petrarch's history, for it is the clearest record of his bold and energetic mind, qualities willingly conceded to him, it is true, by all who have studied the literary history of his age, but which

* Tirab. V. 104.

hundreds who can repeat the story of Laura, would never think of attributing to the mind of her lover.

We possess a curious proof of the poetical enthusiasm which Petrarch carried into the driest part of his researches, in the letters which he addressed to Cicero, and Homer, and others of the old classics. The feeling itself, the desire to hold some direct communication, some interchange of thought, with those from whom we learn to think and to express our thoughts, has undoubtedly been shared by every enthusiastic scholar. But, there are few, we believe, who have thus overleaped in imagination the bounds of time, and attempted to form, in the silence of their own studies, a communion with the dead. The number of these letters is small ; the edition before us contains only five, two to Cicero, one to Seneca, one to Livy, and one to Varro ; but there are others in manuscript in the European libraries, and some have been already published by the Abbé de Sade.

We are not aware that any proof of Petrarch's progress in Greek literature, is to be found in the influence of this study upon his own writings. But we find the clearest evidence of the ardor with which he engaged in it, in various parts of his works, * and especially in some letters in which he laments the loss of his instructer Barlaamo, by which he was left upon the very threshold of the study.†

It would, however, be unjust to confine within these narrow bounds of research, the course and the fruits of Petrarch's classical studies. The pure and harmonious diction of his Italian poems, of which the language of his age contained no model, must be in part attributed to his constant study of the most correct andharmonious of the Latin poets. While an extensive correspondence bears witness to the social qualities of his heart, a long series of laborious Latin compositions amply testifies to his unwearied diligence. But authors are generally judged by those productions which possess a permanent interest, without regard to the views or opinions of their contemporaries. And thus many works of Petrarch, which display in the clearest light his profound research, his union of the study of man with the study of books, and the rich moral qualities which adorned his heart, are wholly lost to the greater part of modern readers. But our limits will not permit us to examine, at present, the character and merits of these various productions.

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* Opere, p. 346. † Var. Epist. 20.

ART. II.—*Poisoning.*

1. *Die Lehre von den Giften, in Medizinischer, gerichtlicher, und polizeylicher Hinsicht.* Von Dr. K. F. H. MARX, Professor der Heilkunde an der Universität Göttingen.

The Doctrine of Poisons, in its Connection with Medicine, Law, and Police. By Doctor MARX, Medical Professor in the University of Göttingen. Two volumes octavo. Göttingen. 1827—1829.

2. *A History of Inventions and Discoveries*, by JOHN BECKMANN, Public Professor of Economy in the University of Göttingen, translated from the German, by WILLIAM JOHNSTON. In four volumes. London. 1814. Article, *Secret Poison.*

THE first of these works is one of truly German erudition. Its character is sufficiently unfolded in the title-page. It is a perfect encyclopædia on the doctrine of poisons, into which, from the whole circle of ancient and modern literature, Dr. Marx has compressed every thing, which bears upon the subject, in the various aspects of the medical art, the history of manners, and the administration of justice. But it is not a work of mere erudition. It is filled with the indications of original thought. Many of the reflections on philosophical and moral questions, with which the author diversifies his Essay, are profound and ingenious. We much regret, that we have not had the advantage of an earlier acquaintance with it. It would have rendered us the most essential aid, in preparing the following article; and would have enabled us to make it more worthy of the attention of our readers. It is a work of great rarity in this country, and came into our hands, after the following pages were ready for the press. In preparing them, we are under great obligations to the Essay of Dr. Beckmann, named at the head of our article; as will be readily perceived by those acquainted with his History of inventions. That Essay first attracted our attention to the subject; but must necessarily be considered as a superficial performance, when contrasted with the elaborate work of Dr. Marx. If by our own desultory sketches, we shall prompt the curious reader, to

engage more carefully in the study of an important chapter in the history of morals and society, our present purpose will be fully attained.

Perhaps there is nothing, in which the progress of civilization is more distinctly marked, than in the increased tenderness, which is felt for human life. This may, at first, seem a paradoxical remark in the generation immediately succeeding, what may be called the *age of the guillotine* in France. But after that dreadful and convulsive crisis was passed, the amelioration over the preceding century was visible. Napoleon himself had not the power to re-enact the tragedy of Patkul; and the execution of the Duke d'Enghien was as fatal to him, in public opinion, as the invasion of Spain was in political influence. His reign, all things considered, was by no means bloody. The recent changes in France, nearly as they have verged toward the character of a bloody revolution, have yet escaped it. In the works of English illustrative history, the portraits of half the eminent noblemen and statesmen, two centuries ago, contain the fatal axe, among the ornamental work of the engraving; expressive symbol of the fate of the original. But the great of the present day die in their beds, with no worse enemy to fear, than gout and old age.

Nor is the frequency of assassination less diminished, than that of judicial destruction of life. The tales one reads of Neapolitan bravos, whose poignard can, at any time, be hired for a ducat, if ever true, are, we suspect, true no longer. Men are neither for themselves, nor for hire, so easily moved 'to break into the bloody house of life.' Life is more precious than it was. Every man has a higher consciousness of his own value, in proportion to the advance of civilization; and he measures the value of another's life by his own standard. Society better protects its members. The laws reign. As the State does not set the example of being profuse of human blood, private hatred feels the restraint of public opinion. The great feudal powers are broken down, under which a sort of private war, fatal to security of life and property, was carried on, and both were sacrificed, without the absolute odium of robbery and murder. The abolition of religious asylums has driven out the desperado, from his shelter in the church. The great facilities of communication have lent wings to that instinct, with which retributive justice rushes out upon the traces

of the murderer, and dogs him to the deepest retreats in the remotest countries. But these all, as it seems to us, resolve themselves into the greater tenderness, with which life is regarded, and the higher value attached to its preservation.

There have been periods of the world, when every great man, king, prince, minister, or favorite was deemed in danger of poison; when not a morsel of food was swallowed by the unhappy potentate, till it was tasted. Poisoning is now an insulated crime. No one fears it, more than he fears assassination in any other way, or highway robbery. As it requires neither strength nor nerve for its perpetration,—nothing but deadly malice,—it must, of course, retain its place among the crimes, which fix their stain on humanity. There have been six or eight instances of some notoriety, in the United States, within a year or two. Chapman's case was a signal one, destroyed, it will be recollected, by the plausible and remorseless Mina. A lad is now in the State's Prison at Charlestown, for strewing arsenic on all the food of his master's family; and a similar case is pending in Rhode-Island. That extraordinary monster Margaret Zwanziger, who paid the forfeit of her crimes at Bremen, four or five years ago, destroyed several of her victims by poison. But these are solitary cases, while in almost every age of the world, down to the middle of the last century, the poisoner's calling was in some countries, to a certain degree, a profession, not to say a department of the government.

We do not here allude to the open use of the hemlock, as a means of inflicting capital punishment, but to the employment of poison, as a secret method of destroying persons obnoxious to public or private hate. It is a beautiful anecdote, which is told of Alexander the Great, that, being seized with a fever, after crossing the Cydnus, he was warned by Parmenio, in a letter, not to taste the medicine, which his physician offered him, for fear of poison. Alexander gave the letter to Philip, (that was the physician's name) to read, and the calm and tranquil air of Philip satisfied the ailing conqueror, that he might safely drink the potion. But it was an uncertain test, and proved self-possession rather than innocence. Mina would have looked Chapman in the face, just as calmly, when he was pouring more arsenic into his excoriated stomach. Philip, a king of Macedonia, not the father of Alexander, understood

the convenience of a secret poison. He is said by Plutarch, when he had become weary of his connection with Aratus of Sicyon, to have given him, 'not a sharp and violent poison, but one of those, which induce first a slow fever and a dull cough, and so by degrees bring on a consumption.' Aratus knew with whom he was dealing, and having, a short time before his death, raised blood, said, 'such are the rewards of royal friendship.' The Persians greatly excelled in the art of poisoning. Plutarch and Ctesias relate, that Queen Parysatis, the mother of Cyrus the younger, put to death her daughter-in-law Statira, by means of a knife poisoned on one side of the blade. A bird was set before the two queens, at supper; it was divided by the poisoned knife; Parysatis ate her half with impunity, Statira died. Eminent men, in the convulsive struggles of the ancient republics, frequently carried a little poison about them, that they might, if necessary, by suicide, escape a painful and ignominious death. Demosthenes carried his in the hollow of his stylus,* and Hannibal's was concealed in a ring.

It is not easy to ascertain what the preparation was, which was employed by the ancients, and produced sudden death, by the exhibition of small quantities; for although there is probably much exaggeration on subjects of this kind, yet it is impossible to doubt, that some such noxious preparations were known to the ancient world. Theophrastus says, that the poison of most subtle operation was extracted from Wolfsbane (Aconitum); that it could be so prepared, as to operate in two or three months, or at the end of a year or two years. No antidote had been discovered to this poison, and it was a capital crime to have the plant, from which it was extracted, in one's possession. If we are to understand by this, that a dose could be administered, which would take effect, at a calculated and distant period, it is probably fabulous. If it be meant only, that by feeding a man with weak wolfsbane tea for months and years, his health might be gradually destroyed, it is credible. In that sense, Dr. Johnson even admitted the genuine leaf of China itself to be 'a slow poison.'

Livy tells us, that poisoning never became a matter of judicial inquiry in Rome, till near two hundred years before the Christian æra. About this time, several persons of distinction

* Other authorities say a *ring*.

went off with the same disorder, at about the same time. The fear of pestilence disturbed the city. Q. Fabius Maximus was then the Curule Ædile, and a female slave came to him and promised, on condition of her own pardon, to disclose the names of those who were guilty. Quintus Fabius Maximus never proceeded rashly; and though even he might have been forgiven a little hurry, in despatching matters with a confessed poisoner, yet he laid the case in due form before the consuls, and they before the Senate. The stipulated pardon was granted, and guided by the maid the officers of justice discovered the poisoners,—ladies of the noblest families of Rome, busy around the cauldron, '*coquentes quasdam medicamenta, alia recondita inveniunt.*' Twenty were seized; two of them, (one was a Cornelia, the other a patrician,) undertook to speak for the rest, and declared that the drugs were medicinal. *Drink them then, yourselves*, was the short reply. They desired permission to consult their sisterhood on that point, and all (hags, if you please, but Roman hags) agreed to the test. They all drank and died. A hundred and seventy more of the noblest ladies of Rome were seized, on similar information, and condemned. Before that day, exclaims the perturbed Livy, 'there never was an inquest of poisoning. The thing was now deemed a prodigy, the act not so much of depraved as of crazed minds.' Following the memorable example of what was done in former great calamities, it was resolved by the Senate, to have a nail driven into the temple of Jupiter. A dictator is appointed for that mystic duty,—a master of the horse named, a nail driven into the temple of Jupiter, and a stop put to poisoning for two or three centuries. Did the Roman ladies, the Cornelias and the Sergias, poison their husbands by the hundred;—did the Salem Witches torment the afflicted? Human nature is the same in all ages. Happy the people that, when a calamitous delusion arises, can hit the nail, that will stop it, on the head!

After the overthrow of the commonwealth, the old republican talismans lost their charms. The driving of nails lost its efficacy. Poisoning grew common, proverbial, poetical. Canidia was a poisoner, and nothing before or since Shakspeare is comparable to the pharmacy of the weird sisters in Macbeth, but that of Canidia, Sagana, and Veia, in the fifth Epode of Horace.

Canidia, brevibus implicata viperis
Crines et incomptum caput,
Jubet sepulchris caprificas erutas,
Jubet cupressos funebres,
Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine
Plumamque nocturnæ strigis,
Herbasque, quas Iolcos atque Iberia
Mittit, venenosum ferax,
Et ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ canis
Flammis aduri Colchicis.

'Her head with knotted vipers hung,
'Twas thus the haggard Sorceress sung:—
"First the wild fig thou must bring,
Which through rifted grave did spring;
Eggs and plume of midnight owl
In filthy frog-blood smeared and foul;
Herbs of Jolcos and of Spain,
Teeming soil for deadly bane,
Wrested bone from famished hound
In Colchian witch-fires burnt and ground."

But the times were coming, when Canidia was to whiten into a Sister of Charity. Poor Canidia's crimes were the offspring of love and jealousy; but Agrippina's — what shall we say of her's? What can we say more fitly, than that they were worthy of the mother of Nero, who after murdering her husband, and him her uncle, to place her son on the throne, was by that son herself murdered, exclaiming, as she died, to her unnatural offspring, 'Pierce that bosom, which could give life to such a monster?' Having determined to destroy Claudius, she took counsel of Locusta, a creature but lately convicted of poisoning, and 'long kept among the engines of government!' By this skilful agent a poison was prepared, which should do its work gently, to avoid the dangerous *éclat* of a sudden catastrophe; a wasting and torpid poison, lest Claudius, returning to his senses in the agonies of a sudden death, should forgive his son; an exquisite poison, which would shake the reason, without bringing on a speedy dissolution. Claudius finding unexpected relief from some medical applications, Agrippina was terrified; but the court physician, Xenophon by name, — *Græculus esuriens*, — assisted the agonizing monarch to a bolus of sharper efficacy, and soon sent him on that *anabasis*, from which there is no return. Locusta deserved well

of Nero, and was entitled to the continued patronage of the imperial family. Nero was unwilling that the engines of the government should rust by disuse. As Claudius had been removed, for fear he should raise Brittanicus, his son, to the throne, it occurred to Nero, that the work would be more effectually performed, if Brittanicus himself were put out of the way. Locusta was again consulted, and prepared a grace-cup for the doomed prince. Locusta was tender of her character; like Lord Bacon, she was a friend of moderate counsels, and she gave the son of Claudius, as she had given his father, a slow and wasting draught. Nero called the considerate sorceress into his imperial presence, taunted her with having the fear of the *Lex Julia* before her eyes, and enjoined a more vigorous practice; and by way of impressing his advice, beat her with his own august fists, and ordered her to prepare a more active poison in his sight. It was given to a kid; — the animal languished five hours. New threats and blows. The poison is boiled down to twice its former thickness, and being tried upon a pig produced instant death. That, indeed, was drink for none but kings; it was served to Brittanicus by order of Nero, in his own presence, and with instant effect. Locusta was pardoned the crimes of which she stood convicted, richly endowed with lands and gold, and entrusted with disciples, whom she might train up, to become engines of the government, as useful as herself. Dr. Guillotin, who invented the machine, which so agreeably perpetuates his name, is said to have made personal trial of its efficacy. Phalaris, when the brazen bull was brought him, complimented its contriver with a roast in it, as the person best entitled to make the first experiment of its admirable construction. Locusta appeared to think, that as Nero had directed her kind offices to others, he was entitled to them himself; but she failed in the attempt; an attempt, it need not be said, which no one fails in twice. But she will live immortal in Tacitus and Juvenal, as long as flesh knows how to creep, or blood to curdle.

Aulus Gellius has preserved a tradition, touching the fortitude and magnanimity of Regulus, as he found it in an ancient author now lost. The standard writers do not confirm it; but it ought to be true, for it is incontestably the most striking illustration of Punic faith, which history has preserved. The common version of the history runs, that the Carthaginians, placing full reliance on the honor of Regulus, whom they had

made captive, sent him to Rome, to propose an exchange of prisoners, on the condition, that, if the Romans did not consent, he would return to his captivity, in Carthage. Cicero thought he gave Regulus credit for sufficient magnanimity, in making him counsel the senate not to consent to exchange him, aged and worn out as he was, for the young African chieftains, who were capable of living to make battle for years. The senate takes the advice of the poor old consul, and sends him back to Carthage to be tortured. But Tuditanus, the lost author cited by Aulus Gellius, ascribes to the Carthaginians, a villany of most exquisite texture. They administered to the Roman veteran a secret poison, calculated to take effect in a few months; so that if the Romans agreed to the exchange, they would get nothing but a poisoned old consul, in return for a half a score of fervid young Africans. This was pretty well; but unluckily for the fraud, Regulus detected it; he was determined to nip the treason in the bud, and dropping a hint of it to the senate, put them on their guard against being taken in.

The curious reader may again ask, of what these poisons were compounded. Unfortunately for the inquiry, the school of Locusta perished with her, and we have none but vague surmises and downright fables. Juvenal intimates that a red-breasted toad, — a fourlegged ruddock, — yielded a very suitable essence, to be administered by a noble Roman dame to her thirsty lord:

'molle Callenum
Porrectura, viro miscet sitiente rubetam.'

But the venom of the toad is as fabulous as his jewel. — Ugly he is, but an innocent, timid, useful reptile, who has earned a bad name, from an unsightly figure.

The sea-hare, *lepus marinus*, was a favorite dish with the ancient poisoner. It is the *aplysia depilans* of Linnæus. Philostratus pronounces its venom more deleterious than that of any other animal in the sea or on land. Nero frequently served it up to his guests, and Domitian treated Titus to the same dainty fare. With the more virulent mineral poisons of the modern pharmacopeia, the ancients were not acquainted; and the best praise we can give the Roman or the Grecian venefica is, that she did her best with the means, which the state of the arts afforded her.

But at length everything like regular practice broke down.

The empire became degenerate; repeated invasions of barbarians, bringing their own uncouth Scythian venoms with them, destroyed everything like classical poisoning. It was no longer taught in regular institutions, like that of the discreet Locusta; nor were its professors set apart, among the engines of government, as under the venerable Claudius and the amiable Nero. In the ages of barbarism, the dark, dreary, and illiterate ages of the empire of the East, and the empire of the West, there was an unrecorded, promiscuous, vulgar practice of all the arts of assassination; an unlicensed and empiric use of the bowl and the dagger, which really affords nothing on which a scientific curiosity can repose with pleasure.

But Leo's golden days arrive. With the other sister arts, that of poisoning started into life, and not only, like eloquence, 'shook the poppies from her brow,' but began to concoct them into a quieting draught for her neighbor's lip. Pope Alexander VI. and his son Cæsar Borgia, invited nine newly created cardinals to dinner, with a view of despatching them by poisoned wine. By the error, or possibly the design, of the attendants, the wine was served to the pope and his son. The latter by superior strength of constitution escaped; Alexander died. Pope Sistus V. is supposed to have been poisoned. He was a contemporary with Philip II. of Spain, who was wont to call the poison, of which he commonly made use, his *requiescat in pace*. Sistus used to say to Philip's ambassador at Rome, 'know Mr. Ambassador, that we fear nothing from your master, but one of his *requiescats in pace*.' He had reason to fear them, for he died their victim.

But the mistress of this art, did not make her appearance at once. It was in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the commencement of the eighteenth, that Toffana flourished. This lady lived first at Palermo; but a professor so skilful of an art so useful, could not long be confined to a provincial sphere. About the close of the seventeenth century she removed to Naples. She contrived a delicate preparation of arsenic, dissolved in a decoction of *Antirrhinum Cymbalaria*, of which from four to six drops were supposed to be enough to destroy a man. It entered freely into commerce, and was known by the name of *aqua della Toffana*, more exquisitely *acquetta de Napoli*, and even *acquetta*. In common cases, of course, Toffana was paid for her panacæa; but she had a heart open as day, to melting charity, and ladies, who wished to cultivate the mortifying

graces of widowhood, were supplied gratis. But though an admiring and grateful public bestowed on her invention, the name mentioned, thus securing to her the credit, to which she was so justly entitled, she herself was more modest, and waived that honor. The sarcophagus of St. Nicholas at Bari distils a certain oil, endowed with marvellous virtues to heal diseases, and sold all over Italy under the name of Manna of *St. Nicholas of Bari*. Toffana, considering that if her little arsenical syrup did not actually cure diseases, it put the patient out of misery, which might be regarded as the next best thing, prepared it in small phials, stamped with the image of good St. Nicholas of Bari, and labelled, as his manna. Father Labat, in his travels in Italy, mentioning this fact, observes, that it was attended with the great advantage, that as the Manna of St. Nicholas was a well known, and withal a sacred article, Toffana's counterfeit, under that name, passed the custom-house with little scrutiny: a pleasing illustration of the demand for this delicate chemical preparation, in the kingdom of Naples. One of these bottles, according to Dr. Marx, is said to be still in existence at Cologne.

But poisoning, though in great repute, was not positively lawful in the kingdom of Naples; and the government at last began to bestir itself. Disquieted by this circumstance, Toffana took refuge in an ecclesiastical asylum, where, under the privileges of the place, she bade defiance, for some time, to the officers of justice, and continued to vend her catholicon, from the very bosom of the church. But the scandal became at length too great to be borne. She was dragged from her refuge and thrown into prison. A great outcry was raised by the clergy at this violation of their privileges, and the people, unwilling to be defrauded of their right to be poisoned, joined in the clamor of the priests. It was only by circulating a report, that she had poisoned the wells in the city, that the current of public sentiment could be turned against her. Being put to the rack, she confessed her enormities; named those who had afforded her protection, who were immediately dragged from churches and monasteries; and stated that the day before her last flight from justice, she had sent two boxes of her manna to Rome. It was found in the custom-house in that city, but it did not appear that it was sent to order. It was a little speculation of Toffana's, on her own account. The archbishop still murmured at her being torn from a privileged asylum; and, accordingly, to cut the matter short, she was strangled and thrown

into the court-yard of the convent, from which she had been taken. But her art did not perish with her; and, according to Keysler, who travelled in the former part of the eighteenth century, and saw Toffana in confinement, her *acquetta* continued to be prepared, in great quantities, after her execution.

We have somewhat anticipated the order of events in relating the history of Toffana. A hundred and fifty years before that lady flourished, the art was introduced into England. But Lord Bacon, who performed the duties of attorney-general, in the case of Sir Thomas Overbury, maintains, that poisoning is not a crime to which the English people are predisposed, '*non est nostri generis nec sanguinis.*' He justly sets forth the enormity of an offence, whereby a man is taken off, in full peace, and thinking no harm, and while he is comforting and refreshing nature with his food. It is a crime the more to be dreaded, because it is so easily committed, and so hard to be prevented and discovered. — Other murders are committed *cum sonitu;* with acts, that may discover or trace the offenders; but this comes upon a man when he is careless and without suspicion, and every day he is in the gates of death. Nor does it only concern the man, against whom the malice was intended, but it was often proposed for one, and taken by another, as in the example of 21 Henry VIII., where the purpose was to poison one man, and being put into the broth, sixteen of the Bishop of Rochester's servants were affected.

This extraordinary instance of the crime of poisoning produced such an effect upon the legislature of Great Britain, that the following year a law passed, making murder by poisoning high treason, and inflicting upon it the singular punishment of *boiling to death.* We have thought it worth while to copy the preamble of this act, a document throwing some light on the manners of the age, and particularly illustrating the opinions entertained by our worthy ancestors of the age of Henry VIII. on the subject of *ex post facto* laws.

22 Henry VIII. c. 9. The Kynges royall majistie callyng to hys moste blessed remembraunce that the makyng of good and holsome laws and due execution of the same agaynste the offendours thereof is the only cause that good obedyence and order hath ben preserved in this Realme, and his Highnes havyng moste tender zeale to the same emonge other thynges consyderyng that mannes lyfe above all thynges is chyefly to be favoured, and voluntary murders moste highly to be detested and abhorred, and

specyally of all kyndes of murders, poysonynge, which in this Realme hytherto our Lord be thanked hath ben moste rare and seldome comytted or practysed; and now in the tyme of this presente parliamente, that is to saye, in the xviij daye of Februarye in the xxijd yere of his moste victorious reygn, one Richarde Roose late of Rouchester in the Countie of Kente, Coke, otherwyse called Richard Coke of his moste wyked and dampnable dysposicyon dyd caste a certeyne venym or poyson into a vessel replenysshed with yeste or barme standyng in the Kechyn of the Reverende Father in God John Bysshopp of Rochester at his place in Lamehyth Marsshe wythe which yeste or Barme and other thynges convenyent, porrage or gruell was forthwyth made for his famylye there beyng wherby not only the nombre of xvij persons of his said famylie which dyd eate of that porrage were mortally enfeebled and poysoned and one of them, that is to say, Bennett Curwen gentylman thereof ys decessed, but also certeyne pore people which resorted to the sayde Bysshops place and were there charytably fedde wyth the remayne of the sayde porrage and other vytayles, were in lyke wise infected, and one pore Woman of them that is to saye Alyce Tryppytt wydowe is also therof nowe deceassed: our sayde sovereign Lorde the Kynge of hys blessed disposicion inwardly abhorrying all such abhomynable offences, because that in manner no person can lyve in suertye out of daunger of death by that meane, yf practyse thereof shulde not be exchued, hath ordeyned and enacted by auctorytie of thys presente parlyament that the sayd poysonyng be ajuged and demed as high treason, And that the sayde Richarde for the sayde murder and poysonynge of the sayde two persones as is aforesayde by auctoritye of thys presente parlyament, shall stande and be attaynted of highe treason: and by cause that detestable offence nowe newly practysed and comytted requyreth condigne punysshmente for the same; It is ordayned and enacted by auctoritie of this presente parliamente that the said Richarde Roose shal be therfore boyled to deathe withoute havynge any advauntage of his clargie.

Under this statute, as we learn from Lord Coke, in his third institute, Margaret Davy, a young woman, was attainted of high treason, for poisoning her mistress, and some others were boiled to death in Smithfield, the 17th of March, the same year. But this act, continues his lordship, was too severe to live long, and was therefore repealed by 1 E. 6. cap. 12, and 1 Mar. cap. 1. It is not impossible that the proverbial expressions, to keep out of hot water, and to get into hot water, may have had their origin in the cruel punishment attached to this crime, by the law of 22 Henry 8.

It would seem that, by the ancient law of England, poisoning was still more severely dealt with. 'Poyson,' says Lord Coke,*(venenum, a venis quia a venis permeat.)** 'is, as hath been said, the most detestable of all, because it is most horrible and fearful to the nature of man, and of all others can be least prevented, either by manhood or providence: and that made Fleta to say, Item nec per patriam se defendere debet quis de veneno dato, sed tantum per corpus suum, eo quod initium facti non fuit tam publicum quod sciri poterit a patria, &c., but that is not holden for law at this day.' As well it might not be. Suppose the person accused were innocent.

The case of John Roose illustrates the insular awkwardness of John Bull, compared with the dexterity and taste of his continental neighbors. The exquisite Toffana distils her delicate *acquetta*, and four or five drops are sufficient to do the work. John empties a pound of arsenic into his master's soup-kettle, and poisons half the parish. But the arts improve by time and practice, and under the reign of Elizabeth, that of secret poisoning was introduced from Italy, and flourished under the auspices of no less a personage, than the great Earl of Leicester, the most magnificent subject that ever adorned the British court. Among the persons attached to his household, was an Italian secretary, whom he had brought home from his travels, and who was the reputed instrument with which he removed his victims. There is no great reason to doubt, that many of the tales which circulated about the secret practices of this arrogant favorite, were the product of envy and political hostility. They were so generally believed, however, that persons dying of a sudden death, were said to have gone off by *Leicester's cold;* and Camden, who wrote his work, under the auspices of the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, gives no doubtful countenance to some of the most atrocious of the insinuations against Leicester. Among his earliest victims was his wife, the gentle Amy Robsart, immortalized by Sir Walter. — He married this lady on the 4th of June, 1560; his sovereign, King Edward, was present at the nuptials; and from a passage in his journal, we obtain a knowledge of the somewhat singular bridal

* Lord Coke's Etymology is obscure and doubtful. *Venenum* (of which the first half only is radical, as in Venefica) is, we take it, from an ancient root, with which the English *bane*, the Saxon *bana*, and the Greek αἰνυς', (dreadful, deadly), are probably connected. The latter word, with the digamma, would give the basis of *venenum*.

festivities of that day. 'June 4, 1560, Sir Robert Dudley, third son of the Earl of Warwick, married Sir John Robsart's daughter; after which marriage there were certain gentlemen, that did strive, who should first take away a goose's head, which was hanged alive on two cross posts.' We commend this extract from the royal journal, to our brethren of the London Quarterly Review, who, a few years since, undertook to found a charge of heathenish barbarity, against the good people of the United States, in consequence of their indulgence, in some part, we forget where, of the western country, in this royal British divertisement. After living with him ten years, this poor lady disappeared, 'at a very unlucky juncture for the earl's reputation: because the world at this time conceived it might be much for his conveniency, to be without a wife, this island then holding two queens, young and without husbands.' She was prevailed upon to visit Cumnor-house, the seat of Antony Foster, one of Leicester's creatures. There the unfortunate lady became ill, — the consequence of the infernal practices upon her, — which however produced their effect too slowly to answer the desired end. She was importuned by Foster and his tool Varney, to take medicine for her disorder. 'They, seeing her sad and heavy, as one that well knew by her other handling, that her death was not far off, began to persuade her, that her present disease was melancholy, and other humors, and would needs counsel her to take some potion. This she absolutely refusing to do (as suspecting the worst), they sent a messenger for Dr. Bayly, professor of Physic, in Oxford University, and intreated him to persuade her to take some little potion, by his direction. They would fetch the same at Oxford, *meaning to have added something of their own for her comfort*, as the doctor, upon just cause and consideration did suspect, seeing their great importunity, and the small need the lady had of physic, and therefore he peremptorily denied their request.' As well he might, for a part of this ingeniously contrived plan, was to mix a deadly poison with the medicine, which the doctor might prescribe, and thus throw upon him the responsibility of her death. — Her wariness baffled the attempts at poison, and she perished by arts still more atrocious. The superb and remorseless hypocrite who caused her death, bestowed upon her the honors of a splendid funeral; but his own chaplain, in pronouncing her eulogium, stammering under the load of the dark and universal suspicion of foul play, twice in the course

of his address, invoked the sympathy of the audience for the fate of the poor lady 'so sadly *murdered*.'

The next experiment of Leicester was upon Lord Sheffield, who suddenly died, and, as it was charitably rumored, of a *Leicester cold*. Leicester shortly after espoused the widow, and under the pretence that the Queen would be offended at the marriage, compelled her to keep it secret. After some time, the more effectually to conceal the connexion, he required her to marry Sir Edward Stafford. This she refused, till under the gentle discipline of Leicester, her hair fell off, and her nails dropped out, and she did what was demanded of her, to save her life. These facts are certified by her own testimony on oath, and atrocious as they are, incredible as they seem, they are related by Sir Wm. Dugdale, and do not appear to be discredited by Camden.

The Earl of Essex went off in the same way, and for the same cause; but his countess happily survived this western Blue Beard. Besides his two first wives, and the husbands of his two last, there were others who were publicly said 'to have travelled the same road, by the same conveyance.' The Cardinal Chatillon, ambassador from France, was poisoned at Canterbury, on his way homeward, and as was believed, by Leicester, out of revenge for the freedom with which the cardinal had expostulated with Queen Elizabeth, on the arts with which Leicester defeated her marriage with a foreign prince. Sir Nicholas Throgmorton was seized with a mortal complaint at the Earl of Leicester's table, and died before he could be removed. Thus much appears by a letter of Leicester himself to Walsingham. That he perished, in consequence of poison given him in the salad, rests upon a tradition in the family, purporting to be founded on the dying asseveration of Sir Nicholas. The Earl of Sussex, his great rival, was one of his reputed victims. On his death-bed, he gave this warning to his friends; 'I am passing into another world, and must now leave you to your fortunes, and to the Queen's grace and goodness; but beware of the gipsy, (Leicester,) for he will be too hard for you all. You know not the beast as well as I do.' These dark imputations and many others of like import may be believed, when we reflect that Camden states positively, that Leicester proposed in council, that Mary, Queen of Scots, should be removed by poison. The biographer, who records all these facts, adds with commendable simplicity, that 'they must be exaggerated

at least, if not false, since the earl at this juncture, (that of Lord Sheffield's death,) obtained an act of parliament to enable him to erect a hospital at Warwick, which he afterwards did, and plentifully endowed it, that it might bear his name, and preserve his memory, as a most religious person, — the character which, of all others, he most affected,—to succeeding times!' Well done, candor!

We have not space to enter into the atrocious details of Sir Thomas Overbury's tragic fate; the only case, according to Lord Bacon, except that of the young princes, of a murder in the tower; and, according to Lord Coke, the only instance, in which 'any of the nobility of this realm have been attainted for the poisoning of any.' The value of this part of the compliment may be estimated, after what we have just related of the Earl of Leicester. The indictment against Richard Weston, the keeper of Sir Thomas, set forth, that, on the ninth of May, 1613, he administered to Sir Thomas a poison called roseacre, in his broth, and on the first of June, *ut præfatum Thomam Overbury magis celeriter interficeret et murdraret*, gave him another poison called white arsenic. Further, that, on the tenth of July, the said Richard Weston gave to the said Sir Thomas, a poyson called mercury sublimat, in some tarts; and that another person, by the procurement of Richard Weston, administered the said mercury sublimat to Sir Thomas Overbury; of which several poisons he died. This was unanimously adjudged to be a good indictment, although it did not appear of which of the poisons Sir Thomas died. But the substance of the indictment was, whether he was poisoned by Weston. Weston was tried and convicted, as were also Sir Gervas Helwys, lieutenant of the tower, Richard Franklin, a physician, Anne Turner, and the Earl and Countess of Somerset, all of whom were executed, except the two last, who were shamefully pardoned by James I. It appeared on the trial, that in addition to the poisons mentioned in the indictment, Franklin prepared several others, as the powder of diamonds, the powder of spiders, lapis causticus, and cantharides.*

Among the actors in this tragedy, who were brought to light and to justice, was Mrs. Anne Turner, a female who would have done no discredit to the academy of Locusta. Her trial was accompanied with incidents of a powerful interest. It

* 3 Institute, 50.

disclosed that, both on her part and that of her infamous patroness, the Countess of Somerset, there was a terrific mixture of superstition, sorcery, love, jealousy, and revenge. Sir Laurence Hyde, after descanting awhile on the wickedness and heinousness of poisoning, stated that 'there was one Dr. Forman, who lived at Lambeth, to whom the Countess of Essex, (afterwards of Somerset) and Mrs. Turner used to resort, calling him father. The cause of their coming to him was, that by force of magic, he should procure the now Earl of Somerset, then Viscount Rochester, to love the Countess, and Sir Arthur Manwaring to love Mrs. Turner. In the course of his professional dealings as a necromancer, with these modern Canidias, Dr. Forman acquired such a knowledge of their fiendish characters, that, before his death, he used to desire, that when he died, he might be buried very deep, 'or else,' said he, 'I shall fear you all.' He had good reason, at any rate, to fear them while he lived, for they probably had him poisoned. During the trial, some of his magical apparatus, images, pictures, and enchanted papers, were produced in court. At this moment, 'there was heard a crack from the scaffolds, which caused great fear, tumult, and confusion among the spectators, and throughout the hall, every one fearing hurt, as if the devil had been present, and grown angry to have his workmanship showed, by such as were not his scholars. When the panic had a little subsided, more of "the cunning tricks" were exposed. There was, also, a note showed in court, made by Dr. Forman, and written on parchment, signifying what ladies loved what lords in court. But the lord chief justice would not suffer it to be read in open court.' 'The good natured world,' adds the fair and accomplished writer from whom we borrow the anecdote,* 'believed, that he (Lord Coke) found the name of his own wife on the first page.'

Mrs. Turner was the widow of a physician, and the poisons administered to Overbury were procured of Franklin and mixed by her. The first poison was of a green and yellow color, what Lord Coke calls roseacre, other writers, rosalgar, possibly realgar or orpiment, (the sulphuret of arsenic;) the second was white arsenic, and so on through seven different kinds of poison. Mrs. Turner requested Franklin that they might be all slow poisons, 'that would not kill a man presently, but lie in his body a certain time, wherewith he might languish by little and

*Miss Aikin's reign of James I., Vol. II. p. 13.

little," and she gave him four angels, with which he bought *aqua fortis*. She tried it upon a cat, which languished and cried pitifully two days and then died. For this reason she deemed *aqua fortis* too strong, and upon his saying arsenic was too violent also, she proposed powder of diamonds, and gave him money to buy some.'

Mrs. Turner was found guilty and sentenced to be hung. 'Many women of fashion,' says Miss Aikin, 'as well as men, went in their coaches to Tyburn, to witness the death of this woman, who edified the spectators, it is said, with a very penitent end.' But one would not sure be ugly though one's hung, and Mrs. Turner 'could not deny her vanity the slight gratification of making this, her last appearance, in a ruff stiffened with yellow starch, — a favorite fashion, imported by herself from France, but to which this exhibition of it proved immediately fatal.'

Mrs. Turner's personal appearance seems the reverse of what might have been expected. She was a delicate beauty. In a curious poetical essay, entitled Sir Thomas Overbury's ghost, which we have found in the third volume of the Harleian Miscellany, she is thus described : —

'It seemed, that she had been some gentle dame,
For, on each part of her fair body's frame,
Nature such delicacy did bestow,
That fairer object oft it doth not show.
Her chrystal eye, beneath an ivory brow,
Did show what she at first had been, but now
The roses on her lovely cheeks were dead.
The earth's pale color had all overspread
Her sometime lively look, and cruel death,
Coming untimely with his wintry breath,
Blasted the fruit, which, cherry-like in show,
Upon her dainty lips did whilom grow.
O, how the cruel cord did misbecome
Her comely neck! and yet by law's just doom
Had been her death; those locks, like golden thread,
That used in youth to enshrine her globe-like head,
Hung careless down, and that delightful limb,
Her snow-white nimble hand, that used to trim
Those tresses up, now spitefully did tear
And rend the same, nor did she now forbear
To beat that breast of more than lily white,
Which sometime was the lodge of sweet delight.
From those two springs, where joy did whilom dwell,
Grief's pearly drops upon her pale cheeks fell.'

But it is more than time, that we should direct our steps toward France, in this rapid and desultory excursion. On the 30th of June 1670, Henrietta Anne of England, Duchess of Orleans, sister of King Charles II., grand-daughter of Henry IV., died at Paris. On the previous day, after drinking a glass of cold water, in her apartment at St. Cloud, she was seized with a shivering, succeeded by a burning heat, which threw her into the most excruciating torments. She cried out, that she was poisoned. The physicians were sent for. When they saw her, they were struck with horror at her livid appearance, pronounced her beyond medical aid, and advised her to receive the last sacraments of the church without delay. The princess heard them pronounce her fate with firmness; and recollecting the manner in which Bossuet had attended her mother, the queen dowager of England, she desired that not an instant should be lost in sending for him. Three couriers were successively despatched to him. and he arrived between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, at St. Cloud.

In the interval, the princess suffered the most dreadful pains, and her immediate dissolution being apprehended, she made a general confession of her sins to the Abbé Feuillet, a person generally esteemed, but of a harsh character. When her confession was finished, her attendants were called in. The whole scene was afflicting and horrible. The account which her confessor gives of his own conduct, makes us, perhaps unreasonably, blame his merciless austerity. Her lamentable shrieks, he treated as acts of rebellion against the divine will, and told her that her sins were not punished as they deserved. In the midst of her convulsions, she received his reproofs with mildness, but often inquired of Madame de la Fayette, who was at her bed-side, if Bossuet were not yet come. Before he came, she received the extreme unction from the Abbé Feuillet. Having exclaimed, in an agony of pain, 'Will these torments never end?' 'Do not forget yourself in this manner,' said the merciless Abbé, 'you ought to be better disposed for suffering; but I must tell you that your torments *will* soon end.'

At length Bossuet arrived. As soon as the princess saw him, she made him promise not to quit her, till she breathed her last. He knelt down dissolved in tears, leaning on her bed, holding a crucifix in his hand. With a tremulous voice, interrupted by his own feelings, he invited her to join him, as

far as her sufferings allowed, in the reflections, prayers, and acts of contrition, of faith, hope and charity, which he should address to God for her, and in her name. He was exceedingly moved, and every person present sympathized in the scene. Nothing could exceed the tender and affecting sentiments of devotion and piety, which Bossuet suggested to her. He finally subdued by them, in a great measure, her sense of the cruel sufferings which she endured. The princess heard him with mild and composed constancy. If he stopped for a moment, she gently entreated him to continue, assuring him that his words were of inestimable value to her. He then read over to her the recommendation of the soul in the liturgy; explained it to her; made her gently repeat with him its soothing prayers, softly instilled into her the sentiments, which they are intended to convey; filled her soul with faith, with compunction, with calm, with resignation; and above all, with divine love for him, into whose hands she was so soon to yield her soul. She herself, at last, felt a consciousness of her serene triumph over pain. 'O, my God,' she exclaimed, 'why did I not always adhere to thee!' She recollected that the crucifix which Bossuet had in his hands, was the same which he had given to her mother, the queen dowager of England, to hold in her agony. She took it from him, and kept it in her hands till she breathed her last.

An hour before she died, she turned to Madame de la Fayette, and in the English language, which Bossuet did not understand, desired her to observe, that 'full of gratitude for the spiritual assistance, which she had received from Bossuet, she requested that, after her decease, a particular emerald ring, set in diamonds of great price, might be presented to him.' Her torments continued to the last, but her patience remained. She persisted in listening to the exhortations, repeating the prayers, and making the humble and fervent offering of herself to the divine will, which Bossuet suggested to her. Those who heard them, never forgot them. The Abbé Feuillet himself declared, that he had never heard any thing so admirable.

At three in the morning, the princess died. The particulars of her death were immediately related by Madame de la Fayette, to Louis XIV. He sent for Bossuet, heard them again from him, and then, with his own hand, put the emerald ring, mentioned by the princess, on the prelate's finger, and desired him to wear it for the rest of his life, in re-

membrance of her. He added, that he could not better show his regard for the memory of his sister-in-law, than by desiring Bossuet to pronounce her funeral oration.

Every thing we know of Bossuet, leads us to think he had a very feeling heart. It certainly is discernible in every line of his funeral oration on the princess. He chose for his text the verse of Ecclesiastes, so suitable to the occasion. 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!' Having pronounced these words, he remained some time in silence, evidently overpowered by his feelings. 'It was to be my lot,' he then exclaimed, 'to perform this melancholy duty to the memory of this illustrious princess! She whom I had observed so attentive, while I performed the same duty to the queen, her mother, was herself so soon to become the theme of a similar discourse. And my voice was so soon to be exerted in discharging the like melancholy duty to her. O vanity! O nothingness! O mortals, ever ignorant of what awaits you! But ten months ago, would she have thought it? You, who then beheld her, drowned in tears for her mother's loss, would you have thought it? Would you have thought, that you were so soon to meet again, to bewail her own fate? O vanity of vanities!—all is vanity. These are the only words, the only reflection, which, in such an event, my sorrow leaves me.'

After this eloquent exordium, Bossuet pursues his dismal theme. He describes in strains, always eloquent, but always mournful, the short but brilliant career of the princess; so highly placed, so greatly gifted, so widely admired, and so generally loved,—the idol of the world,—the pride of her august family,—the delight of all who approached her.

'Yet what,' he exclaimed, 'is all this, which we, so much below it, so greatly admire? While we tremble in view of the great, God smites them, that they may serve as warnings to us. Yes! so little does he consider these great ones, that he makes them often serve, as mere materials for our instruction. We have always sufficient reason to be convinced of our nothingness; but if, to wean our hearts from the fascination of the world, the wonderful and the astonishing are necessary, what we now witness is grand and terrible enough. O night of woe! O night of horror! When, like a peal of thunder, the dreadful cry bursts around us, on all sides;—the princess is dying, the princess is dead! What one of us did not feel himself stricken with this blow, as if some fatal disaster had fallen upon his own family? At the

first rumor of this calamity, there is a general rush to St. Cloud. There everything is in dismay, but the heart of the princess. There on all sides, is heard the voice of wailing; on all sides are witnessed grief and despair, and the image of death. The king, the queen, the prince, the whole court, the whole community, every one is struck down, is in despair, and it seems as if I beheld the fulfilment of the words of the prophet, "The king shall mourn, and the prince shall be clothed with desolation, and the hands of the people shall fail for sorrow and dismay."'

The writers of the time mention, that when Bossuet pronounced these words, the whole audience arose from their seats; that terror was visible in every countenance, and that for some moments Bossuet himself was unable to proceed.

We have taken the foregoing exquisite sketch from Mr. Butler.* We had no idea, when we began to copy it, that we should transcribe more than a paragraph; but it is too beautiful to be mutilated. We have changed scarce a word, but have added the closing lines of the noble burst of feeling, in which the eloquent prelate describes the death of the princess, and which Mr. Butler omits.

The princess, as we have seen, believed herself poisoned. The court and city had the same belief. The English ambassador, — all Europe was persuaded of it. One of her household named to Voltaire the person, who administered the poison; and stated that it was diamond dust, strewed on strawberries with sugar. In Paris it was generally believed at the time, that she died in consequence of drinking a glass of water, poisoned with succory. But Voltaire thinks she died a natural death, and that the malice of mankind and the love of the marvellous alone suggested the idea of poison. The powder of diamonds, he says, is no more poisonous than the powder of coral; no impalpable powder is mechanically poisonous. He might have added that diamond powder enough to have taken the place of sugar, on a plate of strawberries, was not a poison very easily to be obtained. As to the glass of water, Madame de la Fayette and another lady drank of it, without inconvenience. The princess had, for a long time, suffered by a diseased liver;—and this, in the opinion of Voltaire, was the cause of her death. Great weight is due to his opinion,

* Some account of the life and writings of Bossuet, by Charles Butler, Esq. p. 116, and seq.

and his arguments are not without force. On the other hand, are her own convictions, and that of her family and the public at the time; her sudden death, too sudden it would seem to be occasioned by an hepatic disease; and finally the express declaration of Louis XIV., who is asserted on pretty credible authority, to have declared his knowledge of the fact.*

Bossuet, in the inimitable discourse, which we have quoted, exclaims of the voyage of this princess to England, which took place but a few weeks before her death, and was the prominent incident of a public character in her history,

'Think not that I wish, as a rash interpreter of secrets of state, to discuss the voyage to England; nor that I shall imitate those speculative politicians, who arrange according to their own ideas, the counsels of kings, and compose, without instructions, the annals of their age.—I will not speak of this glorious voyage, except to say, that it furnished the princess new titles to admiration. The kindness of this princess, who, in spite of the divisions too common in courts, gained at once all hearts to herself, was the theme of rapturous commendation. Men could not satisfy themselves, in praising her incredible dexterity in treating the most delicate affairs, in healing those secret distrusts, which often arrest the march of business, and terminating all differences, in a manner to conciliate the most opposing interests. But who can think, without shedding tears, of the marks of esteem and tenderness, bestowed on her, by her brother? This great king, (Charles II.!) more capable of being touched by merit than blood, was never weary of admiring the excellent qualities of the princess. O remediless wound! That which was, in this voyage, the subject of so just an admiration, has become for this prince, the subject of a grief as boundless. Princess, noble bond of union to the two greatest kings in the world, why art thou so soon torn from them? These two great kings know each other;—it is the work of the princess. Thus their noble inclinations will harmonize their interests, and virtue will be an eternal mediatress between them.'

O frail humanity! O gorgeous adulation! O glorious Bossuet, thou too art mortal!—Virtue! Charles II! Noble inclinations! Let Rouvigny furnish the comment on this splendid text: let the historian, well instructed, unfold the history of this voyage.

* See a note to this effect, in the Edition of Voltaire's works of 1784, Vol. XXI. p. 128.

'The triumph of Madame de Montespan,' says Voltaire, 'was at its height, in the journey which the king made to Flanders in 1670. The ruin of the Hollanders was prepared in the midst of pleasures. It was a continual festival, amidst the loftiest parade. The king usually took the field on horseback. On this occasion, for the first time, he travelled to the theatre of war in a glass coach. Post-chaises were not yet invented. The queen, *the princess*, the Marchioness de Montespan were in this superb carriage, followed by many others; and when Madame de Montespan travelled alone, four body-guards rode by the side of her coach. The dauphin followed next with his court, and *Mademoiselle* with hers. It was before her fatal marriage. She partook of these triumphs in peace; and saw with delight her lover, at the head of her company of guards, the favorite of the king. The most valuable movables of the crown were carried along, to be used in the different cities, where the royal party sojourned. In every town where they stopped, there was a masquerade or a ball, and fireworks. The whole department of war accompanied the king, and the entire household preceded or followed him. The tables were served as at St. Germain. With this pomp, the court made the tour of the conquered cities. The principal ladies of Brussels and Ghent came to see this magnificence. The king invited them to his table, and made them presents in the most gallant manner. The officers of the garrisons all received gratifications; and fifteen hundred louisd'ors a day were several times bestowed in these acts of liberality. All the honors, all the homages were paid to Madame de Montespan, except what duty required for the queen. Nevertheless, this lady was not acquainted with the secret object of the journey. The king knew how to distinguish between state affairs and his pleasures.

The *princess*, entrusted alone with the union of the two kings, and the destruction of Holland, embarked at Dunkirk, on board the fleet of the King of England, Charles II., her brother, with a part of the court of France. She took with her Mademoiselle de Kéroual, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth, whose beauty equalled that of Madame de Montespan. She became in England what Madame de Montespan was in France, but with greater credit. King Charles was governed by her, to the latest moment of his life; and though often faithless he was always ruled. Never did woman so long preserve her beauty; we saw her at the age of nearly seventy, still maintaining a noble and winning countenance, unimpaired by years. The princess went to see her brother at Canterbury, and returned with the glory of success.' *

* Siècle de Louis XIV. Tom. II. pp. 123—125.

What was this success? The conclusion between Charles II. and Louis XIV., of the secret treaty of 1670, the most discreditable, perhaps, that was ever concluded. Its stipulations were, that Charles should aid Louis in the iniquitous war against Holland; that Louis should support Charles, in re-establishing the catholic religion in England; and as this exchange of services would leave a balance in favor of Charles, Louis was to make up the difference, by a subsidy of £200,000 per annum,—to furnish Charles the means of governing without parliament, and defraying the expenses of his profligate pleasures.*

Such was the success of the princess, immortalized in the pious eulogium of Bossuet. She died in less than six weeks after the visit to Dover. The belief that she was poisoned, arising in the manner related above, was strengthened by the known existence of violent feuds, in the court, connected with the secret negotiations, and derived additional currency, from a most extraordinary series of incidents, that occurred at this time. It was precisely at this period, that the crime of poisoning, unknown to any extent in the civil wars of France, fruitful as they were in almost every other species of atrocity, made its appearance at Paris. Voltaire justly mentions it as an extraordinary fact, that as this base and terrific crime made its appearance in Rome, in the most flourishing period of the republic, so it broke out in France, in the proudest and most prosperous days of the monarchy.

Mary Margaret d'Aubray, daughter of the magistrate Dreux d'Aubray, was, in the year 1651, married to the Marquis de Brinvilliers, son of Gobelin, president of the chamber of accounts. Brinvilliers had a fortune of thirty thousand livres a year, and his wife brought him two hundred thousand as a dowry. He was quarter-master of the regiment of Normandy, and in the course of his military services, became acquainted with Godin de Sainte Croix, a young man of distinguished family, a captain of cavalry in the regiment of Trassy. This young officer, then a needy adventurer, ingratiated himself into the good opinion of the Marquis de Brinvilliers, became a constant visiter at his house, and finally domesticated in his family. Not long after this took place the Marquis died, without suspicion of foul play, but not till his large property had

* See the account of this treaty in Hallam's Constitutional History of England, Vol. II. p. 515, et seq. See also on the subject of the princess, Burnet's History, Vol. I. pp. 301. 303, folio edition.

almost vanished, under the extravagance and dissipation of his wife.

After his death, a discreditable intimacy between his widow and the young Sainte Croix arose ; and her father, to arrest and to punish the scandal, obtained a *lettre de cachet* for the commitment of Sainte Croix to the Bastile. It so happened, that at this time, two Italians, one of whom was named *Exili*, were confined in the Bastile as poisoners. They had commenced business in Paris, in conjunction with Glaser, a German apothecary, in search of the philosopher's stone. Failing in this, they took to vending secret poisons, by way of repairing by crime, what they had lost by folly. The confessional betrayed their guilty secret, and the two Italians were thrown into the Bastile. One of them died. The other, Exili, though not convicted, was retained in prison, and found the means, from the interior of the Bastile, of carrying on his nefarious practices.

Precisely at this period, Sainte Croix was committed to prison, and confined in the same apartment with *Exili*. Actuated by the most violent and lawless passions, the wicked arts of Exili furnished him prompt means of revenge and gratification. At the close of a year's imprisonment, they were both released, but Sainte Croix kept Exili with him, till he had made himself master of his art. As soon as he had acquired it himself, he taught it to the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, who assumed the character of one of the sisters of charity, distributed food to the poor and nursed the sick in the hospitals, in order that she might have an opportunity of trying the strength of her poisonous preparations, on the unhappy wretches who came under her care. This is asserted by Pitaval, in the trial of Brinvilliers in the *Causes Celebres*, and was believed by the public at the time. Voltaire denies it, but only, according to Beckmann, for the pleasure of differing from Pitaval, (*avocat sans cause*, as Voltaire calls him,) and it is admitted by Voltaire that Brinvilliers and Sainte Croix were connected with persons, who were charged with this fiendish practice.

Possessed of this frightful instrument of malice, Brinvilliers now disclosed a demoniac temper, such as perhaps no mortal ever exhibited. She bribed La Chausée the servant of Sainte Croix, to poison the magistrate d'Aubray her father, and her brother a counsellor of parliament, who lived at home. Her father took the poison ten times, and her brother five, before they sunk under it. An attempt was then made on her sister;

but suspicion was awakened; her sister was on her guard, and escaped. The guilty couple proceeded so cautiously, that the suspicions did not fall on them.

An accident betrayed the horrid mystery. Sainte Croix, when engaged in preparing the poison, was accustomed to wear a glass mask. It happened, on some occasion, to drop off while he was thus engaged, and he was found asphixiated in his laboratory. This account, we must own, sounds suspicious. The object of the mask must have been to prevent his inhaling the fumes of the poisonous drugs, which he compounded; but how could he live without breathing? We could almost believe, that his fair friend found it at last convenient to close their relations by this summary process. Be this as it will, on searching his effects, a small box was found, addressed in the handwriting of Sainte Croix to the marchioness, with an earnest request in writing, addressed to those, into whose hands the box might fall, after his death, that it might be conveyed to her, or if she were not living, that it might be burned. This box was opened, and was found to contain a number of preparations of poison, of different kinds, with labels indicating their quality. When the knowledge of these incidents reached the marchioness, she endeavored, by bribing the officers of justice, to get possession of this casket; and failing in the attempt, she fled the kingdom. The servant above alluded to, La Chausée, was imprudent enough to remain in Paris, and falling under suspicion, was arrested, brought to trial, and finally to the confession of several murders, not before suspected. He was broken alive on the wheel in 1673.

The marchioness sought an asylum in a convent at Liège. A very active officer, named Desgrais, was despatched to apprehend her. Unable, without her consent, to remove her from her privileged place of asylum, he put on the dress of an abbé, found means to make her acquaintance, assumed the character of a lover, enticed her in this way to accompany him on a party of pleasure, and arrested her. What a love-suit, a bailiff and a poisoner! Among her effects seized at the convent was a full confession of her crimes, written out in her own hand. She therein admitted, that she had set fire to houses; and that she had by poisoning occasioned the death of more persons, than any one suspected. She was brought to Paris, tried, convicted, and confessed her enormities. She even made a show of penitence, and went with great firmness to the place of execution, on the 16th of July, 1676. Beholding

the great crowd assembled to see her die, she cried out, in a contemptuous manner, 'You have come to see a fine spectacle!' She had flattered herself, on account of her respectable connections, with the hope of a pardon. When undeceived in this respect, she said '*C'est donc tout de bon*,' 'They are in earnest, it seems,' and submitted to her fate. She was beheaded and afterwards burned.

And what imagination have our readers formed of the appearance of such a demon as we have described? Do they suppose she had a deep-set fiery eye, blazing from its socket, with the flames of fiendish passion that consumed her, an aquiline nose, sunken cheeks, thin lips, inflexible and merciless, and a sallow complexion? She was like Anna Turner, uncommonly fair; her features were extremely regular, her face round, full, and beautiful, and she wore a serene look, a tranquillity of air, which seemed to breathe of goodness. So much, cries the bewildered Pitaval, for *metoposcopy!*

But her execution did not put a stop to the horrible practice of secret poisoning. Mysterious deaths were of frequent occurrence, and the archbishop of Paris was informed, from different parts of his diocess, that the crime of poisoning was still confessed, both in high and low families. The number and consideration of the persons suspected was so great, that it was deemed expedient to institute, at the Bastile, a tribunal to detect and punish them. This court was established in 1679, under the name of *Chambre de Poison* or *Chambre ardente*. Two women, La Vigoreux and La Voisin, a priest named Le Sage, and some others were first arrested, for carrying on a traffic in poisons. They pretended to necromancy and raising the spirits of the departed, and furnished love potions and philtres, to those who desired them. Many persons, probably without criminal intentions, urged by curiosity or superstition, resorted to these wretched imposters. La Voisin kept a list of all her dupes, on the authority of which they were arrested and brought to private trial, before the Burning Chamber. Some of the first personages of the kingdom were thus implicated;—among them two neices of the Cardinal Mazarin, the Duchess of Bouillon, the Countess of Soissons, (mother of Prince Eugene), and the Marshal Luxembourg. Nothing was proved against the Duchess of Bouillon, but that she had resorted to Le Sage, in his capacity of sorcerer. He pretended to foretell the future, and to afford those, who consulted him, the gratification of beholding his Satanic majesty. La Reynie,

one of the judges of the Burning Chamber, was indiscreet enough to ask the duchess, if she had ever seen the devil. She replied, that she saw him at that very moment, that he was very ugly and very hideous, and appeared before her, in the guise of a counsellor. The prudent magistrate drew off from the interrogation.

A more serious charge was brought against the Countess de Soissons and the Marshal de Luxembourg. Le Sage, La Voisin and La Vigoreux unquestionably dealt in secret poisons, and particularly in a powder, which had got the name of *succession powder* — from the real or supposed frequency, with which it was used to hasten or change the succession, in the families of the rich! The names of all who resorted to them, had been reported to the government, with the charge of purchasing poison. The king intimated to Madame de Soissons, that, if she was guilty, she had better escape by flight. She replied that she was innocent, but could not endure the scandal of a public trial. She repaired to Brussels and died in 1708, about the time that her son, the Prince Eugene, by his humiliating victories over Louis XIV., sufficiently avenged his mother for whatever injustice the king had allowed to be done her,— of which, by the way, we do not think she had many to complain of. Great ladies, who go to professed poisoners, to see them raise the devil, must expect some little trouble.

Voltaire states, with great circumstance, that Francis Henry de Montmorency-Boutteville, duke, peer, and marshal of France, who united the great name of Montmorency to that of the imperial house of Luxembourg, already renowned as a great captain in Europe, was denounced to the Burning Chamber. The foundation of the charge was the following. The marshal wished to recover some lost papers of value. Bonard, one of his people, applied to Le Sage, to know where they were to be found; just as our worthy fellow-citizens of this vicinity were in the habit, a hundred and fifty years later, of consulting Mrs. Mary Pitcher, for similar purposes. Bonard's first conjurations were unsuccessful. In despair, he applied to his master, the Marshal Luxembourg, for a sort of power of attorney, to do all things necessary to recover the papers; and in this instrument, between the body of the paper and the signature, were two lines, in a different hand-writing, by which the marshal gave himself to the devil. Thus far the charge would have worn the aspect of

ridicule; and at the worst, would have seemed a piece of indiscreet trifling, on the part of the marshal. But the wretches, with whom Bonard dealt, on behalf of the marshal and in virtue of his power of attorney, did not, like poor Moll Pitcher, confine themselves to the settlings of a tea-cup. Le Sage swore, that the marshal had applied to him to poison a female, who had the papers in her hands, and who refused to give them up; and his accomplices testified, that they had accordingly poisoned her, cut her body in pieces, and thrown it into the river; and all this at the instigation of the marshal.

Such were the charges against him. He surrendered himself voluntarily to imprisonment. He was confined, by order of Louvois, the minister, who was his enemy, in a dungeon six feet and a half long, where he fell sick. He remained five weeks without being brought to trial. He was finally confronted with Le Sage and one of his confederates, and it appeared and was admitted, that he had once resorted to Le Sage to have his horoscope cast.

Among the crimes with which he was charged by Le Sage, was that of having entered into covenant with the devil, to procure a marriage between his son and the daughter of the Marquis de Louvois. In reply to this imputation, he simply said, 'When my ancestor, Matthew de Montmorency, married the widow of Louis le Gros, he did not consult the devil, but the States General of France, which declared, that in order to secure to the king, in his minority, the support of the Montmorencys, the marriage was expedient.'

The trial of the marshal was prolonged fourteen months, and he was finally released, without being condemned or acquitted. La Voisin, La Vigoreux, her brother, a priest of the same name, and Le Sage, were burned alive at Paris. The Marshal de Luxembourg retired for a few days into the country, and then returned to court, to resume his functions, as captain of the guards. He did not see the minister Louvois, nor did the king say a word to him on the subject. He replied to all the charges of all his enemies, by the brilliant achievements of his subsequent campaigns.

Is there no way of bringing these strange incidents within the operation of the common laws of human nature? Undoubtedly. A belief in fortune-telling and divination was universal at this period. The traffic in poisons had accidentally established itself at Paris, at this juncture, and the two trades, by no very violent association, happened to be united in the

same hands. The *Burning Chamber* was a political machine, by means of which Louvois and Madame de Montespan brought the whole court within their grasp, under a charge of sorcery and poisoning. They had got possession of a few wretches, who were unquestionably guilty, and who, from pure malice or the hope of purchasing their own pardon, accused any body, that was odious to the minister or the mistress, and swore to anything that was desired. Let nobody that reads the account of the Burning Chamber, established at Paris in the meridian of the modern Augustan era, sneer at the witchcraft which broke out about the same time, in this poor transatlantic colony. The trial of Marshal Luxembourg preceded the trials at Salem just twelve years.

The poisoners were executed. Those against whom nothing but divination was alleged were released, the Burning Chamber was broken up, after about eighteen months' jurisdiction, and poisoning, as an organized business, passed away.

The time would fail us to go much further into particular anecdotes. The Duchess of Portsmouth never ceased to charge James II. with poisoning his brother King Charles; and Maria Louisa, daughter of Louis XIV., and Infanta of Spain, was believed to be poisoned, eating an eel pie. The celebrated Duke of Orleans, afterwards regent, was so vehemently suspected of poisoning the Duke of Burgundy and his son, who stood between him and the throne, that he was driven in his grief and desperation, to demand a judicial inquiry. The clamor was such, that no one (says Voltaire) who had not witnessed, could believe it. The Marquis de Camillac found the duke stretched on the ground, bathed in tears, and driven to despair. The warrant for his arrest was actually made out and signed by the king, but suppressed at his mother's intercession.

Is there no moral conveyed by these sketches? Unquestionably there is. We regard with horror these acts of secret or daring atrocity; we congratulate ourselves that we live in an age, when the poisoner is a rare and solitary criminal. But is not he who maliciously circulates a calumny, the poisoner of his neighbor's good name? Is not he who, for the sake of gain, employs himself in dispensing a maddening liquor to the easily tempted, a poisoner of health and morals? Locusta and Toffana poisoned the body. Is not he who pours into his brother's heart the venom of a bad example the poisoner of the undying soul?

Art. III.—1. *The London Quarterly Review for January* 1834. Article VII. on *Free Trade to China.*

2. *The Chinese Repository for January* 1834. Printed at Canton.

In the last number of this journal, we took occasion to correct a misrepresentation, contained in the hundredth number of the London Quarterly Review, on the subject of the execution of an Italian sailor at Canton. At the time we made the correction, we spoke only, (as we stated), from general information, on the strength of which we felt authorized to deny the accuracy of the British statement. After our article was printed off, and while our number was passing through the press, the Chinese Repository for January last fell into our hands. We there found a brief but circumstantial narrative of the fate of the Italian, Francisco Terranova, which formed the subject of the injurious statement in question. This narrative fully bore us out in the contradiction we had given to the British writer, and we accordingly introduced it into a note at the end of our number. While the last pages of the number containing this note were in the process of correction, we received, through the kind intervention of a friend in Baltimore, an authentic account of the trial of Terranova. It reached us too late for publication at that time, and was consequently reserved for a place in the present number. Affording, as it does, an ample refutation of the injurious suggestion in the British Quarterly Review, and throwing some light on the jurisprudence and manners of the Chinese, we shall lay it before our readers, as it was drawn up at the time in Canton. To make the matter more intelligible, we quote the passage in question from the Quarterly Review:—

'From the moment, that our violation of Chinese law is of such a nature, as to drive the Chinese government to the extreme measure of *seizing* the persons of the offending parties, the die is cast, and we fear that hostilities will be inevitable. The last instance of the kind that occurred was in 1784, when one of the supercargoes of a private ship was seized, to answer for a homicide; and, subsequently, after a great deal of blustering and preparations for commencing hostilities, was redeemed, by the surrender of another individual equally innocent, although of an humbler station. Much as we regret the probability of a rupture with the Chinese, we fervently hope that we may never see it averted, by

such another disgraceful compromise, which has only for its parallel, one made by the Americans, a very few years ago, when an innocent Italian was given up to be strangled, to save the life *(it has never been denied)* of a guilty American.'

Now, if instead of the words in Italics, our worthy brother of the London Quarterly Review had said, *it has never been asserted*, that proposition would probably have been nearer the truth, although it would have made nonsense of his remark. That remark is every way exceptionable. By the expression *guilty American*, it implies that a murder had been committed by some one, which does not appear to have been the case; and the charge of substituting an innocent person, and him a foreigner, for a guilty American, if wantonly made, is of a character highly offensive and discreditable. The matter is made worse by the form of the insinuation. The charge it seems has never been *denied*. This implies that it has been admitted; or at best that having been frequently, publicly, formally made, no man has been found to gainsay it. Now we, of course, cannot say, that the charge never was made before. But we can ask when it was made; by whom it was made; and what opportunity has there ever been afforded either for admission or denial?

It is well known to our readers, that by the Chinese laws, which like those of the Medes and Persians, are unchangeable, homicide can only be expiated by the blood of its author. We suppose it will not be necessary for us to enter any *caveat* against being thought to approve the Chinese jurisprudence. Another maxim, not of Chinese law, but of that more respectable code, *the law of nations*, is, that a foreigner voluntarily entering into the jurisdiction of a country, is amenable to the laws of that country.

Sometime in the month of September, 1821, while the ship Emily of Baltimore, Captain Cowpland, was lying at Canton, a Chinese woman, named *Ko-leang-she*, was killed by a jar, thrown from the ship by one of the crew, Francisco Terranova. The circumstances of the case were never fully made out. Whether it was purely accidental, or the consequence of a quarrel which arose between Terranova and the woman in their traffic for ardent spirits, as is suggested in the Canton Repository, was at the time uncertain. Of the incidents previous to the trial, we have no detailed account. But it appears that a charge of murder was immediately brought against Terranova, by the Chinese authorities, and his surrender demanded. This

was refused by the captain of the Emily, who however immediately put him in close confinement, on board his ship. A negotiation followed, between the Chinese magistrates and the Americans, the result of which was that both parties agreed, that Terranova should have a trial, on board the Emily, at which both American and Chinese witnesses should be heard. We again enter our protest, against being understood as attempting to palliate the conduct of the Chinese, in this affair; but we would only observe, that if a Chinese sailor, from on board a Chinese vessel in the Thames, (supposing it possible a Chinese vessel should get there), had gone on shore at night, and stolen a sheep, he would, unless the law has been lately changed, in Great Britain, have been arrested the next day, for a capital offence. Had his voluntary delivery been withheld, he would have been taken by force. Had that force been resisted by the Chinese captain and his crew, they would have been deemed partakers of the crime, and treated accordingly.* And had the said Chinese been found guilty of stealing the sheep, although capital punishment might not have been inflicted, the culprit would have had an opportunity afforded him, for the next fourteen years, not to say for the residue of his life, of musing on the maxims of Confucius, on the subject of private property, in the contemplative solitudes of Van Diemens's land or New Holland. If the sovereign of the celestial empire had thought of remonstrating against this usage of his wandering subject, the remonstrance would have been considered a proof, that his majesty was, as might be expected of a Mantchoo Tartar, no better than a barbarian; and if the Quan-tung Quarterly Reviewers, (supposing these benighted disciples of Fohi to have such a civilized thing as a Quarterly Review), had undertaken to formalize upon the matter, they would have been ridiculed for their pains, wherever the English language is spoken. But to return to the case in hand. The account of the trial, as drawn up at Canton at the time, is as follows.

On the fifth of October 1821, the committee of the American gentlemen at Canton, to whom Captain Cowpland, of the ship Emily, had applied for advice and direction, for the government of his conduct, relative to the trial of Francis Terranova, received a communication from the committee of the Hong merchants of the following purport, viz.—that the Vice-

* 4 Blackstone, 129.

roy of this province had issued orders to the *Pon-ue*, to repair on board that ship, the next morning, and there proceed to try the said man for the crime of which he was accused; the Chinese having acceded to the propositions previously made, that he should have a fair and impartial trial, and that both American and Chinese witnesses should be examined; at the same time refusing to grant permission to the Reverend Robert Morrison, to attend as interpreter, on the ground of his being attached to the British factory, and their determination not to allow the interference of those attached or belonging to any other nation. These things having been communicated to Captain Cowpland, who was then at Whampoa with his ship, the majority of the committee, as there was not time to receive his answer, before it was necessary to be on board, proceeded directly to Whampoa, and early the next morning, Saturday Oct. 6, assembled on board the Emily, previously to the arrival of the *Pon-ue*. They found that the vessel had been prepared in the most suitable manner, for the business in hand. Arms of every kind had been removed, and the crew of the vessel, (with the exception of the prisoner, who was confined in a state-room, guarded by two American Officers), were stationed on the forecastle, which they did not leave during the day. Eight Hong merchants attended at the trial.

About eight o'clock in the morning, as the *Pon-ue's* boat, attended by a number of Chinese man-of-war's boats approached the ship, Captain Cowpland, with the linguist Couqua, joined him, and came alongside in the boat with him. Captain Cowpland immediately went on board his vessel, and was required by the Hong merchants there assembled, to take the prisoner, and go with him on board the *Pon-ue's* boat, that the *Pon-ue*, agreeably to the Chinese criminal practice, might look him in the face. Captain Cowpland hesitated to comply with this demand, regarding it as substantially a surrender of the prisoner, without the stipulated trial. Hou-qua, however, pledged himself, that, as soon as the ceremony had been performed, Terranova should be returned on board the ship, and no further opposition to this demand was made. Hou-qua then required that the prisoner should be hand-cuffed, which was promptly refused. Captain Cowpland having pledged himself for the safe-keeping of the prisoner, till after his trial, and the Chinese having agreed to leave Terranova in his custody, he refused to put him in irons, on the ground that no

prisoner is thus confined in America, during the progress of his trial. As they had chosen to try the accused on board an American ship, they must permit him to be treated as an American prisoner, till the conditions acceded to by them had been complied with; that is, till he had had a fair and impartial trial. Should he be found guilty, they would then have a right to secure him, as they pleased. On this explanation, the demand was waved, Terranova himself having promised to demean himself peaceably. Captain Cowpland accompanied the prisoner into the *Pon-ue's* boat, still lying alongside, and after remaining there a short time, they were sent back by the *Pon-ue*, to the Emily.

In a few moments, a number of Chinese officers of the suite of the *Pon-ue*, came aboard, bearing the insignia of that magistrate. They were received by the eight Hong merchants, who had already been on board more than an hour, viz. Hou-qua, Mou-qua, Chon-qua, Pac-qua, Keng-qua, Con-se-qua, Gou-qua, and Poon-qua. The *Pon-ue* himself soon came on board, bringing with him all the witnesses on the part of the government, and a considerable retinue. As soon as he was seated, the linguist made out and handed to him a list of the names of the committee, noting those who had not yet arrived. This committee consisted of twelve or fifteen of the most respectable American merchants at Canton.

Pac-qua, the security merchant of the Emily, and Cou-qua the linguist, being called, fell on their hands and knees, to hear the demands of the *Pon-ue*, of which the Americans could get no interpretation. Captain Cowpland was next called. The question asked him, whether Pac-qua was his security merchant, and Cou-qua his linguist, being answered in the affirmative, he was required to bring forward the prisoner. This was done. Terranova approached the table, at which the *Pon-ue* sat, the fatal jar with which he is accused of having struck the woman, and is supposed to have caused her death, was placed before him, on the deck, together with the hat she wore at the time. He was questioned whether he knew the jar, whether it belonged to him, or to the ship. He replied with perfect composure and firmness, that it was the same jar which he had handed the woman, at the time that he gave her a mace, to pay for the fruit she was to put into it; showing by signs, the manner in which he had handed it into the boat. The *Pon-ue* showed much irritation

at any attempt at explanation, and Hou-qua and the linguist, although repeatedly urged by those assisting the prisoner, evidently did not translate the half of what was urged in his defence. Whenever either of them attempted an explanation, he was silenced by the *Pon-ue*. Without hearing what the prisoner wished to state in his defence, the *Pon-ue* called the government witnesses, stating that all he now wished of Terranova was to identify him, — to have him acknowledge himself the seaman, who was trading with the woman, and that the jar was the same which he had used. The *Pon-ue* urged much the same considerations, as far as could be gathered from the limited abilities of the linguist and Hou-qua as interpreter, as he had urged on the inquest; and it was conclusive to every unprejudiced mind, that he had prejudged the case, and had only come on board to receive his victim.

Although these appearances tended greatly to discourage the hope of an impartial trial, the Americans present could not in silence submit to this breach of faith, on the part of the Mandarins, after having themselves complied with all that had been required of them, and they insisted on having their witnesses examined. The Chinese witnesses having been called, the American withdrew, (such being the usage on a Chinese trial,) but not without the assurance, and in the full expectation, that their request should be granted. The only witnesses produced on the part of the Government, were the husband of *Ko-leang-she*, the woman belonging to the Hoppo boat attached to the Emily, and two children, apparently between the ages of seven and twelve years. These witnesses approached the *Pon-ue's* table, on their hands and knees, never raising their eyes. When the woman was required to look up, and point out which was the man, although there was no other seaman near, the linguist was obliged to put his finger on Terranova, to enable her to say, *he is the man*. She gave a very long account of the affair, in which she was constantly prompted by the oldest child. This circumstance was objected to, on behalf of the prisoner, and the linguist was desired to make known the objection to the *Pon-ue*, but he refused to do so. The linguist then commenced a translation into English of the woman's evidence. It was urged, that as she was well known to speak better English, than either the linguist or Hou-qua, she ought to be allowed to repeat her own evidence in English, for the benefit of the Americans, in order, that if it differed from the Chinese version, the falsity

might be exposed. This was refused, and on her commencing a few words in English, she was stopped. The Americans were accordingly obliged to submit to the garbled translation made by the linguist. As soon as it was heard, they called on Hou-qua, in the most solemn manner, to attend to and faithfully interpret, what they had to bring forward as testimony, in reply to this first and most material witness, which they assured him would be sufficient, in any court of justice in America, to set aside her evidence. She had just stated, that, from the Hoppo boat attached to the Emily, she had seen the jar thrown. She saw it strike the head of *Ko-leang-she;* saw her fall into the water; saw that she rose no more; and knows that this is the very man who threw the jar. It was proved, in contradiction to this evidence, that from the position of the two boats at the time, it was impossible for her to have seen what passed, the ship being between the two boats; that on the afternoon of the day on which the event happened, and again the next morning, she had stated to Captain Cowpland, in the presence of four other American Captains, (who took it down in writing and signed it, and the paper was forthcoming,) that she knew nothing of the affair; that she was inside her own boat, and that her attention was occupied in looking out, to see what was the matter with a child, which she heard crying in a Sanpan (boat), that was then floating past the stern of the Emily, and near it a woman's hat in the water. Soon after the husband of the woman, (who had been in the Sanpan) came round the bow of a country ship, which was near, and took the hat out of the water. It was then perfectly whole. He then took up the jar out of the boat, which was also perfectly whole, and beat the hat forcibly with the jar. All this Hou-qua was required, as he valued the truth, faithfully to interpret to the *Pon-ue*, and it was believed, that, as far as his ability extended, he did so. The instrument of torture was then called for by the *Pon-ue*, and thrown down before the woman, but it was not applied. She persisted in her present story; and the only satisfaction given the prisoner's friends was, that now she told the truth, whereas before, she told what was not true. One of the children gave some evidence, which was not interpreted. It was urged, on behalf of the prisoner, that neither of the children had witnessed the affair; but they were afterwards brought from the shore, by the husband of the deceased, and that he came from the side of the country ship, opposite to the Emily, and con-

sequently could not himself have witnessed the accident. All this the Americans could prove by the government witnesses.

The *Pon-ue* had, for some time, evinced a desire to close the trial with this evidence, and not to hear any thing brought to controvert it. At this moment, with passion in his countenance and violence of language, he declared that all this was of no avail; — that he had seen for himself the hole in the hat and in the head of the woman; that he had applied the bottom of the jar and found that it fitted the fracture; — that the jar belonged to the man or the ship; —and that this was all that was necessary, and that the prisoner must be given up. With this he rose to depart. It was strenuously urged to the linguist and to Hou-qua, that the conditions of the trial had not been complied with; they had pledged themselves we should be heard; there were many ways, in which the woman might have come to her death; she might have fallen in the boat on some pointed instrument, on the iron pin upon the stern, on a nail standing up, on the side of the boat, or what was more generally believed, her husband, finding the body, might have himself inflicted the wound, for the purpose of extorting money from the ship. On such evidence, it was urged, the man cannot be given up to suffer the penalty of your laws. Our laws regard every man as innocent, till he is proved to be guilty. We have searched for the truth; —we are not satisfied. If he is guilty, prove him so and he shall be delivered, at your own city gates. We have one witness, who saw the jar handed into the boat by the prisoner. He also saw the woman fall out of the boat, at a considerable distance from the ship. Hear his testimony. If you will hear no more than what your witnesses have stated, we are not satisfied. We are under your laws; execute those laws. We do not resist you; find the man guilty by a fair and impartial trial, (which you have promised,) and he will be delivered up to you. If he is not proved so, and you persist in not hearing the evidence, you must take him out of the ship. We will leave her; no resistance ought or will be made to you. His blood be on your heads.

At length, the *Pon-ue* perceiving the earnestness of the Americans, was induced again to take his seat. He sat a few moments, and the witness alluded to was produced. The *Pon-ue* heard but a few words of the testimony, — silenced the linguist, and rising from his chair, said it was heaven's bu-

siness; if he had judged wrong, God would punish him for it hereafter; he knew, in his own heart, the man was guilty; he *must* be delivered up. With this he left the deck of the Emily, and went on board his own boat alongside, with most of his retinue, leaving the Hong merchants and linguist to see that he was obeyed.

During this mockery of justice, there were on board the Emily more than one thousand Chinese. The ship was surrounded by man-of-war boats. The Americans on board did not exceed forty persons; and the boats of the other American vessels were purposely ordered away. Every thing, that could be construed into an offensive weapon, had been carefully removed, to show that we considered ourselves completely in their power, and as a respectful compliment to the Chinese authorities, the colors were flying.

Hou-qua, as the oldest of the Hong merchants, now acted as spokesman, and required in the *Pon-ue's* name, that we should deliver up the prisoner. The same reply was made by us as before; come and take him. You have the power and you have armed men to exercise it. He again asked, if there would be any resistance, and the most solemn assurance was given, that there should be none. Hou-qua, on this, turned to go to the *Pon-ue's* boat, as was supposed to obtain a guard of soldiers to take Terranova. It was, however, stated to him, that he must understand and must inform the *Pon-ue*, that the Americans did not consider him as complying with his engagements. He had promised a fair and an impartial trial. It had not been allowed us. We consider the case prejudged. We are bound to submit to your laws while we are in your waters, be they ever so unjust. We will not resist them. You have, following your ideas of justice, condemned the man unheard. But the flag of our country has never been disgraced. It now waves over you. It is no disgrace to submit to your power, surrounded as we are by an overwhelming force, backed by that of a great empire. You have the power to compel us. We believe the man innocent; when he is taken from the ship we leave her; and the commander strikes his colors.

Hou-qua considered these last suggestions of so much importance, that he, together with several of the other Hong merchants, went down into the *Pon-ue's* boat, to communicate their substance to him. Before he could return, the linguist

was put in chains on the Emily's deck. The Hong merchants, having returned, required that Captain Cowpland should take the man to Canton, for a further trial, or put him in Pac-qua's hong, till another and higher mandarin should be ordered to adjudge the case. This was refused by the Americans, on the ground that the Chinese had had their option to try the man at Canton or on board the Emily. They had chosen the latter, and there we now required, that the trial should be closed. This being communicated to the *Pon-ue*, he was heard high in words with Hou-qua, who returned to the ship, with the same demand, which he had just made, and to which the same answer was returned. We gave as our *ultimatum*, that they should come on board, on their own responsibility and take out the prisoner, and that the ship's colors should be struck. To this we steadily adhered.

This conference lasted several hours. The Chinese persisted in refusing to take the man, and the Americans refusing voluntarily to surrender him. At length the *Pon-ue's* patience being exhausted, he having sat in his boat more than three hours, he sent on board the ship and took Pac-qua out in chains, commanding him, with the other Hong merchants, to follow him to the city, there to lay the whole affair before the Viceroy.

Saturday, Oct. 6th, 1821.

Here the manuscript which has been furnished us closes. Terranova remained in confinement on board the Emily; and the security merchant and linguist were kept in irons at Canton. The entire American trade was stopped, even to the supply of the Emily with provisions. In this state of things, another proposition was made by the Chinese, that Terranova should receive another trial in Canton, and that even though he should be found guilty, a respite of execution for thirty days should be allowed, to furnish opportunity for producing such evidence, as would cause the trial to be set aside. In the state of duress in which he was placed, and not warranted in insisting that the trial should be on board his ship, Captain Cowpland made no resistance, (none would have been of any avail,) and on the 25th of October, Terranova was brought by the Chinese from Whampoa to Canton. What form of trial, or whether any was had, was never known to the Americans. He was strangled, and in three or four days his body was sent back to the Emily for burial.

We have very little to add to this unvarnished and painful account. Notwithstanding the efforts very properly made by the Americans as counsel for Terranova, to prove Terranova wholly unconcerned in the death of *Ko-leang-she*, we understand from the best authority, that though he was probably innocent of the crime of murder, he was as probably the cause of the woman's death. The conduct of the *Pon-ue* was harsh, tyrannical, and cruel; but it may no doubt be justly said in apology for him, that a course of conduct essentially different, would probably have cost him his life. For the unwarrantable insinuations of the Quarterly Review, that there was a really guilty person, an American, and that a poor foreigner was given up in his stead, our readers see there is not the slightest foundation.

In establishing this fact we have accomplished our object. It is no part of our design to discuss either the character of this transaction, or the general line of conduct, which ought to be pursued in such a case. It is easy for gentlemen reposing in their easy chairs at home, to say what ought to be done in difficult conjunctures abroad. Had Captain Cowpland attempted at the last to prevent Terranova from being taken from his ship, to say nothing of other consequences, his security merchant would have been hung: hung, because Captain Cowpland persisted in opposing the law of the land. Would this have mended the matter? But whatever may be thought of this, the insinuation in the Quarterly Review is, we trust, sufficiently disproved.

ART. IV. — *Life of Black Hawk.*
The Life of Mal-ka-tai-me-she-kia-kiak or Black Hawk, dictated by Himself. pp. 155. Boston, 1834.

THIS book is a curiosity; an anomaly in literature. It is the only autobiography of an Indian extant, for we do not consider Mr. Apes and a few other persons of unmixed Indian blood, who have written books, to be Indians. They were indeed born of aboriginal parents, but their tastes, feelings and train of ideas, were derived from the whites, and they were and are, in all essential particulars, civilized men. Human

nature is substantially thesame every where. Tk nd aneiaan child from his parents, in the hope of making him useful as a missionary or instructer, give him an insight into the truths of religion, and a competent knowledge of the benefits of art, science, and literature, and his expected usefulness is destroyed by the very means used to increase it. He returns to his connections in every respect but color a white man, and is to them what any other white man would be. If he writes, it is in the character of a white man. But here is an autobiography of a wild, unadulterated savage, gall yet fermenting in his veins, his heart still burning with the sense of wrong, the words of wrath and scorn yet scarce cold upon his lips, ('If you wish to fight us, come on,') and his hands still reeking with recent slaughter.

This book is also an anomaly in literature in another sense. It is almost the only one we have ever read, in which we feel perfect confidence, that the author sincerely believes that every thing he has set down is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. That it is the *bonâ fide* work of Black Hawk, we have the respectable testimony of Antoine Le Clair, the government interpreter for the Sacs and Foxes, and what (as we have not the honor of being acquainted with that gentleman,) we deem more conclusive, the intrinsic evidence of the work itself. We will venture to affirm, and (having long dwelt among the aborigines, we conceive ourself entitled to do so,) that no one but a Sac Indian could have written or dictated such a composition. No white man, however great his ability may be, could have executed a work so thoroughly and truly Indian. Many of the facts therein contained are, moreover, known to us to be true, and of many others we have the testimony of the oral tradition of the country. We think, therefore, we may say that the authenticity of the work is unquestionable. As for the truth of the facts related, who ever knew an Indian warrior to boast of feats he never achieved? Indians will, indeed, lie, steal and cheat, but when put upon honor, as Black Hawk is in the present case, their word is as good authority as the white man's oath. The only drawback upon our credence is the intermixture of courtly phrases, and the figures of speech, which our novelists are so fond of putting into the mouths of Indians. These are, doubtless, to be attributed to the bad taste of Black Hawk's amanuensis.

No Indian, for example, would think of a formal dedication, yet we find the memoirs of Black Hawk inscribed to General Atkinson. The term *pale faces*, often applied to the whites in this book, was, we think, never in the mouth of any American savage, excepting in the fanciful pages of Mr. Cooper. There are many more phrases and epithets of the like nature, and we only mention them, because we think it is time that authors should cease to make Indians talk sentiment.

A synopsis of this singular work will not, perhaps, be unacceptable to our readers. It begins with an account of the traditions of the Sacs, for which, in their minute particulars, little credit is due. It appears, however, that the tribe were originally settled in the neighborhood of Montreal, and that they were driven back, step by step, to the western shores of Lake Michigan, and thence to the Mississippi. This statement is corroborated by the fact, that they suffered a terrible defeat on the Fox River, at a place, thence called 'the Hillock of the Dead.' In this battle, the French and their native allies nearly exterminated the Sacs, who, reduced to a few families, retreated to the Mississippi. Here they joined the Foxes, a kindred tribe, drove the Kas-kas-kias from the country, and founded several villages. Black Hawk was born rather more than half a century ago, at the mouth of Rock River.

We have seen Black Hawk in that country, and have always heard him mentioned as a dangerous and formidable warrior; but we were not prepared for such a detail of exploits as he himself has given, nor should we believe it, had it come from any mouth but his own. At the age of fifteen, he wounded an enemy in battle; soon after, he slew an Osage, in a manner which gives a vivid and true idea of the horrors of Indian warfare.

'Standing by my father's side I saw him kill his antagonist, and tear the scalp from his head. Fired with valor and ambition, I rushed furiously upon another, smote him to the earth with my tomahawk, ran my lance through his body, took off his scalp, and returned in triumph to my father. He said nothing, but looked pleased.'

This may serve to show in what manner an Indian boy is educated, and the spirit by which he is animated. 'After a

few moons,' Black Hawk, with seven followers, attacked a hundred Osages, killed one and came off without losing a man. He next led a party of a hundred and eighty men against the same enemy. All his warriors but five deserted him, but he persevered, 'thanking the Great Spirit that so many remained.' His patience was rewarded with the slaughter of two persons, a man and a *boy*. The Osages retaliated, and in his nineteenth year, Black Hawk went against them with two hundred warriors. They met the enemy, and a desperate battle ensued. Our hero killed five men and a woman, and the Osages lost a hundred men in all. This account is subject to some deduction. General accounts of battles are usually founded, (especially among Indians) upon conjecture and rumor, but what the old man says he did, may be received as certain. In a battle with the Cherokees, the father of Black Hawk was mortally wounded, but had the pleasure of killing his adversary, and of seeing his son take his place as leader of the band. The son slew three men in the conflict; then returned sad and sorrowful to his native village, went into mourning, (which means, that he blackened his face with soot, suffered his hair to grow, fasted and prayed,) and remained quiet five years.

The details of this petty, dangerous warfare, are scarcely more important, inasmuch as they led to no important result, than the squabbles of wolves and foxes, but they serve to convey some idea of Indian life. In the conflicts above-mentioned and in others, Black Hawk states, that he put to death thirty-four persons of different nations, men, women, and children, with his own hand. If it should be supposed that his personal prowess is thus intended to be made a matter of boast, the reader would be egregiously deceived. Physical force, or even animal bravery, is not the quality most essential to renown in Indian wars. Prudence, cunning, and adroitness, are the preëminent characteristics of the Indian warrior. To strike the enemy without risk to his own person, and to injure him in every possible manner, is the main object. To destroy many of a hostile tribe is reckoned a glorious act in a war party, but to do it without loss on their own side, is incomparably more glorious. Though brave enough, and, indeed, too brave for the good of mankind and himself, the Indian warrior takes every imaginable care of his own person. To fight hand to hand, or expose himself to the shot of a foe,

would win him little praise, for admiration of his bravery would be largely qualified by contempt for what would be called his folly. Few, probably, of the victims of Black Hawk were slain in fair combat. We did not see, nor have we heard the particulars of any of the battles in which he acquired his distinction, but we think we can describe the way in which they were gained. The enemy were taken by surprise, and a few were slain before they were aware of an attack. While the battle lasted, there was little harm done. Each combatant availed himself of every bush, every tree, every cover that could protect his person. When the day was decided, the confusion and slaughter began, and the victims fell unresisting. In this view of the matter, the statement of Black Hawk, which might otherwise seem an empty boast, is easily credited. Nor is his moral character to be judged by the rules of Christianity, of which he knew nothing, or by the principles which govern the chivalry of civilized nations. Like other Indians, with whom revenge is virtue, he was taught from his infancy to be strong to inflict, and stubborn to endure. He was told by his father, that to take two lives for one was a duty he owed to his tribe. All who spoke to him told him, that the destruction of all unfriendly to his country was the height of glory, and that to injure them in any way, was but a lawful spoiling of the Egyptians. If a man child fell into their hands they slew it, not because it was capable of doing them any harm, but because it might one day attain the strength and stature of a dangerous enemy. A woman was put to death, because she might become the mother of children, who might destroy their own. The refinements of modern chivalry, the tenderness due to the weaker sex, are things of which Black Hawk never heard. Such principles are the natural consequence of the state of aboriginal society. Divided into small tribes, each of which is at enmity with its neighbors, the loss of a man is a loss indeed. Hence the Indian takes good care of himself, and justly thinks he has inflicted a severe blow on the enemy, when he has destroyed one of their number, no matter how treacherously. But they are by no means deficient in courage when circumstances demand its exercise, nor is there a people under the sun, who hold a coward in greater contempt. There was, probably, not one of the warriors who fought with and under Black Hawk, who, if brought to the stake, would not have died mocking his

tormentors, or who would have surrendered to any odds, under circumstances which would have degraded him in the estimation of his compeers.

Yet it is pleasant and honorable to human nature, to see that these savage warriors are sometimes compassionate and magnanimous. Let a man declare himself 'worthy of pity,' and he disarms their resentment at once. We have known several instances, where a defenceless individual has gone among them in search of a captive wife or daughter, and has not only been spared by them, on account of his bravery and forlorn situation, but has been dismissed in safety and honor, and loaded with presents. Every one, who has been practically acquainted with Indian society, will recollect cases of this kind. Black Hawk himself, ruthless as he has often been, is an exemplification of this rude feeling of chivalry. Having led a party against the Osages, and finding but six men, he 'thought it cowardly to kill them.' He therefore made them prisoners and delivered them to the Spanish governor at St. Louis. At another time he made an inroad into the Cherokee country, and took five prisoners, four of whom, being males, he released. Great as was his hatred to this people (who had slain his father), he could not kill so small a party. Once, having a very serious injury to avenge, and having already commenced hostilities *à la mode des Sacs*, he had an opportunity to destroy two little boys without danger to himself, but 'he thought of his own children and passed on without noticing them.' Indeed, it appears throughout the work, that, though Black Hawk was a thorough savage, he had yet a strong sense of honor, personal dignity, and generosity. On many occasions he was an advocate for mercy.

When Black Hawk heard that the Spanish settlers of Missouri were to be superseded by Americans, it made him sad, because 'he had always heard bad accounts of the Americans from the Indians who had lived near them.' Let us observe that this feeling of dislike to our countrymen is by no means confined to the Sacs and Foxes, and that it is not altogether without reason. The cause is plain. Our settlers, always advancing into the forest, encroach upon the Indians, and establish themselves too near them. The good qualities of the savages are only apparent in their intercourse with each other; all their bad ones operate upon the stranger, who is not

usually slow to annoy as he is annoyed. Petty disputes arise, ill blood is engendered, mutual wrong is done, and as soon as the whites become strong enough, blood is shed, and the Indians are driven from the land of their fathers. They have no historians to record their grievances, and we believe the case before us is the only one, where the vanquished lion has found a voice to tell what wrong aroused his angry might, or by what means he was taken in the toils. What follows will be a sufficient corroboration of these remarks. It was not so when the officers of Spain, France, and Britain had some degree of power in the Indian countries, and it will be found that the name of Frenchman, or Englishman, is a passport to the good will of the natives, while that of American is the direct contrary. When General Pike (then a captain) ascended the Mississippi, in 1801, he desired Black Hawk's people to give up their British flags and medals and receive others in exchange; they declined, 'because they wished to have two fathers.' Soon after an affair took place, which was the original cause of all the difficulties, that have since arisen between the Sacs and Foxes, and the United States. We shall endeavor to make it as clear as possible.

An American borderer was killed by a Sac, who was taken to St. Louis for trial. The chiefs sent a deputation of four persons to St. Louis to release the murderer, by paying the price of blood, which is a practice among themselves, and which they fondly thought was also the law of the whites. They explained their business to the governor, who immediately availed himself of the circumstance to accomplish the desire of the government. He pressed them to cede a large tract of land, and they complied, expecting that their friend would be released in order to his return home with them. The promise was kept to the ear and broken to the sense. The Indian was indeed released from prison, but had not gone many yards from it, when he was shot dead by one of the friends of the man he had slain. This was the true commencement of hostilities with the Sacs and Foxes. We of course do not vouch for it, but the circumstances, which are very minutely related, correspond strictly with Indian manners and habits of thinking. We know that compensation for murder or vicarious punishment has been often proffered by them to the whites in perfect good faith and sincerity. We

know that the white man was murdered, that the treaty was made, and that the offending Sac was murdered in his turn. The government, we know, is not responsible for the lawless acts of individuals, unless it neglect to employ the means, fairly within its control, to restrain and punish them. Neither is there any thing inconsistent with justice or morality, in holding out the pardon of an Indian, who has forfeited his life to our laws, as an inducement, among other considerations, of a cession of land; but a cession thus obtained probably leaves behind it a root of bitterness, in the Indian mind.

But this is not the most objectionable mode, in which their lands have been acquired. What our eyes have seen we are constrained to believe, and we state the following as the means by which cessions of land are usually obtained of the Indians. The whites encroach and settle upon their territory. They increase greatly in number in a short time, and representations are soon made to the government, concerning the value of the land and the necessity of buying it. Commissioners are sent, large presents are made to the chiefs, (formerly whisky was copiously distributed,) and their ears are filled with the glory and power of the whites. Such representations are not, however, needed to convince them either of the ability or the will of the United States to oppress them, and they usually sell, what they think would otherwise be taken by force. Should they prove refractory, however, 'a staff is quickly found to beat a dog.' Indians are disagreeable neighbors; when they are hungry, they do not think it sin to steal a barn-door fowl, a basket of corn, nor even a swine from the enemy. Both parties hate each other bitterly. The Indians hate us because they consider us tyrants and robbers; we hate them as troublesome, and sometimes drunken rogues, who stand in the way of our interest, and whose enmity we have good reason to fear. Petty aggression and retaliation become the order of the day. Neither party has any court to appeal to, and the Indians would not, probably, appeal to ours if they could. Blood is finally shed, and the newspapers are speedily filled with tales of savage barbarity. The arm of government is called to the aid of the whites. The Indians have no advocates, know not how to plead their own cause, and would not be regarded if they did. They resist, are beaten, (well if they are not exterminated), they sue for peace, their lands pay the expenses of the war, and thus the object of the settlers is gained. We do not be-

lieve that we have given this picture a shadow of color too strong. If any one thinks that we have, let him inquire of some person who has returned from the West, and he will find that both parties concerned hold each other in the most deadly hatred: and if he want facts, let him apply to some one acquainted with the history of the Winnebago war; let him read the biography of Black Hawk,—let him study the printed volume of Indian treaties.

In the treaty entered into by Black Hawk's deputation, to which we have already alluded, the Sacs and Foxes got, besides the pardon of their countrymen (which was nullified as soon as granted,) a thousand dollars a year, for a tract of country greater in extent than very many of the States in the Union, and as fertile and rich in natural resources as almost any of them. It was made and signed by four persons only, and those not authorized by the nation. This was in eighteen hundred and four, at which time the most remote American settlements were but a few miles above St. Louis. They now extend to Prairie du Chien, a distance of between five and seven hundred miles. Five years ago, the band of Black Hawk formed the only interruption to their continuity, and the opinion was then publicly expressed by the writer of this article, that within five years, some pretext would be found to dispossess the Sacs and Foxes of their lead mines. Three had not elapsed when the prophecy had been accomplished.

Soon after the negotiation of the treaty, Fort Madison was built below the Des Moine rapids, much to the dissatisfaction of Black Hawk and his people. Each party seems to have been afraid of the other, and though there was some show of hostilities, none actually took place. It was not till he had been wrought upon by the celebrated prophet, brother of Tecumseh, and till the Winnebagoes had made several successful butchering excursions, that Black Hawk joined the latter. They laid siege to Fort Madison, which was gallantly defended by Lieutenant Hamilton, for several days, against a great disparity of force. Black Hawk's account of this transaction does not strictly agree with the one we have heard from the mouth of that excellent officer, and he says nothing of the measures taken by the American authorities to compel the Indians to remain at peace, but of which the effect was to drive them to war. Indeed, the old man seems to have thought every thing, not directly relative to himself, out of his province

as a biographer. He admits, also, that his memory has not been very good, since his late visit to the East, and truly his misfortunes might well have injured the faculties of a younger man.

About this time an occurrence happened, that laid the whole Sac nation under the absolute necessity of making war on the United States, which only a small part of them were seriously resolved to do before. This matter would be wholly incomprehensible to most readers with only the words of Black Hawk for their guidance, and we shall therefore endeavor to explain them. The system of Indian trade, which had long obtained in the country, had been established by the British traders, and was, before it was greatly overdone, well adapted to the wants of the savages. The custom was to supply each hunter, at the commencement of the hunting season, with such goods, arms, and ammunition, as would enable him to support his family during the winter, and payment was rendered in the spring. But, as the life of the hunter is precarious, some were disqualified from hunting by sickness, the annoyance of Indian enemies, and various causes, and as many proved lazy and dishonest, the trader could not reasonably calculate on receiving more than about two-thirds of his due. To prevent certain loss, therefore, he charged his Indian debtor fifty per cent. advance on cost, charges and profit, by which means the honest paid for the dishonest, the industrious for the idle, and the well for the sick, and the trader got his due. This system of trade was radically bad ;— it became known to those who had the management of Indian affairs, and their benevolence suggested a remedy which was certainly well meant, but the sudden operation of which proved worse than the disease. It was certain, however, that every Indian hunter paid for every gun, axe, or other article he bought, just twice as much as it was worth. It was therefore determined to establish certain trading houses in the country, to be called Factories, at which the savages were to be supplied at cost and charges, and no more. For several reasons, this apparently excellent scheme was productive of evil. The persons employed to procure goods for the Factories were wholly ignorant of the wants of the Indians. The guns, blankets, and many other articles furnished, were of very inferior quality to those sold by the British traders. Loads of goods were sent, for which the Indians had no use. We have seen, on the shelves of a Factory

store, cow-bells, pen-knives, infant's laced caps, and snuff-boxes, intended for the use of people to whom a cow was a curiosity, who knew not what a pen was, whose infants went in *puris naturalibus*, and who would not have taken a pinch of snuff on any account. Add to this that an Indian seldom or never has the means of paying for an article on the spot, and that the factors might charge what advance they pleased on their goods without the possibility of detection, a facility, of which it is shrewdly suspected that some of them largely availed themselves, and it will not appear strange that the Sacs found the Factories but a poor substitute for the stores of their old traders, who knew their wants, tastes, and capabilities to pay, as well as the best manner of conciliating their good will, a matter in which American traders are marvellously deficient even to this day.

The British traders had left the lower Mississippi. A delegation of the Sacs and Foxes went to Washington to see their 'Great Father,' the President, at the request of the authorities. He informed them that the British traders would no more be permitted to come among them, but that they should be *well* supplied by an American, meaning the Factor. They stated the necessity of receiving credit, and were answered, according to Black Hawk, that they should be so supplied. It is probable that the President was wholly ignorant of the manner in which the Indian trade was conducted, or that the conference was very loosely interpreted. The neglect to fulfil this promise, real or supposed, cost the lives of hundreds of brave men, whites and Indians.

The Sacs and Foxes were well pleased with the words of their Great Father, as they received them, and resolved to refrain from war. When, in the autumn, they repaired to the Factor, and asked for supplies, he denied them; he had received no orders, he had heard nothing of their Great Father's promise. With the prospect of absolute starvation before them, all was gloom and discontent. Their intercourse with the British had been cut off, they could get no hope of relief from the Americans. It was, in fact, declaring war upon them to deprive them of the means by which they had been accustomed to live, and on war they soon resolved. In their state of discontent and resentment, believing, not without cause, that the Americans were determined to starve them, and that their Great Father had told them a wilful falsehood, they were found

by the emissaries of the British government, the principal of whom was the celebrated Colonel Robert Dixon, a man of education, the most polished manners, of good family, of undaunted courage, of noble and generous feelings, and who had proved himself their sincere friend through a long course of years. Such as we describe him, and as we knew him, this gentleman had thrown off the manners of civilized life, which he never resumed, excepting when in company with whites, had married a squaw, by whom he had a large family, and was almost idolized by several tribes, to whom he taught the first lesson of humanity in war. By his own personal influence, the weight of his British commission, and the large presents he made them, Colonel Dixon found no great difficulty in persuading Black Hawk's people to join the British standard. Our hero immediately collected two hundred of his warriors for that purpose.

Before the disastrous mismanagement which thus drove this gallant tribe into belligerent alliance with England, they had been, for Indians, very peaceably disposed. It would appear that the fatal battle of the Butte des Morts had broken their spirit as well as their strength, for it was the habit of the neighboring tribes to call them *women*. Now they proved themselves men, — they fought in every battle. They were at Sandusky, where Black Hawk found occasion to disapprove of the *foolish* mode of fighting of the British and Americans. He was disgusted with the bad success of the campaign, and the lack of plunder, and returned to his own country. Here he found an old and dear friend, who had preserved his neutrality and had given no offence to the Americans. But white savages are to be found on the frontier, as well as red, and some of these had butchered this old man's only son, on whose filial piety he depended for support, in a manner at which Black Hawk would have shuddered. The old savage had scarcely finished his tale when he expired of grief, hardship and hunger. Black Hawk took his hand and pledged himself to avenge the death of his son, his own adopted. He did revenge it ;— the battle of the *Sink Holes* will long be remembered for the desperate bravery with which the Indians defended themselves, though there was not much loss on either side.

After several adventures Black Hawk and his people remained tolerably quiet, till five gun-boats came up the Mississippi from St. Louis. They were full of soldiers who were

intended to reinforce the garrison at Prairie du Chien. They were too late, however. The British forces had already taken possession of that post. Black Hawk was apprised of this fact by messengers, who solicited him and his warriors to aid the arms of their old allies. They consented and pursued the boats by land. He overtook them in the Rock River Rapids, where one of them was driven ashore by the wind. 'The Great Spirit gave this boat to Black Hawk.' He attacked her, set her on fire, and slew more than half the crew. The Indians put out the fire and took possession of the boat and cargo. It consisted of whisky, which our hero caused to be spilled, and a box 'of such *bad medicine* as the *medicine* men kill the white people with when they get sick.' There was also a considerable quantity of other plunder. This exploit was achieved with the loss of only two Sacs. The day after, other gun-boats appeared, bringing the American garrison down the river, and Black Hawk, having been supplied with a 'big gun' by his allies, cannonaded her with some success.

At the conclusion of the war Black Hawk, like other Indians who had done us a great deal of mischief, made his peace with the United States, and signed the treaty without knowing what he did. 'What do we know of the laws and customs of the white people?' says he. 'They might buy our bodies for dissection, and we would touch the goose-quill to confirm it, without knowing what we are doing.' Here follows such a description of the manners of his tribe, as an Indian only could give.

Harder times approached. The vicinity of the whites had, as usual, a bad effect on the morals and happiness of his band. They drank more whisky than formerly, and became dishonest. Two of our hero's children died, and he mourned for them for two years, — that is, he painted his face black, gave away all his property, and fasted rigidly for that time. After this he renewed his acquaintance with his former allies by going to Malden in Canada, where he received some gifts, and was promised more. The whites were fast settling his country, and abused him and his people. On one occasion, he was seized by three of them and severely beaten with sticks. 'How,' says he, 'could we like people who treated us so unjustly?' The treaty was now first explained to him, and he was told for the first time, that he must leave his village and lands.

Keokuck, a prudent and crafty chief, who acted more for the advantage of his tribe than Black Hawk, by keeping well with the whites, and increasing his influence by their countenance, consented to go, but the spirit of the old warrior revolted at the idea. Being assured by one of the deputation formerly mentioned, that when he signed the treaty, it was not explained to him as it was now interpreted, he raised the standard of opposition to Keokuck. While the tribe was thus divided, white people arrived among them, settled in their very villages, and quarrelled among themselves respecting the boundary lines of lands to which, whatever might be the case with the United States, *they* had not the shadow of a moral or legal right. Black Hawk ordered them off, and complained to the Indian agents, but in vain. Other intruders appeared and settled. Keokuck, knowing the power of the whites, and haply desirous of supplanting Black Hawk in the estimation of the tribe, temporised; whereat the aged hero was exceedingly indignant. 'He considered him a coward and no brave man, thus to abandon his native village to strangers, and there was no more friendship between them.' There is a good deal of homely pathos in the pages in which he broods over his wrongs. 'What right,' says he, 'had these people to our village and our fields, which the Great Spirit had given us to live upon?' Whoever wishes to see an exemplification of the system of petty grievances, by which Indians are driven to despair, by their white neighbors, will do well to read this part of the volume attentively. It will show him the truth of the remarks we have made on the subject in another page.

Beaten, plundered and abused by their neighbors, Black Hawk and his party complained to the authorities again and again without success. At the same time the whites complained of them, made themselves out the injured party, and the Indians the intruders, and called on the government to protect their property. Let the result show and the reader judge, which was the right side. There was undoubtedly a great deal of mutual wrong, but the whites only were believed, and their complaints alone regarded. Black Hawk's village and grounds were sold to individuals, and his people were told that if they did not remove peaceably they should be compelled. The chief stated his case to several agents and governors, British and American, saying that he had never sold his lands. They all told him that his Great Father would do him justice,

and that if he had not alienated his property, it would not be taken from him. They spoke, probably, on a proper sense of the broad principles of justice which regulated the dealings of civilized people among themselves, forgetting that the Indians had neither the knowledge nor the means to state and urge their claims, and that they had no advocate. Their opinions, however, determined Black Hawk to hold out to the last.

Some subsequent transactions took place, which sadly puzzled Black Hawk. A small fraction of the territory ceded by the treaty so often mentioned, to the United States, for a thousand dollars *per annum*, had been given to the Pottawattamies. The United States now bought this fraction back again for sixteen thousand dollars a year. Black Hawk was wholly unable to comprehend that a small part could be worth more than the whole, for it never entered into his mind that the settlement of a territory could increase its value a hundred fold. He 'began to doubt whether the Americans had any standard of right and wrong.'

Even now the Hawk was willing to give up the ground he had taken, if he could have done it honorably, 'for the sake of the women and children.' He made some overtures to the officers of government, which were rejected, whereupon he resolved to remain in his village, and if the military should come, to submit to his fate without resistance. Some new aggressions made him change his resolution. He compelled those whites, who were ploughing up his corn-fields, to remove by violent threats. General Gaines came up the Mississippi with troops, and a council was held. The Indians were told that if they did not cross the river within two days, they should be compelled. They did cross it, and Black Hawk again 'touched the goose-quill,' and determined to remain at peace. Corn was given them in lieu of that which they had left growing, but it proved inadequate to their wants. The women and children clamored for their 'roasting ears, beans and squashes.' A party went back to get these *desiderata*, but were fired on for attempting to steal from the very fields they had planted. In all these transactions, there was undoubtedly much misapprehension on both sides. The whites could not see why compliance with what was considered a fair treaty was refused. The Indians could not believe that such a treaty had ever been made, or, if it had been made, that it could possibly be just and binding. The difficulty was increased by the fact,

that neither party could understand the other. We are persuaded that, could Black Hawk and his counsellors have been permitted to plead their own cause on the floor of Congress, attended with a competent interpreter, all the misery, expense, and bloodshed which ensued, might have been prevented.

Neapope, one of Black Hawk's band, who had been sent to Malden on a mission to the British agent, now returned. The answer he brought from that functionary must either have been dictated by the spirit of falsehood, (which is not likely, as the Indian had no motive to deceive) or the conference must have been misinterpreted or misunderstood. He brought word, that if the Americans should make war on the Sacs, the latter should be assisted. This answer never could have been given by the English officer. The British government had no interest whatever in stirring up a petty war, far within our borders, and the agent could have had neither authority to make such a promise, nor power to perform it. The prophet, who seems to have been a lying knave, as most Indian prophets are, gave further assurances of aid from the British, and from four of the neighboring tribes. Keokuck told the old chief that he had been imposed upon by liars, and had better remain quiet, and so it proved.

Black Hawk mustered all his forces and ascended the Mississippi, and demonstrations of approaching war were made on both sides. The chief bade General Atkinson defiance, and moved up Rock river to join the prophet. He soon learned, that the promises of foreign aid which he had received were delusive. The Pottawattamies and Winnebagoes were not disposed to render him any assistance. They even refused him provisions for his followers.

The first blood appears to have been shed by the whites. Seeing a party of mounted militia approaching him, Black Hawk sent three messengers to desire a conference. They were taken prisoners, and, if the Indian account is to be believed, one of them was treacherously murdered. The Sacs immediately discomfited this party and slew several of them, with some loss on their own part. This statement differs essentially from that in the newspapers only in one particular. It was said that the Sacs were the first to begin the fight. Black Hawk does not pretend to speak from his own knowledge, and we have no means of coming at the exact truth.

War was thus commenced. Several skirmishes took place, and many persons were killed, because, having neither resources nor strength, the Hawk was unwilling to adopt any decisive measures. It is a sufficient testimonial of his courage and military talent to say, that with a half-starved band of about five hundred men, encumbered with women and children, he eluded a much larger force, supplied with food, cavalry and all the munitions of war, and never came in contact with the whites, without giving them some cause to regret the meeting. His skill and bravery, however, availed him nothing,—he was hemmed in on all sides, and hunger made fearful deductions from his little strength. Some of the feeblest of his party actually perished of starvation.

The scene of this campaign, which proved so terrible to the Sacs, was the country between the Rock and Wisconsin rivers, on the east side of the Mississippi. Inland, the country about the Four Lakes is swampy, and full of ponds and thickets. To this position Black Hawk at first retreated, rightly judging that it would cost the pursuing enemy much trouble to get at him. Here he remained till hunger drove him out, when he moved upon the Wisconsin, intending to recross the Mississippi, which done, he would have been in comparative safety. The white army pursued, and overtook him at the Wisconsin, but he covered the retreat of his party with a band of fifty of his most determined warriors, and effected his passage with little loss. His forces now began to break up. He himself gained the Mississippi, with many followers. Seeing the steamboat Warrior approaching, he hoisted a white flag and would have surrendered, but those on board, mistaking his purpose, opened a heavy fire upon him. The only chance that now remained for his party was to cross the great river. While they were making rafts for this purpose, the pursuing army came upon them, and, according to Black Hawk, refused them quarter. Many were slain, and many perished in the attempt to swim across. Of those who did cross, many were starving women and children, and their ancient enemies, the Dahcotahs, took advantage of their distress to slaughter a great number of them. This final battle was fought at the mouth of the River Bad Axe.

This was probably, the most disastrous Indian campaign of modern times. It was begun in delusion and continued without hope. It ended in misery and horror inexpressible ; half

the Sac tribe are supposed to have perished, but not in vain. It has taught the tribes of the north-west a lesson which they never can forget. It was a bloody one, but, like the invention of fire-arms, it will ultimately save much blood. The Indians are by no means destitute of reasoning powers, and they cannot but see, that resistance against any claim of the United States, just or unjust, is the very worst policy they can pursue. Hereafter, it is probable, that whenever a wish is expressed to remove them from their lands, they will readily comply on the best terms they can make, since any resistance they can offer will but protract the catastrophe and render it more appalling. They have long known that they are no match for us in negotiation; they are now convinced that they are no match for us in arms. The barbarous chivalry of the race will decay; for they cannot but see that it leads to certain ruin, and few men, however brave or obstinate, will rush to inevitable destruction. Such men as Black Hawk will no longer be their objects of emulation. They will rather place their trust in the pacific wisdom of such as Keokuck, because they see that it is their present, if not their ultimate safety. We think, too, that the discomfiture of Black Hawk affords some hope of the civilization of the remnant of his people. They have had enough of glory, their spirit is broken. They were ever more settled in their habits than their neighbors, and have had, ever since we knew them, a better sense of a distinction of property, which we take to be the corner-stone of the system of social improvement. Certainly no Indian tribe has for many years offered so fair a field to the missionary, as the Sacs and Foxes do now.

It is a little singular that in almost every tribe who have had dealings with us, there should be men of characters similar to those of Keokuck and Black Hawk; but the matter may be easily explained. Before they have the misfortune to become intimately acquainted with us, military abilities are most useful, and are consequently held most honorable in the tribe. When they come in contact with the whites, some individual, more crafty and less energetic than the war chief, finds another road to influence and distinction. He finds that by temporising and according with the views of his new neighbors, he obtains more means of increasing the number of his partisans. The war chief has the sympathies of the people on his side, the peace chief has their judgment. Many instances might be

given. Sassacus, the war chief of the Pequods, resisted, and his tribe perished. Uncas, chief of a branch of the same tribe, truckled to the whites, and saved himself and his followers for a while. MacIntosh was the Keokuck of the Creeks. There are many peace chiefs among the Dahcotahs, but they have a war chief named Wapahshah, who is body and soul an Indian, and cares not a straw for all the whites on earth.

To return to the narrative style: Black Hawk escaped from the battle of the Bad Axe, and took refuge among the Winnebagoes. He there expressed his intention to surrender to the whites, and his hosts made a merit of delivering him up. He was taken down the Mississippi and confined for a while in Jefferson barracks, and compelled to wear *the ball and chain*, the badge of a military felon. Some of our readers may not know what this equipment is; it is easily explained. A twelve inch shell is attached to the ankle of the convict, by a chain some six feet long. We perfectly agree with what Black Hawk says of this dishonorable treatment of a vanquished foe, and we know enough of Indian character to be sure that his words are strict truth, so far as they express his feelings and opinions. We would have been answerable for him, body for body, when once he had given his word not to escape.

'We were now confined to the barracks,' says he, 'and forced to wear the ball and chain. This was extremely mortifying and altogether useless. Was the White Beaver (General Atkinson) afraid that I would break out of his barracks and run away? Or was he ordered to inflict this punishment upon me? If I had taken him prisoner on the field of battle, I would not have wounded his feelings so much, by such treatment,—knowing that a brave war chief would prefer death to dishonor. But I do not blame the White Beaver for the course he pursued; — it is the custom among white soldiers, and, I suppose, was a part of his duty.'

The Hawk is mistaken;—it was no part of his duty, nor is it the custom of white soldiers. The ball and chain are attached to convicts and never to prisoners of war. We may say here, that no knight who ever wore spurs could have felt anything approaching an indignity more keenly than an Indian chief does. We dare aver that the Hawk would rather have died, than have suffered the disgraceful iron to touch him.

The rest of the story of Black Hawk is generally known. He has returned to his people degraded, as far as it is in the

power of the whites to degrade him. But no authority can hinder his tribe from regarding their last champion with respect and admiration, or diminish the influence which his unfortunate campaign had left him. The ceremony of degrading him from his rank was but a vain form. In the esteem of the Sacs he is still 'every inch a king.' We think we may affirm that his death would occasion a much more lively and enduring sorrow, than that of the wiser Keokuck.

ART. V. — *Memoir of Dr. Godman.*

Memoir of Dr. Godman. By THOMAS SEWALL, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Columbian College, Washington, D. C. 1830.

IT is a remark of Dr. Johnson, 'that a physician, in a great city, seems to be the mere plaything of fortune. His degree of reputation is for the most part totally casual. They that employ him, know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficiency. By any acute observer, who has looked on the transactions of the medical world for the last half century, a very curious book might be written on the fortune of physicians.' Although we do not agree with the great moralist, in these sweeping and unqualified assertions, yet we believe that they are correct to a certain extent, and that if the picture be not a likeness it is at least a caricature. The reception of Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood strikingly illustrates the truth of a part of Dr. Johnson's remark. From the moment he began to be generally known as the propounder of such *a wild and extravagant theory*, his practice, as a physician, suffered a serious diminution.

This injustice and uncertainty in the public estimate of medical character, cannot but have an injurious and withering influence on the profession itself, — depressing the energies of the mind, and chilling those generous aspirations of well-regulated ambition, which have so often contributed to elevate and dignify human character, and so frequently conferred the greatest blessings on mankind. When a physician sees, as is too often the case, that his best efforts for the advancement of

medical science, and his most strenuous exertions for extending the usefulness of his profession, are regarded with cold indifference and neglect, while honor and emolument are showered upon the intriguing, the ignorant, and conceited popularity-seeker, — he must be more than human, if he too is not drawn away by the current; if he is not tempted to desert the thorny and rugged path of science, and endeavor to attain reputation and wealth by an easier process, and one which he perceives is better adapted to gratify the whims and caprices of his patients.

The extended range of reading, too, which is demanded of that physician, who aspires to a high stand among his fellows, is another obstacle to be encountered and overcome in acquiring a solid and enduring reputation. No profession makes larger claims on its members, in this respect, than that of medicine. The whole circle of the natural sciences, including Chemistry, Botany, Mineralogy, and Comparative Anatomy, are of great and essential service in the practice of Physic, and should be made a part of the education of every man who would become an accomplished physician. In addition to these, the ancient and modern languages, and polite literature in all its extent and variety, though they cannot be considered as indispensable, should still, as far as opportunities offer and circumstances admit, be acquired by every one who aims at a liberal education.

The importance of an acquaintance with general literature, as well as science, is often experienced by the physician at the bed-side, as it enables him to amuse the *ennui* of his nervous patient, to alleviate the keenest sufferings of body, and to soothe the yet more distressing anguish of mind, by amusing and instructive conversation, and by the judicious use of the resources of learning and philosophy. Louis XIV. said to Molière, who was as much a sceptic in matters of medicine as in those of religion, and who had often declared he would never employ a physician, 'So, after all, I find you have a physician. What do you do with him?' 'Please your majesty, he entertains me by his conversation; he orders me medicines; I don't take them and — I get well.' But the unwearied assiduity, requisite to make all these acquisitions, is greater than is readily assumed by the members of an active profession. They shrink from the Herculean task. They choose the easy road to wealth, rather than the laborious path of honor

and science, — and are content with a meagre portion of learning, as long as they are enabled to obtain the *substantial* rewards of the profession.

But although this has been the choice of the majority, let us not do injustice to those who have pursued a different course, who have maintained the dignity of medicine and added to its means of usefulness. The most successful and ardent votaries of science have always been found among physicians. It has been said, that three fourths of the papers published by the Royal Society of London are furnished by medical men. In speaking of physicians, Dr. Parr remarks, 'I have long been in the habit of reading on medical subjects, and the great advantage I have derived from this circumstance is, that I have found opportunities for conversation and friendship with a class of men, whom, after a long and attentive survey of literary characters, I hold to be the most enlightened professional persons in the whole circle of human arts and sciences.' Pope bears similar testimony. In a letter written about a month before his death, he says, 'there is no end of my kind treatment from the faculty. They are in general the most amiable companions, and the best friends, as well as the *most learned* men I know.'

The eminent and highly gifted individual, of whose life and writings we propose, in this article, to present a brief sketch, was of this character. Endowed by nature with talents of the first order, he was urged on by an insatiable love of knowledge, as well as by the promptings of an elevated and honorable ambition, to employ to the utmost possible extent every opportunity thrown in his way of increasing his stock of knowledge and adding to his means of usefulness.

Dr Godman was born at Annapolis in Maryland. His opportunities of early education, like many others of our most eminent men, were few and scanty. He was the artificer of his own fortune. Deprived at an early age of parental advice and protection, and destitute of the means of obtaining a liberal education, he became an indented apprentice to a printer in Baltimore. In a letter, which he addressed to a friend about the time he commenced the study of medicine, he says, 'before I was two years old, I was motherless; — before I was five years old, I was fatherless and friendless. I have been deprived of property by fraud, that was mine by right. I have eaten the bread of misery, I have drunk the cup of sorrow. —

I have passed the flower of my days in a state little better than slavery, and have arrived at what? Manhood, poverty and desolation.' This occupation of a printer was so little suited to his taste, that he soon left it in disgust and entered the U. S. Navy as a common sailor. In this situation he remained till the close of the late war.

He now fortunately turned his attention to that profession, in which he was destined to attain such distinguished reputation. It has often been remarked that those, who are prodigies of youthful genius, often disappoint the expectations they have raised, while minds of no peculiar promise and even of tardy growth in early years, have been known at length to bear vigorous and lasting fruit. On the other hand it cannot be denied, that a great proportion of those, who display extraordinary powers in mature life, give indications of decided superiority in youth. Dr. Godman was of this latter class. The same enthusiastic ardor in the pursuit of knowledge, and the same strength of intellect, for which he was remarkable in after life, were equally conspicuous during his pupilage. Professor Sewall remarks of him in his eloquent and interesting memoir,

'As an evidence of the distinguished attainments he had made, and of the confidence reposed in his abilities, he was called to the chair of Anatomy in the university, sometime before he graduated, to supply the place of his preceptor, who was taken from the lectures in consequence of a fractured extremity. This situation he filled for several weeks with so much propriety, — he lectured with such enthusiasm and eloquence, his illustrations were so clear and happy, as to gain universal applause; and at the time he was examined for his degree, the superiority of his mind, as well as the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, were so apparent, that he was marked by the professors of the university as one destined at some future period to confer high honor upon the profession. Upon this occasion a prize medal was awarded him for the best Latin thesis.'

Soon after graduation, young Godman settled in Philadelphia, whence, at the early age of twenty-four, he was invited to the chair of Anatomy in the Medical College of Ohio. He remained however but one year in the Western country, and then returned to Philadelphia.

He was one of those men, upon whom the 'auri sacra fames' exerted but little influence; and instead therefore of devoting himself to the acquisition of a lucrative practice, which his

talents and skill would have enabled him readily to obtain, — he withdrew almost entirely from the active duties of the profession, that he might employ the whole energies of his mind in the acquisition of knowledge and the advancement of medical science.

Anatomy was his favorite department, and such were the zeal and industry, with which he prosecuted the study of this interesting and important branch of medicine, that he soon attained a reputation, not surpassed and perhaps not equalled by that of any teacher in our country. He commenced a private course of lectures in Philadelphia immediately after his return to that city, and as was to have been expected, he was soon patronised by a large and respectable class. This was a field peculiarly suited to the display of his varied talents, as well as his extensive and accurate acquaintance with the particular subjects he was called upon to treat. His power as a lecturer was of no common stamp. As a speaker and a writer he could move, and please, and persuade, and enlighten. He united those decorations which flow from an exuberant fancy and imagination, with that penetration and judgment which belong to real and substantial talent. Clear and forcible, happy in his illustrations, eloquent in his language, and graceful in his delivery, he never failed to rivet the attention of the student, while he enriched his mind with the treasures of knowledge.

In this situation, Dr. Godman remained four or five years, — and every day added to the stock of his information, and the extent of his reputation. He brought the most persevering industry, and a mind naturally acute and powerful, to the investigation of every subject, and what could resist such a combination? 'Nil mortalibus arduum est,' was his motto through life; — and his own example was a most perfect illustration of the truth of this maxim. Although, as we have said, his early education had been extremely limited and defective, yet such was his untiring perseverance that, in addition to his profound acquaintance with Anatomy and Physiology, he attained a good knowledge of the Latin, Greek, German, Spanish, French and Italian languages. He was also extensively conversant with polite literature; — and, as the style of his writings proves, he did not drink in vain at the pure fountain of the English Classics. While thus engaged in Philadelphia, he was invited in the year 1826, at the age of twenty-eight, to fill the important and la-

borious chair of Anatomy and Physiology in Rutgers's Medical College, N. Y., then just commencing operations. This appointment, while it did honor to the discernment of those who conferred it, was no slight mark of the public estimation in which young Godman was held ; — for not only was he associated with some of the most respectable teachers in our country, but was connected with an institution, which had been established amidst rivalries and difficulties, that could be surmounted only by the most eminent talents and exalted reputation. Most ably did Dr. Godman sustain his share of the burden. The writer of this brief notice well recollects the enthusiasm and admiration, with which his eloquent introductory lecture was received by a crowded auditory, — and it is but mere justice to add, that the expectations thus created were fully answered at every step of the subsequent course.

Godman possessed that infallible mark of a superior intellect, the power of influencing and controlling those with whom he came in contact. Although by far the youngest professor connected with Rutgers's College, yet it will not be considered derogatory to the eminent and highly respectable men, with whom he was associated, to say, that to none did the medical class look up with so much veneration and respect as to him. He seemed to be perfectly acquainted with all the avenues to the human heart, with all the springs of youthful action, and to possess the power, by a word or a look, of allaying and regulating youthful passion.

But his short and brilliant career was soon to terminate. His unparalleled assiduity in the acquisition of knowledge, early and fatally undermined a constitution naturally delicate. After devoting the day to the immediate duties of his professorship, he would spend the greater part of the night, which his exhausted frame so much needed for repose, in the study of other branches, and particularly of natural history, of which he was very fond,—and in preparing for the press the numerous papers, which he published in the various periodicals of the day.

His health suffered so much under this complication of labor, that before the close of his second course, he was obliged to resign the chair, which he had filled with so much credit to himself and advantage to the institution, and fly to a milder climate for relief. He spent the remainder of that winter in the West Indies, and on his return to this country in the spring,

he took up his residence in Germantown near Philadelphia, where he continued to reside till the time of his death, which occurred in April, 1830, at the age of thirty-two.

We are now to consider Dr. Godman's character as an author. And here we hardly know which to admire most, the untiring industry which enabled him, amidst his other numerous and pressing avocations, to accomplish so much, or the talents and energy which enabled him to do it so well. Of his publications the following are the principal; 'Anatomical Investigations, comprising a Description of various Fasciæ of the Human Body;'—'A System of Natural History of American Quadrupeds;' 'An Account of some Irregularities of Structure and Morbid Anatomy;'—'Addresses Delivered on various Public Occasions;'—'Rambles of a Naturalist;'—'An edition of Bell's Anatomy with Notes;'—'A Translation of Levasseur's Account of La Fayette's Progress through the United States;'—several articles for the American Encyclopædia, and a vast variety of papers in the periodicals of the day. The volume of Addresses consists of several, delivered at different times and on various occasions, in New York and Philadelphia. Nothing is more difficult than to give interest to the discussion of familiar topics, and on no occasion is this difficulty felt more sensibly, or found more embarrassing, than in preparing an address for a public celebration, which has already called forth the talents and exercised the ingenuity of scores of the ablest men. To say something which shall be appropriate, and at the same time avoid the path trodden by his predecessors, is for the orator no easy task. In this respect, Dr. Godman has been highly successful, and if to overcome this difficulty, to do that which few are able to do, be an indication of talent, then must he be allowed to have a peculiar claim to its possession.

He has, in many instances, combined great boldness and originality of thought with uncommon beauty and felicity of expression. He is eloquent, as well as instructive. Although, perhaps, his style is occasionally too much labored and ornate for severe criticism, yet its defects are defects of inexperience, and are such as would lead us to expect a most polished and nervous style, when age and practice had pruned and chastened the luxuriance of youth. His imagination, indeed, was a distinguishing trait of his mind. Bold, sportive, prolific and original, it enabled him to call to his aid all the beauties of nature and of art, and to change the disposition and dress of his

thoughts without end. 'Now it assembled the most pleasing images, adorned with all that is soft and beautiful,' and now burst forth in strains of impassioned and soul-subduing eloquence, delighting and electrifying all around.

Of his Addresses, which have been published, that delivered in New-York, introductory to his anatomical course, is perhaps the most finished, and exhibits in the most favorable view his power as a writer and an orator.

His 'Researches and Investigations with respect to the Fasciæ of the Human Body,' published in 1824, have thrown new light upon a most intricate subject, and one which was but imperfectly understood, even by our most skilful anatomists. They indicate a mind fully prepared to grapple with the most nice and embarrassing questions, which no difficulties could retard, and no intricacies confound. This volume contributed to elevate his character still higher in the estimation of the profession, and was hailed as the prelude to more extended improvements and more brilliant discoveries. We have every reason to believe that these anticipations would have been fully realized, had he been spared to accomplish the magnificent plans he had formed.

In 1827, although oppressed by sickness and harassed by pain, he gave to the world his edition of 'Bell's Anatomy,' with numerous notes. His additions to this valuable work are of a very useful and important character, and have rendered this, perhaps, the most perfect elementary work, to which the students of our country have access. They display a thorough acquaintance with the subject, and an acute and discriminating mind, in selecting with judgment and care from the works of the most celebrated French and German anatomists and physiologists. And at the same time he has drawn not a little upon his own resources in supplying those deficiencies, which generally exist in works of this description, whatever talent and ingenuity may have been exerted by their authors. In 1826, he published his Natural History, in three volumes. His professed object, in the publication of this, the most elaborate and voluminous of his works, was to supply a desideratum which had long been felt and acknowledged in American Natural History, viz. a full and correct description of the *mammalia* of this continent. In the execution of such a task, the difficulties to be surmounted were of no ordinary magnitude, and indeed, were such as could have been overcome only by the most persevering industry and the most enthusiastic zeal.

In his preface, he feelingly remarks, 'experience soon proved that the difficulties of this enterprise had not been correctly estimated, and that a vast labor remained to be performed, after gleaning from works, that professedly or incidentally treated of American Natural History. How meagre and unsatisfactory the best of these books are, can only be imagined by those persons who have been obliged to examine them carefully; by them alone can an adequate idea be formed of the toil and disgust to be endured, by him, who makes such search in hopes of collecting original observations, statements of facts worthy of repetition, or remarks properly illustrative of the manners and habits of our animals.'

We do not intend to claim for this work *very great* merit. In such an enterprise, 'not to have failed is sufficient glory,'—especially when undertaken and completed in so short a time, and amidst such a multiplicity of other engagements. In this department, little had been previously accomplished by our naturalists. While the insects and birds of our country had been examined and described with great ability and accuracy by Say, Audubon, Wilson, Bonaparte and others, the quadrupeds and other *mammalia* had been almost entirely neglected. If we except one or two meagre and defective works, nothing like a full and complete description has been attempted of the various animals, which roam our extensive forests, or frequent the more cultivated parts of our country. Some highly graphic and isolated sketches may be found, scattered through our periodicals or published in a pamphlet form, but with the exception referred to, no work of a general and comprehensive character had been produced. It was not to have been expected, that Godman would *entirely* supply this deficiency. A writer on natural history, who would produce a perfect work, must, like the indefatigable and enthusiastic Audubon, make it the business of his life, — he must observe for himself and take nothing upon hearsay. He must traverse the inhospitable wilderness; he must disregard the summer's heat and winter's cold, he must defy danger and laugh at misfortune; he must endure privation, fatigue and disappointment; he must be willing to do and suffer anything and everything, to procure one new animal, or to obtain a single new fact, respecting the object of his search.

But notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which Dr. Godman labored; notwithstanding the paucity of materials at

his command from which to select, and the limited period he allotted to himself to prepare and arrange such as he could procure, he has produced a work which will confer honor on his industry, judgment and talents, and which is undoubtedly superior to any previous publication on the same subject. He has selected with care and discrimination, has corrected many mistakes, into which other authors had fallen through inadvertence or ignorance, and he has added numerous and interesting facts before unknown, of the habits and dispositions of many animals, some of which were supplied by his own industry and extensive opportunities of observation, and some were furnished by the kindness of his scientific friends.

It is certainly to be regretted, that it was not in the author's power to devote more time to its preparation, and to enjoy more extensive opportunities for the collection of new facts and original observations, for which no one was better suited, and which would have enabled him to have rendered his work more perfect in itself, and more worthy of the subject and the author.

We consider Dr. Godman, in some respects, among the most extraordinary men that have adorned the medical profession of our country. When we reflect that, at the age of twenty-nine, a period was put to his activity and usefulness (for the remaining three years of his life were spent in pain and suffering, sufficient to enervate the stoutest frame and depress the most vigorous intellect), — when we reflect upon the extent of his learning, both general and professional, — upon his accurate and extensive acquaintance with so many languages, — upon his thorough, we may say profound knowledge of Anatomy, — upon his important discoveries and improvements in this branch of the profession, — upon his numerous, able, and diversified publications, sufficient of themselves to have occupied a life of the ordinary span, — when we reflect that all these labors were accomplished at the age of twenty-nine, and after a youth spent in a manner but little adapted to advance his future progress, who can deny his claims to the possession of uncommon energy, of lofty enthusiasm, of extraordinary talents?

The history, talents and fate of Godman bear no little resemblance to those of the celebrated French anatomist and physiologist, Bichat; — a name which will, we doubt not, through all future ages, stand in the foremost rank of the benefactors of medicine. The same enthusiasm in the pursuit of

knowledge, — the same ardent love of glory, — the same spirit, which defied all difficulties and overcame all obstacles, — the same untiring industry and perseverance, — and the same early and untimely fate (for Bichat also died at thirty-two) distinguished both these eminent men. They both fell a sacrifice to their ceaseless and unremitted toils in the acquisition of knowledge, — and in the arduous and sometimes dangerous labors of the dissecting room.

To the aspirant after honorable fame, — to him, who is covetous of the reputation purchased by desert, — who is desirous of conferring the most lasting and extensive benefits on his fellow-beings, — who wishes to extend the boundaries of science and enlarge the circle of human knowledge, we know of no one, who could be held up as an example for imitation, with more safety and advantage than Dr. Godman. His ambition took in a large and expansive view. It was not confined to the narrow limits of self. It was made subservient to the good of mankind. The glory which he sought was that of being a benefactor to his country and his age.

He never desired, but heartily despised that popularity, which is the result of indiscriminate condescension and obsequiousness. But while he was perfectly independent, he was kind and conciliatory, — and perhaps no teacher of medicine in our country ever possessed a stronger hold on the affections of his pupils. While they loved him as a brother, they revered and respected him as a parent. During the time that he was professor of Anatomy in New York, the delicate state of his health, and the certainty that he must soon leave this scene of activity and usefulness forever, seemed to impart a peculiar and hallowed character to his intercourse with his class. He was still interesting, and enthusiastic, and eloquent, amidst pain, decay and approaching death. His instructions, which were always listened to with profound respect and attention, seemed now to possess a new claim on the regard of his pupils. They were considered as the farewell benediction of a venerated friend, as the 'last words' of a martyr in the cause of science.

We have already spoken of Dr. Godman as a lecturer and speaker. His keen piercing eye and illuminated and expressive countenance, beaming with intelligence and intellect, never failed, at the first view, to interest and charm the audience.

His attitude was erect and easy, his gestures graceful and striking, his emphasis correct and forcible ; — and although he had never systematically studied the exterior graces of eloquence, his whole manner was animated, dignified and impressive.

As a teacher of Anatomy, his peculiarly acute and discriminating mind was exhibited to great advantage. He possessed the power, in a remarkable degree, by his clear and intelligible descriptions, his happy and striking illustrations, and his exuberant fancy and imagination, which threw a charm around all he said, of divesting this uninteresting and to some minds forbidding subject of all its tedium, — and of commanding and fixing completely the student's attention, even while discussing the dry details of bones and muscles.

His profound acquaintance with Anatomy, and his astonishing dexterity in the use of the scalpel, are evinced by the fact, that it was his constant practice, in exhibiting to his class the different parts of the human system, to make his own dissections on the spot, that the practical illustrations might proceed '*pari passu*' with the descriptions. Every professional man is aware, that this is no easy task, — and Dr. Godman is one of the very few teachers of Anatomy in this country or the world, who have carried this plan into successful operation. We have seen him without the slightest hesitation or delay, dissect and display before his audience the most minute and embarrassing subjects of Anatomical research, — accompanied by the most lucid and animated descriptions of the parts, as they were exhibited by the knife.

In establishing a character as an Anatomist, Dr. Godman pursued the only course, which will ever enable a man to obtain distinguished reputation in any department; viz. that of concentrating all the powers of his mind upon the object of his pursuit, and of making everything else subservient or auxiliary to it. For this purpose, as before hinted, he withdrew from the active, out-door duties of the profession, and devoted himself exclusively to the study of the great volume of nature, and with a zeal and ardor, as if he had continually in his eye the poet's advice ;

> '———— Take the instant way,
> For honor travels in a strait so narrow
> Where one but goes abreast ; keep then the path,
> For emulation hath a thousand sons

> That one by one pursue ; if you give way,
> Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
> Like to an entered tide they all rush by,
> And leave you hindmost ———.'

In presenting these desultory remarks on the life and writings of Dr. Godman, we have endeavored to be just, although we are aware we have not been impartial. We knew his worth too well, and esteemed him too highly, perhaps, to form rigidly accurate perceptions of his character as a man and an author. But if we shall be the fortunate instrument, in any degree, of illustrating and extending a reputation so laboriously earned and so richly merited, and of inducing his professional brethren to profit by and imitate his example, we shall not have failed of our object.

ART. VI.—*Bancroft's History of the United States.*

A History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent to the present Time. By GEORGE BANCROFT. Vol. I. Boston. Published by Charles Bowen. London, by R. I. Kennett. 1834. pp. 508.

WE should be faithless to one of the first duties of a literary journal, did we not appropriate an ample portion of our pages to a notice of a volume like Mr. Bancroft's. A History of the United States, by an American writer, possesses a claim upon our attention of the strongest character. It would do so under any circumstances, but when we add that the work of Mr. Bancroft is one of the ablest of the class, which has for years appeared in the English language ; that it compares advantageously with the standard British historians ; that as far as it goes, it does such justice to its noble subject, as to supersede the necessity of any future work of the same kind ; and if completed as commenced, will unquestionably forever be regarded, both as an American and as an English classic, our readers would justly think us unpardonable, if we failed to offer our humble tribute to its merit.

Many excellent, some admirable, works on different portions of American history, have appeared. Without adverting to the ancient Spanish authors, writers like Robertson,

Hutchinson, Belknap, Ramsay, Holmes, Marshall, Botta, Irving, Pitkin, Grahame, (not to enumerate more of the local historians), are sufficient to show, that American history is by no means a neglected field. But no one of the writers mentioned, nor any other, has yet presented us, — no one in fact has attempted it, — what may be called a classical history of America or even of the United States. Such a work perhaps entered into the original plan of Dr. Robertson, and what he has left us is a splendid and beautiful treatise; but as far as the United States are concerned, it stops with the foundation of the colonies, and relates even that period of their history but superficially.

It is not too much to say, that a history of a country, capable of satisfying, in all respects, the requisitions of an enlightened national pride and patriotic feeling, must be written by a native. None but a native can, as a general rule, obtain the knowledge of facts contained in contemporaneous publications, or embodied in traditions preserved on the spot. None but a native can easily acquire that accurate knowledge of localities, which gives life and distinctness to narration. None but a native can thoroughly comprehend the manners, habits, and institutions of a people; and in reading the best accounts of the most intelligent foreigners, you are continually offended with a want of true insight and clear perception of matters of familiar notoriety. But these are not the great difficulties. No man can write the history of a foreign country, with a sufficient passion for his theme; and it would be a degenerate people, who would leave to foreigners to write their history. We do not certainly deny, that works of great beauty and power may be written on the history of a foreign country. Who needs to be reminded of the history of Charles V. by Robertson, or of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire? But neither of these works, however admirable as efforts of learning and art, would satisfy a Spanish or a Roman patriotism. They evince the skill, the diligence, the sagacity of consummate writers; but compare Gibbon with Livy. The writer, who would produce a classical history, must carry his heart to the task. While learning instructs and judgment guides him, a lofty patriotism must take possession of his soul. He must embrace his whole subject with an enthusiastic love; and in this way, in the all but inspired language of Burke, 'his passions must instruct his reason.'

Let it not be thought, that we would turn history into panegyric, and have it a tissue of eulogies and apologies. Such it is true, it too often becomes, whether in native or foreign hands, but not more in the hands of natives than foreigners. It is too much the fault of historical writers, that, having been struck with the importance of some subject of history, and having for that reason, taken in hand to treat it, they become over-partial to their theme, exaggerate its importance or merits; and thus pursue the narration, through volumes of strained interpretation, flattery, and suppression. Or perhaps a man takes up a subject under an opposite feeling, and produces an entire work, conceived in a spirit of unfriendly construction. Mr. Mitford's history of Greece, able and sagacious as he is, must, as far as the republican institutions of Greece are concerned, be set down as a specimen, — no doubt the most distinguished specimen, — of works of this class.

But the classical historian, in composing the history of his own country, rises above either passion; and devotes himself to his great work, both *sine ira* and *sine studio*. He is elevated above both, by the generous conception, which he forms of his province; one of the most noble in the world of mind. He is the instrument of Providence, to award to good men, who in times past have served or adorned his native land, their just meed of praise. Perhaps, in their own times, they were undervalued. Party prejudice was unjust to their merits; fortune did not smile upon their efforts; — they struggled nobly, but without success, against events too strong for their mastery; — they had talents but wanted opportunity; — some unhappy personalities narrowed their sphere of action; — or they did all they could, all that man could do in their time, in their position, — but it was imperfect, it was a beginning; — the co-operation of other agents, other generations, other ages was necessary, and they sunk clouded and care-worn to their graves. The faithful, the generous, the learned, the enthusiastic historian comes, and does them justice. He rises above party, and can see the worth of great men, who could not see the worth of each other. He does not, as the contemporary generation is too apt to do, withhold the tribute of applause from unsuccessful valor, or wisdom in counsel baffled by events; — and where the fabric of national prosperity stands, in all its fair and absolute proportions, consolidated by years, and as venerable as firm, he points out the enduring zeal, the

open-handed liberality, the fortitude, and the heroism, with which, in the day of small beginnings, the first foundations were laid. None but the heart of a native can accomplish this; no other can take up the theme, with that religious fondness which is required. The soil, on which he stands, must be his native soil, or he cannot successfully evoke its peaceful tenants from their slumbers, to redress their wrongs, to give them beauty for ashes, and lead them forth, like the *imagines* of a Roman procession, crowned with their long delayed and richly merited chaplets. Look at Roger Williams, in his life-time, his natural life-time, — the days of his weary sojourning in the flesh; — renounced by his religious brethren,— suspended from his church, — a vagrant in the woods, — a pensioner of barbarians, — driven from this remote wilderness to a wilderness more remote, — from the solitude of a colony to the solitude of a desert,— exhausted with fatigues, worn with care; — and then behold him in his new intellectual life, his earthly immortality, — arising in the pages of history the *protomartyr* of toleration, crowned with undying praise, — the founder of a little republic, which will be the shrine of his name, till another cataclysm shall submerge all that is America. If one would see the different spirit, in which a foreigner and a native write the history of a country, let him compare Mr. Bancroft's account of Roger Williams with that of Grahame, an intelligent, fair-minded, and judicious historian.* The one presents you a truly great man, in advance of his times, and shows you his real character, through the thick mists of contemporary and traditionary prejudice. The other takes the character as he found it, in the popular sources. Kindly disposed toward the Puritan settlers of New England, Mr. Grahame sees Roger Williams, loaded with all the weight of their prejudices. He does not mean to be unjust; but he is incurious. He does not feel that tenderness and hearty attachment to his subject, which fill him with grief, at seeing great virtues sadly maligned; — which prompt the anxious inquiry, was not injustice done this great man? and which induce a second investigation, a more penetrating search, a bolder canvass of the contemporary authorities, and a more philosophical criticism.

Though we are proceeding, in advance of the plan of remark,

* Bancroft, page 397, &c. Grahame's History of the United States of North America, Vol. I. p. 267.

which we had proposed to ourselves, we cannot better accomplish our main object, which is to call the reader's attention to the characteristic merits of Mr. Bancroft's work, than by comparing more minutely the accounts which it gives of Roger Williams, with that which is contained of the same remarkable man in other histories. Passing over the immediate contemporaries, as parties to the controversy, honest old Hubbard sees, in the foundation of the new Colony of Rhode Island, only an incident in the ecclesiastical affairs of New England, and in Roger Williams nothing but a 'self-conceited, unquiet, turbulent, and uncharitable spirit.' In recounting his pernicious courses, he falls over the first stumbing-block in his way, and puts at the head of his impeachment, that Roger Williams taught, that 'it was the duty of all the female sex to cover themselves with veils, when they went abroad, especially when they appeared in the public assemblies.' It is curious to see the ingenuity, with which the reverend historian makes out the mischief of this practice, which, by the way, was introduced by Mr. Skelton and Governor Endicott, and acquiesced in by Roger Williams. 'The uncouthness of the sight, to see all the women in that congregation veiled, contrary to the custom of the English nation, would probably have drawn the eyes of the rest upon them, especially strangers, much more, than if they had attired themselves after the fashion of their neighbours!' But the enormity of this error was, in some degree, atoned for, by the ease with which its fair subjects allowed themselves to be reasoned out of their delusion. Often it happens, that the very malignity of a heresy causes it to take the deeper root. Men cling to their peculiarities for their very extravagance. William Penn submitted to be disinherited rather than take off his hat before the king, and the Quakers in New England, while Roger Williams lived, went to the scaffold, rather than renounce their strange notions. Not so with the fair offenders at Salem. It is with poorly suppressed triumph, that Hubbard relates, that 'it is observable, that the reverend Mr. Cotton, taking occasion* about this time, to spend a Lords-day at Salem, in his exercise in the forenoon, so enlightened most of the women in the place, that it unveiled them, so as they appeared in the afternoon without their veils, — and that

* Accidentally, of course.

discourse let in so much light into their understandings, that they, who before thought it a shame to be seen in the public without a veil, were ashamed ever after to be covered with them!' This, in Hubbard's catalogue, is the first of Roger Williams's sins, and the fifth is in the following terms set forth:

'That magistrates had nothing to do with the matters of the first table, (religious affairs) but only the second, and that there should be a general and unlimited toleration of all religions, and for any man to be punished, for any matters of his conscience, was persecution.'

This golden text, containing a divine philosophy and the wisdom of a far subsequent age, is thus huddled up with the whimsical and frivolous controversies, on points of taste and manners, with which our venerable fathers, in the early and critical periods of the colony, allowed their excited imaginations to be sadly worried.

We pass over Mather, and come to Hutchinson, a lawyer, a politician, a man of sense, looking back with calmness over the interval of a century. He sees nothing extraordinary in Williams. His coming to Salem creates 'a great disturbance.' Hutchinson recites the charges against him from the old writers, and candidly remarks that the fifth charge, which we have just repeated, ought not to have been ranked as an offence with the former. He justifies, upon the whole, the proceedings against Williams, and his loyalty finds 'just occasion to the civil power to interpose,' in his influencing Mr. Endicott to remove the king's cross from the colors; in which again Roger Williams did but acquiesce in the stern anti-catholic prejudices of Endicott, and in which both were borne out by the opinion and practice of a subsequent age. 'The scruple,' says Hutchinson, 'afterwards prevailed, and the cross was left out of the colors, and generally condemned as unlawful.' He dismisses the settlement at Providence in a single line, and closes the account with a fair and candid, but wholly superficial estimate of the character of Williams.

Let us now come down to Mr. Grahame, with whose account of Roger Williams we proposed, more particularly to contrast Mr. Bancroft's, the publications being, so to say, contemporary; the same materials substantially in the hands of both; and no particular prepossession or prejudice existing, to warp the mind of either in favor of or against Roger Williams.

We quote the passage from Mr. Grahame entire. He heads it, somewhat ominously, *Williams's Schism.*

'The first religious dissension, that arose in the colony, was promoted by Roger Williams, who had come over to New-England in 1630, and preached for some years to the inhabitants of New-Plymouth; but not finding there an audience suitable to his purposes, he had solicited his dismission, and had recently been appointed Minister of Salem. This man was a rigid Brownist, precise, illiberal, unforbearing, and passionate. He began to vent from the pulpit, which he had gained by his substantial piety and fervid zeal, a singular medley of notions, some wildly speculative, some boldly opposed to the constitutions of civil society, and some which, if unexceptionable in theory, were highly unsuitable to the place, from which they were delivered, and the exercises and sentiments, with which he endeavored to associate them. He maintained that it was not lawful for an unregenerate man to pray, nor for christians to join in family prayer with those they judged unregenerate; that it was not lawful to take an oath to the civil magistrate, not even the oath of allegiance, which he had declined himself to take, and advised his congregation equally to refuse; that King Charles had no right to usurp the power of disposing of the territory of the Indians, and hence the colonial patent was utterly invalid; that the magistrate had no right to restrain or direct the consciences of men; and that any thing short of unlimited toleration of all religions, was detestable persecution. These liberal principles of toleration he combined with a spirit so rigid and separating, that he not only refused all communion with any who did not profess every one of the foregoing opinions, but forbade the members of the church at Salem, to communicate with any of the other churches in the colony; and when they refused to obey this prohibition, he withdrew from them and set up a separate meeting in his own house. Here he was attended by a select assembly of zealous admirers, composed of men in whose minds an impetuous temper, inflamed by persecution, had greatly impaired the sense of moral perspective; who entertained disproportioned ideas of those branches of the trunk of godliness, for which they had endured such mighty sufferings, and had seen worth and piety so foully wronged; and who abhorred every symbol, badge, and practice, that was associated with the remembrance and spotted, as they conceived, with the iniquity of their idolatrous oppressors. One of his followers, Mr. Endicott, a magistrate of the place, and formerly deputy governor of the colony, in a transport of zeal against superstition, cut the red cross out of the king's colors; and many of the trained bands, who had hitherto followed these colors without objection, caught

the contagion of Endicott's zeal, and protested that they would follow them no longer, if the cross were permitted to remain.* The riotous and violent conduct of Endicott was universally disapproved, and the colonial authorities punished his misdemeanors, by reprimand and disability for holding office for one year, but they were obliged to compromise the dispute with the protesters among the trained bands, and comply to a certain extent with their remonstrances. They were preparing to call Williams to a judicial reckoning, when Mr. Cotton and other ministers interposed, and desired to be allowed to reason with him, alleging that his violence was prompted rather by a misguided conscience than seditious principles; and that there was hope they might gain, instead of losing, their brother. "You are deceived in that man, if you think he will condescend to learn of any of you," was the prediction of the governor, and the result of the conference proving the justice of it, sentence of banishment from the colony was forthwith pronounced upon Williams. This sentence excited a great uproar in Salem, and was so successfully denounced as persecution, by the adherents of Williams, that the bulk of the inhabitants of the place were preparing to follow him into exile; when an earnest and pious admonition, transmitted to them by Mr. Cotton and the other ministers of Boston, induced them to relinquish their purpose, to acknowledge the justice of the proceeding, and to abandon Williams to his fortunes. He was not, however, abandoned by his more select adherents, whose esteem and affection he had gained in such a degree, that they resolved to incur every hazard, in order to live and die with him. Accompanying him in his exile, they directed their march towards the south, and settling in a place beyond the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, they bought a considerable tract of land of the Indians, and bestowed on their settlement the name of Providence. Had this man encountered the treatment, to which the publication of his peculiar opinions would have exposed him in England, he would probably have been driven to madness. The wiser and kinder treatment he experienced from the Massachusetts' authorities, was productive of happier effects; and Mr. Cotton and his associates were not deceived, in thinking that they should gain their brother. They gained him in a manner indeed less flattering to themselves, than a triumphant issue of the conference would have been,† but much more beneficial to the interests of

* The refusal was to follow the colors so defaced. 'Several trained bands,' is extravagant. 'Several soldiers' in Hubbard, and 'many of the militia' in Hutchinson.

† They gained him, because this 'illiberal, unforbearing, and passionate' man forgave the banishment and other hardships he had suffered, at their hands.

America. He concurred as we shall see, at a later period, in founding the State of Rhode-Island, and was one of its most eminent benefactors. He lived to an advanced age, and soon throwing off the wild and separating spirit with which his sentiments had been leavened, he regained the friendship and esteem of his ancient fellow-colonists, and preserved a friendly correspondence with Mr. Cotton and others of them till his death. The principles of toleration, which he had formerly discredited, by the rigidness with which he disallowed the slightest difference of opinions between the members of his own communion, he now enforced by exercising that forbearance, by which the differences that distinguish christians are prevented from dividing them, and by cultivating that charity, by which even the sense of these differences is often melted down. The great fundamental principles of christianity, daily acquiring a more exclusive and absolute influence over his mind, he began* to labor for the conversion of the Indians; and in addition to the benefits of which his ministry among them was productive to themselves, he acquired over them an influence, which he rendered highly advantageous to his old associates in Massachusetts, whom he was enabled frequently to warn of conspiracies formed against them by the savages in their vicinity, and communicated to him by the tribes, with whom he retained relation of friendship.'

This account, upon the whole, is neither unfriendly nor grossly unfair. Mr. Grahame has no malice against Williams; he repeats without bitterness, the view of his character, taken by the opposite and the dominant party; and leaves the 'schism' of Williams, as he finds it in the popular authorities. Mr. Bancroft goes differently to work. He perceives in the toleration principle of Williams a jewel, like the great Portuguese diamond, of inestimable value, which had till lately been sadly obscured, under the unsightly exterior and sordid crust of party prejudice and sectarian controversy. Carefully drawing to his aid, the numerous and respectable commentators of the present and the former days, he nevertheless goes to the fountain-heads of authority, and derives his account of Roger Williams from the colony records, from the journal of Governor Winthrop, from the work of John Cotton, and the letters and other writings of Williams himself. From these materials, he has deduced the following noble and delightful sketch:—

* He began this work before his settlement at Salem.

'While the state was thus connecting, by the closest bonds, the energy of its faith with its form of government, there appeared in its midst, one of those clear minds, which sometimes bless the world, by their power of receiving moral truth in its clearest light, and of reducing the just conclusions of their principles to a happy and consistent practice. In February of the first year of the Colony, but a few months after the arrival of Winthrop, and before either Cotton or Hooker had embarked for New-England, there arrived at Nantasket, after a stormy passage of sixty-six days, 'a young minister, godly and zealous, having precious' gifts. It was Roger Williams. He was then but a little more than thirty years of age; but his mind had already matured a doctrine, which secures him an immortality of fame, as its application has given religious peace to the American world. He was a puritan, and a fugitive from English perseeution; but his wrongs had not clouded his accurate understanding. In the capacious recesses of his mind, he had revolved the nature of intolerance, and he, and he alone had arrived at the great principle, which is its sole effectual remedy. He announced his discovery, under the simple proposition of the sanctity of conscience. The civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never control opinion; should punish guilt, but never violate the freedom of the soul. The doctrine contained within itself an entire reformation of theological jurisprudence. It would blot from the statute book the crime of nonconformity; would quench the fires, which persecution had so long kept burning; would repeal every law compelling attendance on public worship; would abolish tithes and all forced contributions to the maintenance of religion; would give an equal protection to every form of religious faith; and never suffer the authority of the civil government to be enlisted against the mosque of the mussulman, or the altar of the fire-worshipper; against the Jewish synagogue or the Roman cathedral. It is wonderful, with what distinctness Roger Williams deduced these inferences from his great principle, the consistency with which, like Pascal and Edwards, those bold and profound reasoners on other subjects, he accepted every fair inference from his doctrines, and the circumspection with which he repelled every unjust imputation. In the unwavering assertion of his views, he never changed his position. The sanctity of conscience was the great tenet, which, with all its consequences, he defended, as he first trod the shores of New-England; and in his extreme old age, it was the last pulsation of his heart. But it placed the young emigrant in direct opposition to the whole system, on which Massachusetts was founded; and gentle and forgiving as was his temper, prompt as he was to concede everything which honesty permit-

ted, he always asserted his belief, with temperate firmness and unyielding benevolence.

'So soon therefore as Williams arrived in Boston, he found himself among the New-England churches, but not of them. They had not yet renounced the use of force in religion; and he could not, with his entire mind, adhere to churches, which retained the offensive features of English legislation. What then was the commotion in the colony, when it was found that the people of Salem desired to receive him as their teacher! The court of Boston "marvelled" at the precipitate decision, and the people of Salem were required to forbear. Williams withdrew to the settlement at Plymouth, and remained there about two years. But his virtues had won the affections of the church of Salem; and the apostle of intellectual liberty was once more welcomed to their confidence. He remained the object of public jealousy. How mild was his conduct was evident from an example. He had written an essay on the nature of the tenure, by which the colonists held their lands in America; and he had argued, that an English patent could not invalidate the rights of the native inhabitants. The opinion sounded, at first, like treason against the cherished charter of the colony; Williams desired only that the offensive manuscript might be burned; and so effectually explained its purport, that the court applauded his temper, and declared that "the matters were not so evil, as at first they seemed."'

After stating, with candor and impartiality, the controversy between Williams and the magistrates, on the subjects of communion with the Church of England, the laws compelling the attendance of every man at public worship, the right of the government to enact laws to prevent the spread of religious error, and the right and policy of enjoining the Freeman's oath, Mr. Bancroft alludes to the insinuations thrown out against the soundness of Williams's intellect in the following fine strain of remark:—

'The scholar, who is accustomed to the pursuits of abstract philosophy, lives in a world of thought far different from that, by which he is surrounded. The range of his understanding is remote from the paths of common minds, and he is often the victim of the contrast. It is not unusual for the world to reject the voice of truth because its tones are strange; to declare doctrines unsound, only because they are new; and even to charge obliquity or derangement on the man, who brings forward principles, which the many repudiate. Such has ever been the way of the world; and Socrates, and St. Paul, and Luther and others of the most acute dialecticians, have been ridiculed as driv-

ellers and madmen. The extraordinary development of one faculty may sometimes injure the balance of the mind, just as the constant exercise of one member of the body injures the beauty of its proportions; or as the exclusive devotedness to one pursuit, politics for instance, or money, brushes away from conduct and character, the agreeable varieties of light and shade. It is a very ancient remark, that folly has its corner in the brain of every wise man; and certain it is that not the poets only, like Tasso, but the clearest minds, like Sir Isaac Newton and Pascal, have been deeply tinged with insanity. Perhaps Williams pursued his sublime principles with too scrupulous minuteness. It was at least natural for Bradford and his contemporaries, while they acknowledged his power as a preacher, to esteem him "unsettled in judgment."'

Notwithstanding the unpopularity of Williams's views, the church of Salem elected him their teacher. This brought on the crisis. The ministers assembled, and declared any one worthy of banishment, who should obstinately assert, that 'the civil magistrate might not intermeddle, even to stop a church from apostasy and heresy.' * To punish the people of Salem, while a course of ecclesiastical discipline was pursued toward Williams and his church, a grant of public land was withheld from the inhabitants of the town. Roused by this act of practical injustice, Williams and his church addressed letters of 'admonition unto all the churches, whereof any of the magistrates were members, that they might admonish the magistrates of their injustice.'

'This last act,' says Mr. Bancroft, 'seemed flagrant treason; and at the next General Court, Salem was disfranchised, till an ample apology for the letter should be made. The town acquiesced in its wrongs and submitted; not an individual remained willing to justify the letter of remonstrance. The church of Williams would not avow his great principle of the sanctity of conscience; even his wife, under a delusive idea of duty, was for a season influenced to disturb the tranquillity of his home, by her reproaches. Williams was left alone, absolutely alone. Anticipating the censures of the colonial churches, he declared himself no longer subjected to their spiritual jurisdiction. "My own voluntary withdrawing from all these churches, resolved to continue in persecuting the witnesses of the Lord, presenting light

* The magistrate, of course, being the judge what apostasy and heresy are. It is painful to see, how promptly our fathers put themselves in the wrong, in the argument against the English hierarchy.

unto them, I confess it was mine own voluntary act, yea, I hope the act of the Lord Jesus, proclaiming truth, as with the voice of a trumpet.' When summoned to appear before the General Court, he avowed his convictions in the presence of the representatives of the State, "maintained the rocky strength of his grounds," and declared himself "ready to be bound and banished, even to die in New-England," rather than renounce the opinions, which had dawned upon his mind, in the clearness of light. At a time, when Germany was the battle-field for all Europe, in the implacable wars of religion, when even Holland was bleeding with the anger of her vengeful factions, when France was still to go through the fearful struggle with bigotry, when England was gasping under the despotism of intolerance, more than forty years before William Penn became an American proprietary, Roger Williams asserted the great doctrine of intellectual liberty. It became his glory to found a state upon that principle, and to stamp himself upon its rising institutions, in characters so deep, that the impress has remained to the present day, and like the image of Phidias on the shield of Minerva, can never be erased without the total destruction of the work. The principles, which he first sustained amidst the bickerings of a colonial parish, next asserted in the General Court of Massachusetts, and then introduced into the wilds of Narragansett Bay, he soon found occasion to publish to the world, and to defend as the basis of the religious freedom of mankind; as the lark, that pleasant bird of the peaceful summer, "affecting to soar aloft, springs upward from the ground, takes his rise from pale to tree," and at last surmounting the highest hills, utters his clear carols through the skies of morning. He was the first person in modern christendom, to assert, in its plenitude, the doctrine of the liberty of conscience, the equality of opinions before the law; and in its defence he was the harbinger of Milton, the precursor and the superior of Jeremy Taylor. For Taylor limited his toleration to a few christian sects; the philanthropy of Williams compassed the earth. Taylor favored partial reform, commended lenity, argued for forbearance, and entered a special plea in behalf of each tolerable sect; Williams would permit persecution of no opinion, of no religion; leaving heresy unharmed by law, and orthodoxy unprotected by the terrors of penal statutes. Taylor still clung to the necessity of positive regulations, enforcing religion and eradicating error. He resembled the poets, who in their folly first declare their hero invulnerable, and then clothe him with earthly armor. Williams was willing to leave truth alone in her own panoply of light, believing that if in the ancient feud of truth and error, the employment of force could be entirely abrogated, truth would have much the best of the bargain. It is the custom of

mankind to award high honors to the successful inquirer into the laws of nature, to those who advance the bounds of human knowledge. We praise the man who first analyzed the air, or resolved water into its elements, or drew the lightning from the clouds; though the condition of physical investigations may have ripened the public mind, at the time, for the advancement in science. A moral principle has a much wider and nearer influence on human happiness; nor can any discovery of truth be of more direct benefit to society, than that which establishes a perpetual religious peace, and spreads tranquillity through every community, and every bosom. If Copernicus is held in perpetual reverence, because, on his death-bed, he published to the world, that the sun is the centre of our system; if the name of Kepler is preserved in the annals of human excellence, for his sagacity in detecting the laws of the planetary motion; if the genius of Newton has been almost adored for dissecting a ray of light and weighing heavenly bodies as in a balance, let there be for the name of Roger Williams, at least, some humble place, among those, who have advanced moral science and made themselves the benefactors of mankind.'

Roger Williams was banished, but not by a large majority of votes, in the General Court. The *gravamen* of his crime, was, that his doctrine, touching the illegality of the Freeman's oath, threatened to 'subvert the fundamental state and government of the country.' The punishment thus decreed was attended with sufferings, which cannot be supposed to have entered into the contemplation of those, who pronounced the sentence.

'Winter was at hand. Williams succeeded in obtaining permission to remain till spring, intending then to begin a plantation in Narragansett Bay. But the affections of the people of Salem revived and could not be restrained. They thronged to his house to hear him, whom they were so soon to lose forever. It began to be rumored, that he could not safely be allowed to found a new state in the vicinity. The people were "many of them much taken, with the apprehension of his godliness;" there was evident danger that his opinions would prove contagious; that the infection would spread widely. It was therefore resolved to remove him to England, in a ship that was just ready to sail. A warrant was accordingly sent to him to come to Boston and embark. For the first time, he declined the summons of the court. A pinnace was sent for him; the officers repaired to his house; he was no longer there. Three days before he had left Salem, in winter snow, and inclement weather, of which he remembered the se-

verity, even in his late old age. "For fourteen weeks he was sorely tost in a bitter winter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean." Often in the stormy night, he had neither fire, nor food, nor company; often he wandered without a guide and had no house, but a hollow tree. But he was not without friends. The same scrupulous respect for the rights of others, which led him to defend the freedom of conscience, had made him also the champion of the Indians. He had already been zealous to acquire their language; and knew it so well, that he could debate with them in their own dialect. During his residence at Plymouth, he had often been the guest of the neighboring sachems; and now when he came in winter to the cabinet of the chief of Pokanoket, he was welcomed by Massassoit, and the barbarous heart of Canonicus, the chief of the Narragansetts, loved him as his son to the last gasp. "The ravens," he relates with gratitude, "fed me in the wilderness." And in requital for their hospitality, he was ever, through his long life, their friend and benefactor; the apostle of christianity to them without hire, without weariness, and without impatience at their idolatry; the guardian of their rights; the pacificator when their rude passions were inflamed; and their unflinching advocate and protector, whenever Europeans attempted an invasion of their rights.

'He first pitched and began to build and plant at Seekonk. But Seekonk was found to be within the patent of Plymouth. On the other side of the water, the country opened in its unappropriated beauty; and there he might hope to establish a community, as free as the other colonies.

'It was in June, that the lawgiver of Rhode-Island, with five companions, embarked on the stream. A frail Indian canoe contained the founder of an independent state and its earliest citizens. Tradition has marked the spring near which they landed; it is the parent spot, the first inhabited nook of Rhode-Island. To express his unbroken confidence in the mercies of God, Williams called the place PROVIDENCE. "I desired," said he, "it might be for a shelter for persons distressed for conscience."

'In his new abode, Williams could have less leisure than ever for contemplation and study. "My time," he observes of himself, and it is a sufficient apology for the roughness of his style, as a writer on morals, "was not spent altogether in spiritual labors; but day and night, at home and abroad, on the land and water, at the hoe, at the oar, for bread." In the course of two years he was joined by others, who fled to his asylum. The land, which was now occupied by Williams, was within the territory of the Narragansett Indians. It was not long, before an Indian deed from Canonicus and Miantonimoh made him the undisputed possessor of an extensive domain. Nothing displays more clearly

the character of Roger Williams, than the use which he made of his acquisition of territory. The soil he could claim as his "own, as truly as any man's coat upon his back;" and he "reserved to himself not one foot of land, not one tittle of political power, more than he granted to servants and strangers." "He gave away his lands and other estate to them, that he thought were most in want, until he gave away all." He chose to found a commonwealth in the unmixed forms of a pure democracy, where the will of the majority should govern the state. Yet "only in civil things." God alone was respected as the ruler of conscience. To their more aristocratic neighbors, it seemed "as if these fugitives would have no magistrates," for every thing was as yet decided in the convention of the people. This first system has had its influence on the whole political history of Rhode-Island. In no state in the world, not even in the agricultural state of Vermont, has the magistracy so little power or the representatives of the people so much. The annals of Rhode-Island, if written in the spirit of philosophy, would exhibit the forms of society under a peculiar aspect. Had the territory of the state corresponded in size to the importance and singularity of the principles of its early existence, the world would have been filled with wonder at the phenomena of its history.

'The most touching trait, in the character of the founder of Rhode-Island, was his conduct toward his persecutors. Though keenly sensitive to the hardships, which he had endured, he was far from harboring feelings of revenge, toward those who had banished him, and only regretted their delusion, "I did ever from my soul honor and love them, even when their judgment led them to afflict me." In all his writings on the subject, he attacked the spirit of intolerance, the doctrine of persecution, and never his persecutors or the colony of Massachusetts. Indeed, we shall presently behold him requite their severity, by exposing his life at their request and for their benefit. It is not strange, then, "if many hearts were touched with relentings. That great and pious soul, Mr. Winslow, melted and kindly visited me at Providence," said the exile, "and put a piece of gold into the hands of my wife, for our supply." The founder, the legislator, the proprietor of Rhode-Island owed a shelter to the hospitality of an Indian chief, and his wife the means of sustenance to the charity of a stranger. The half-wise Cotton Mather concedes, that many judicious persons confessed him to have the root of the matter in him; and his nearer friends, the immediate witnesses of his actions, declared him from "the whole course and tenor of his life and conduct, to have been one of the most disinterested men that ever lived, a most pious and heavenly-minded soul."

We have made this long extract, because it is proper that we should give our readers a fair specimen of Mr. Bancroft's work, and they could not have one fairer. It exhibits the merits, the strength, the beauty, the peculiarities, if you please the defects of his style. In the latter we count a little diffuseness, of a character rather too ambitious for a work of this kind, and an occasional want of precision in the use of language. But these are trifles, many times redeemed by the patient research, the accurate investigation, the philosophical spirit, the various illustrative learning, the fire and life which characterize his pages; and which denote a powerful mind, exercised on a noble theme, kindling with its importance, excited by its interest, embracing it with a generous enthusiasm. Nothing else will enable the historian fully to perform his duty. Look at Gibbon, going about his Herculean task and with a giant's strength, as it is said, originally for the purpose, to which the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters are devoted. What an object for a History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire! What a motive for a man of the requisite strength of mind and conscious power, and about to unroll that august and significant record! What an object for a man about to call up from their imperial tombs, not the eight shadows of the dramatic vision, but the long line of the Cæsars! The result accords with the motive. The edifice is worthy of the spirit, in which it was planned, and the talent with which it was executed. It is spacious, magnificent, cold, and cheerless. You pace through its resounding halls, sad and unsatisfied with their splendors. You are fatigued with the soulless beauty of the history; exhausted with its everlasting dreary learning; and rise from the perusal of the twelve admirable volumes, without having experienced one thrill of virtuous excitement.

Is it said, that if the historian be in love with his theme, he will run into extravagance? Let it be remembered, that we would chasten this love with a sound philosophy, with a spirit of research, with a store of learning, and with a fund of common sense. Fortified with these, let the historian be extravagant; he ought to be extravagant. But do not, gentle reader, hastily cavil at the word. We know what we say. We do not mean, that he should indulge in conscious extravagance, that he should deliberately overstate, or wilfully suppress, or knowingly misrepresent. To do this, scarcely excusable in historical romance, is altogether incompatible with the probity of the his-

torian. The man, who cannot singly and conscientiously, with his whole heart, make his oblation on the altar of truth, is no historian. He does not know what history means. He is not prepared to engage in its first labors, its lowest drudgery, if any thing pertaining to truth can be called drudgery. No: it is nothing but a religious, a superstitious reverence for the truth, which will give a man courage to steer his way through conflicting statements, to select, to condense, and to generalize; which yet he must do, or instead of writing volumes of well digested and tasteful history, to be read and studied, he will write volumes of chronicles, to be preyed upon by worms. He only who loves, who idolizes truth, can discriminate and compare truth. The extravagance which we plead for is that of the sound, the well-balanced, the well-instructed, and conscientious mind, warmed and exalted by love of its theme. It is the extravagance, which runs through all the great and generous works of Providence and man; which creates food in the pathless wilderness, a million fold beyond the wants of all the tenants of the air, the forest, or the sod, who are to be nourished by it; it is the extravagance of affection, which sees beauties in the blemishes of a loved object; the extravagance of kindred blood, which leads the tender mother to love the very infirmities of her frail child. This extravagance, or enthusiasm, if it ended here, would of course be a weakness; but with the qualifications already stated, guided by judgment, checked by a sound philosophy and an intelligent criticism, taught by patient study, it is an indispensable ingredient in the historian's character.

It leads to no error; it supplies in the narrative the want of life in the personages, and reality in the events. It gives animation and glow to the silent page; and brings it somewhat nearer, in its effect upon the mind and heart, to the actual thing described. For after all, the page of history is the dead letter. Describe as accurately as you will, — narrate facts, — pourtray characters, — sketch scenery, — and how far inferior is the impression made upon the mind to that produced by actual presence and inspiration; — to the seeing of the eye and the hearing of the ear. To fill up this mighty interval between the two kinds of impression is the province of the master; so to narrate the fact, as to make you the witnesses of the occurrence; so to describe the spot, as to spread out its map before the imagination; so to picture the acting spirits, as to make

them rise up, living and sentient, and repeat their ancient exploits in your presence. This cannot be done by a timid adherence to what is erroneously called truth; — erroneously, because that representation cannot be true, which inadequately and imperfectly reproduces the original. But as the sculptor gives to his hero a form of something more than mortal dimensions; as the painter suffuses the cheek with a glow above life; and smooths away the furrows, which care, or disease, or age has ploughed in the manly countenance, so the historian, kindling with the same passion for his subject, and aiming by his still nobler art, to awaken the illustrious dead into an immortality of fame, must so describe them, as to produce as nearly as possible on the reader's mind, the effect of an actual presence.

These remarks, it is true, do not apply equally to all history. The history of the present times is best written by the severe and ample accumulation of facts. Posterity wants materials; will make its own selection; and will generalize, according to its tastes, its wants. The history of the past is like the view, which presents itself to the voyager, on board the vessel, which is bearing him from the shore. At first, and while he is yet in the harbor, he beholds the streets, the houses, the men. They wave their hands to him, as he glides away; he is on the water, they on the land, but he does not yet feel himself departed from them. So our contemporaries in life and action have some of them disappeared; they are motionless, — gone; but their memory is fresh. We have not yet acted out the scene we began with them. We cannot realize that they have left us, nor can we describe what has been done, without repeating their names as often as those of the survivors. The vessel recedes; — the moving men dwindle to the eye; the streets run together; the steeples sink into the clouds; but a bold outline remains. There is the vast extent of brick, — the cloud of smoke above it reveals the city, — there are the mountains, — the silver thread between is the river on which a few hours ago, you fled before the breeze; in a moment these too fade away, and a long dark wreath settles in the horizon. The history of our own times relates individual occurrences, anecdotes, personal character, *secret history* as it is called. We follow the revolutions which have shaken empires, back to the passions of a minister, the caprices of a favorite. The picture of the day con-

tains a place for the events of each hour. A little time elapses, and these first causes are lost, except where accident has preserved them; — important facts, never committed to writing, perish with those, whose memory was their sole depository; — of many events the secret history is forever lost. But larger sequences of action, — general results, — with a few prominent individuals, famous battles, and mighty revolutions; — the effect of a thousand remembered and tens of thousands of forgotten causes, — remain. A century elapses; and many of these individual incidents and characters sink in importance, in the succession of others not less important. Battles as momentous as that of Blenheim have been fought in abundance; — treaties as important as that of Utrecht have been concluded; and what filled the entire imagination of the contemporary world, fills two or three lines in a general history of the times. But the Reformation, the Discovery of America; these are like mighty heaven-piercing mountains, which yet fill the back-ground of our horizon. But go back eighteen or twenty centuries. Describe the history, — the human history of the propagation of christianity. An octavo volume would more than contain all that is certainly known of the first hundred years. Gibbon has compressed all, that the general reader wishes to know of the history of the Roman law, into one chapter. It is not certain whether the laws of the twelve tables were formed at home or imported from Greece. Carthage, the great rival of Rome, — *stat magni nominis umbra;* and in Rome herself, it is not possible, with any degree of satisfaction, to make out the constitution of that immortal Senate, which built up the city, from a little town on the Tiber to be the mistress of the world. As to the early periods of the Roman State, — the patriotism of the first Brutus, the policy of Servius Tullius, the legislative wisdom of Numa, the conduct and valor of the great Founder himself, what they all are, weighed in the golden scales of a philosophical criticism, will appear to him, who has studied the profound, but merciless pages of Niebuhr. And if these familiar events are torn from the grasp of authentic history; — these names and exploits canonized in the rubric of patriotism and fame; — what shall we say of the *Italia avanti i Romani*, of the dark and austere generations, that preceded the Romans, and gave them their religious rites, their priesthood and aruspicy, and all the divinities of their sombre pantheon, their grand and massy architec-

ture, the arch itself; — in a word the mighty Etruscan race, which seems, as it were, by some incomprehensible fatality, to have been blighted and paralyzed, in the very noon-day of its progress, and to have sunk with its language, its arts, its institutions, and its power, into a strange, premature, and mysterious ruin? The literature of Greece carries her authentic history back a little farther, — and but a little, than that of Rome. We soon reach its somewhat shadowy boundary, and then four or five great military (or predatory) expeditions and enterprises of colonization, are all that we can find, to fill up a period of a thousand years; and these belonging not so much to an historic, as to an heroic, not to say a fabulous age. One more step and we are caught up from the firm ground. We no longer deal with the actions of men; but with man himself. The identity of the race is called in question. It passes over into giants, centaurs, satyrs, fauns, nymphs, and gods. Heaven and earth approach each other; deities are driven from their thrones; heroes ascend to Olympus; — destiny is mixed up with life; — false miracles with actions; and it is the duty of the profane historian, out of this mass of fictions, fables, and idealizations, to deduce, in a few broad outlines, the progress of the nations from the cradle of their being in central Asia, where they are left by the sacred record, till the dawn of authentic tradition rises upon them, in the various regions of their dispersion.

From time to time, letters flourish in some favored spot, and every branch of knowledge, — and among others, the historical, — is cultivated. The annals of the past are then searched out and recorded, by gifted minds; either of the world at large, or of great periods of its duration, or of great states and confederacies, or of single countries. The power and skill of the historian will often decide from that time forward, how much shall be familiarly read and known of the people he describes. If his work is successfully composed, it will go down to after times, taking the place of the mass of contemporary and occasional pamphlets, and superseding ponderous tomes of more learned antiquarian collections. Strike Livy, and Plutarch, and Dionysius, and a few of the epitomizers out of existence, and all we should know of the early history of Rome, might be printed on a single page of a newspaper.

This consideration alone is sufficient to show how momentous and responsible is the task of him, who takes in hand

to write the history of his country. Mr. Bancroft appears to have engaged in it, with a suitable impression of the importance of his office. 'I have formed,' says he, in his dignified and elegantly written preface,

'the design of writing the history of the United States, from the discovery of the American continent to the present time. As the moment arrives for publishing a portion of the work, I am impressed more strongly than ever, with a sense of the grandeur and vastness of the subject; and am ready to charge myself with presumption for venturing on so bold an enterprise. I can find for myself no excuse, but in the sincerity with which I have sought to collect truth from trust-worthy documents and testimony.'

A just conclusion from weighty premises! It is a great and vast, — a responsible and momentous enterprise. If performed as Mr. Bancroft is able to perform it; if carried on and completed as it is commenced; if the same patience of research; the same impartiality and love of truth; the same discrimination; the same sagacity in unfolding the true nature of disputed matters; the same fertility of illustration; the same rightness of moral feeling; the same vigor, sprightliness, and beauty of diction, which appear in this first volume, shall equally characterize those which succeed, the history of the United States will probably, in this form, not be written again; at least not till after the lapse of ages and great revolutions of states, manners, and languages, — the decline of much that is now grand and fair, the disappearance of much that is now in existence, the rise and growth of governments and races with their institutions and languages, as yet unconceived of, — and when the two centuries for which our republic has been in existence shall have shrunk to the same span, as the two centuries from the establishment of annual archons at Athens to the battle of Marathon. Should this anticipation be realized of the rank, which Mr. Bancroft's work will take in American history, it may be considered in the nature of the last appeal of its subject-matters to the justice of the world. The first settlers of the North American states, the founders of our institutions, catholic, cavalier, or puritan, — the discoverers and the explorers, — classes of men and individuals, — lights of church and of state, — persecuted sects, — generous but heart-broken adventurers, — will many of them appear to the latest posterity, to foreign nations, to the general reader of our history to the end of time, as they are represented in these pages.

The example of Roger Williams, already cited, proves the truth of our remark. We do not claim for Mr. Bancroft the undivided credit of having dragged up his bright and worthy name, from the mud and rubbish of sectarian controversy, in which it had long been trampled and buried. Dr. Bentley had formed a true conception of his character; so had Dr. John Eliot in his New-England Biographical Dictionary, and Mr. Savage in his Notes to Winthrop, and Mr. Upham in his most excellent Centennial Lecture, and especially Mr. Knowles, in his highly respectable Biography of Roger Williams. And yet see how inadequate a notion of his character had been conceived by Mr. Grahame, with all the original sources and half the recent comments at his command. Henceforward, as no man can well undertake to write on the history of the United States, without the work of Mr. Bancroft before him, he must either accept the delineation of Roger Williams therein contained, or show that it is erroneous. With the suffrages of the best writers on the subject in its favor, it is not likely that its accuracy will be disputed; while its fullness and eloquence leave nothing to be desired, either in the way of detail or illustration.

We do not go into an analysis of Mr. Bancroft's work. This has been done, in a highly satisfactory manner, in the last number of the American Quarterly Review. Nor is it necessary, for our purpose, to engage more at large in the discussion of particular topics. Our readers may be assured, that from beginning to end, they will find it full of interest; and the best instructed student of our history may read it with profit. Many considerable errors in the popular accounts are corrected; new and original views of familiar subjects are presented, and every prominent topic is illustrated with animation and power. We might refer to the adventures of the settlers at Plymouth, to the expedition to Florida, to the description of the colonial life in Virginia, to Hooker's emigration to the banks of the Connecticut, to the account of the Antinomian controversy, of the persecution of the Quakers, to the remarks on the insurrection in Scotland, to the general character of Puritanism; — as specimens of the work, justifying, in various ways, all that we have said in its commendation.

We rejoice at the favorable reception, which Mr. Bancroft's first volume has met. It is well deserved, and should encourage him to persevere. Topics of stirring interest and

the highest argument await him in the progress of the story. The character and fortunes of the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent; the history of the Dutch in New York; the character and labors of William Penn; the early struggles with the Canadian French; the political conflicts with the mother country, are noble chapters, which remain, even in the seventeenth century. The interest of the narrative will be amply sustained, in the curiosity of its incidents and the gravity of its discussions. It will deserve the continuance of Mr. Bancroft's laborious researches and conscientious and well weighed reflections, and it will amply reward him. If he pursue the work as he has begun it, he will, at the conclusion, stand in a position toward the American people, which the most gifted and successful may envy; and one as far beyond the prizes of an ordinary ambition, as the voice of that fame which can never die, is beyond the breath of party favor. The work is vast, but not too great to be performed; it is not beyond the compass of resolute, persevering, and well directed effort, which in itself does honor to man. The perseverance even of an humble capacity, in a good cause, is a spectacle to command approbation, though sometimes not wholly unproductive of saddening emotions; but the high-hearted and indefatigable perseverance of a gifted mind, devoted to worthy ends, and inspired by pure principle, presents no mean image of that superior power, whose duration is as boundless as its intensity.

ART. VII.—*Rae's Political Economy.*

Statement of some new Principles on the Subject of Political Economy, exposing the Fallacies of the System of Free Trade, and of some other Doctrines maintained in the Wealth of Nations. By JOHN RAE. 8vo. Boston. 1834.

THE author of the work before us is a native of Scotland, who has been for some years past a resident in Canada. He states in the preface, that he has long been engaged in a series of inquiries into the circumstances that determine the condition of men as existing in society, and occasion the varieties in

their moral and political institutions. He had commenced these researches in Europe, and has pursued them though under less advantages since his arrival on this continent. In the course of his studies, he was naturally led to consult the work of Adam Smith, and to examine the correctness of his theories, on the causes of national wealth. The result of this examination was a conviction of the unsoundness of some of these doctrines, and particularly that which is popularly called the System of Free Trade. Having arrived at these conclusions, Dr. Rae was induced to suspend for a time the prosecution of his larger work, in order to develope in a separate one, the particular subject to which we have alluded. The result is the production now before us. The author intended originally to have published it in England, but considering that the recent discussions of the subject in this country, in connexion with our revenue laws, had, in some degree, prepared the public mind for an examination of it in a more deliberate form, he changed his purpose, and concluded to submit his labors in the first instance to the judgment of the American reader.

The work is evidently the production of an original thinker, and embodies the results of much reflection, and an extensive course of reading. It was not written for the mere purpose of making a book, but contains the real opinions of a zealous and honest inquirer after truth, expressed throughout in pure, correct, and at times eloquent language. Possessing this character, the work will be read with attention by those who feel an interest in the subject, whatever judgment they may form of the author's peculiar theories. These, however, are likely to be well received in this country, since they coincide in general with the views that have become of late extensively popular among us, and have been adopted, under the name of the *American System*, as the basis of the economical policy of the government. In fact, the title of *New Principles*, which Dr. Rae has given to them, is perhaps more appropriate to the state of public opinion in England, than in this country, where substantially the same ideas have been so often stated in speeches, reports, reviews and newspaper essays, that they have become in some degree familiar, although they have not yet been embodied among us in any single work of sufficient compass and authority to serve as a text book. Such a work is very much wanted. It is somewhat doubtful whether the one before us will entirely answer the purpose. It will, how-

ever, be viewed, we think, as a valuable contribution to the stock of knowledge upon the highly important subject of which it treats.

The leading ideas in the system of Adam Smith are, as our readers are aware, that the wealth or capital belonging at any moment to any particular community, can only be increased by the accumulation of a part of the revenue ; that the reward of labor, under all the modes of applying it, being in general the same, there is nothing gained in the way of revenue by the transfer of a portion of the capital from one kind of employment to another, and consequently, that if such transfer be effected by means in themselves burdensome, as for example taxation, the general result of the operation is injurious and not beneficial. Since then the interference of the legislator, for the purpose of changing the direction of the labor of the people, even when effectual, is necessarily injurious, it is of course better that the individual should be left in this respect entirely to himself.

In the system of Dr. Rae, the leading idea is, that the principal means of increasing the wealth of the community is the improvement of the methods of applying labor, either by original discovery or by borrowing those in use in other countries. A transfer of capital from one employment to another, for the purpose of introducing such improvements, even though attended with temporary loss, would be in the end beneficial. If then the government, by a judicious exercise of the power of taxation, can change the direction of labor in such a way, as to introduce or naturalize new and improved methods of applying it, though the means employed be in itself burdensome, the general result is beneficial to the community.

In the first book, which is of a preliminary character, Dr. Rae states the points of difference between Dr. Smith and himself, substantially as we have here recapitulated them, and takes a general and rather superficial survey of the whole argument. In the second book, which occupies the greater part of the work, he developes at length, and with the aid of copious illustrations from history, the idea, that the great agent in the augmentation of wealth is the improvement of the methods of applying labor, and that the economical situation of communities is chiefly determined by the extent, to which the exercise of the inventive faculty is called forth and encouraged by the circumstances of their political and social constitutions. In the

third book, which is comparatively short and scanty, our author considers, in a concise form, one or two questions relating to the manner in which the government ought to exercise the power of taxation, with a view to the encouragement of domestic industry.

As to the question, whether the wealth of nations is increased mainly by accumulation or by the improvement of the methods of applying labor, upon which our author appears to suppose that he is at issue with Adam Smith, and to which he attaches great importance throughout the work, — we incline to think that the difference between them, on a fair comparison of ideas, would not be very great. Smith regards the improvement of the methods of applying labor as the only means of rendering it more productive, while our author would readily admit that no improvement of this kind could ever increase the actual wealth or capital, whether of an individual or a community, excepting so far as a portion of the increased amount of products might be accumulated. If, in consequence of some improvement, the productiveness of the labor of a community be doubled, the amount of its annual produce will of course be twice as great as it was before: but if the consumption increase in the same proportion, it is obvious that the wealth or capital of the community will be exactly the same at the year's end as it was at the beginning. On these points there can be no difference of opinion. The larger and more important part of our author's work, in which he illustrates the influence of the social and political condition of communities upon the productiveness of their labor, is not therefore, as we conceive, materially at variance with the principles of Smith. The precise point of difference, as far as there is any between him and our author, relates to the question, whether the government can, with advantage to the community, concur in the way of legislation in promoting improvements or introducing them from abroad. This question is treated in a very satisfactory manner in the latter part of the first book. The argument in favor of the policy of protection as stated by our author is, as we have remarked, substantially the same which has been so often presented to the American public in the form of reports, speeches, and newspaper essays, that it has now become familiar, not to say trite. It is summed up with neatness and precision in the following passage.

'A certain country has the acquired advantage over another of possessing the knowledge of a particular art, which this other wants. The latter, therefore, imports from the former all the goods, the product of that art, which it has occasion for. As it has to pay for these goods, it luckily happens that it, on its side, has also acquired advantages in possessing the knowledge of another art, which the former wants, and the commodities produced by which it has occasion for. In this way, the one sort of goods pays for the other. The natural and acquired advantages of these two countries are either similar or equivalent. That is, their soil, climate, convenience of situation for trade, and their knowledge of other arts, though not exactly the same, are on the whole equally balanced, their population and capital are equal. In short, they as much resemble two neighboring artificers, according to the comparison of our author, exercising different trades, as extensive communities inhabiting separate countries well can resemble single workmen whose dwellings are contiguous. The peculiar manufacture of the one nation is hats, of the other silk goods. The silk goods which the one annually consumes costs it £2,000,000; the hats which the other consumes, the same sum. Of these sums 25 per cent. is made up of transport, including in the term, not the mere freight, but the whole charges paid for internal transport, for warehousing, and for the profits of the different capitals, and wages of the various individuals concerned in collecting the commodities in the one country, carrying them to, and distributing them over the other. Thus the annual sum which these commodities cost each country, over and above the expense of producing them, is £400,000. In this situation things have long remained, and must continue to remain, unless altered by some change in the policy, or great revolution in the affairs of the two countries. "It being only for the sake of profit that any man employs a capital in the support of industry," and from the acquired advantages which each country enjoys over the other in the production of its peculiar manufacture, it being impossible for any projector to manufacture hats, in the country where hats have not hitherto been made, or silks, in the country where silks have not hitherto been made, but at an outlay of more than 25 per cent. over what they cost in the country where these respective manufactures are established, no such project will be entered on. The legislators of the two countries have hitherto agreed with our author, that, as it is the maxim of every prudent master of a family, never to make at home what it will cost him more to make than to buy; what is prudence in the conduct of every private family can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom; and that, whether the advantages which one country has over another be

natural or acquired, is of no consequence, it being an acquired advantage only, which one artificer has over his neighbor, who exercises another trade, though they both find it for their advantage, rather to buy of one another, than to make what does not belong to their peculiar trade. Acting on these principles, they have thought it improper to make any alteration in the system.

'About this time however a change takes place in their opinions, and they begin to think, that as, though it would not be very prudent in the tailor, that he might have his shoes made in his own workshop instead of his neighbor's, to set about making them himself, or the shoemaker, for the same reason, to set about making his own coat, yet, if there were a town in which there were no shoemakers, but more than enough of tailors, and another, a dozen miles off, in which there were no tailors, but more than enough of shoemakers, it would be a beneficial change for some of the tailors to remove to the one town, and some of the shoemakers to the other, that the inhabitants of both might have the articles fabricated by these different sorts of tradesmen, made at home, that is, within their respective towns, — so, two countries, of which the one made no hats, and the other no silk goods, might mutually benefit by the introduction of the manufacture in which each was deficient, the inhabitants of each in like manner as the inhabitants of each town, having that provided at home, which they must otherwise go abroad for, and thus being saved like them, the expense and inconvenience of transportation.

'Though such a change, in either case, could not be brought about without expense, and though "its immediate effect would therefore be to diminish the revenue of the society," yet as after a certain time, it would be likely that the new manufacture would be made at home in each case "as cheap or cheaper than abroad," its ultimate effect would be, more than proportionably, to increase the revenues of both towns and both countries.

'Acting on these new views, the legislators of both countries, about the same time, commence encouraging the manufactures in which their respective countries are deficient; and, by means of a system of premiums, bounties, and duties, on the detail of which it is unnecessary to enter, in the course of years, succeed so far, that silk goods come actually to be fabricated in the country where no silk goods were manufactured, as cheaply as where they were exclusively manufactured, and hats to be made, where no hats were made, as cheaply as where hats were exclusively made. Part of the capital and industry which went in the one case to the manufacture of hats, goes to manufacture silk goods, and, in the other case, part of the capital and industry which went to manufacture silk goods, goes to manufacture hats. Both countries produce that at home, which they before imported

from abroad, and are therefore saved the expense attending that importation.

'Completely to effect this change requires an outlay, in both cases, of £1,000,000. Being effected however, it of course saves each country the expense of transport, which, at 25 per cent. on the imported goods, makes an annual saving of its expenditure, and increase therefore of its revenue, of £400,000, so that, in two or three years time, the sum expended is repaid, and each community supplied with a new fund to furnish additional comforts to its members, or to add to their capital. According to our author's tenets, this proceeding of both legislators, although admitted to be practicable, is yet held to be necessarily, and in its very nature, injurious.'

These conclusions are too obvious to be contested, and settle the question in favor of the protecting policy even on the simple view of it which is here taken by our author. The bearing of a policy of this description on the population of a community and on its wealth, as connected with the amount of its population, is perhaps even more important, and furnishes a still more conclusive argument in favor of the protecting system. A purely agricultural community, if at all civilized, must export a large proportion of its products in exchange for manufactures. If the manufactures be naturalized, the amount of agricultural labor and of wealth produced by the community is in no way diminished, while the population is augmented by the whole number of persons employed in manufactures, and the wealth of the community by the wealth resulting from their labor. A judicious protecting policy, therefore, not only increases the wealth of a community, by rendering labor more productive, but as far as it introduces manufactures into an agricultural country, increases in the same proportion the amount of labor, and with it all the political and economical resources of the community. This is the form, in which the advantages of the protecting policy have been and will be chiefly felt in New-England. It makes up to us the want of a fine climate and a fertile soil, and enables us to support at home the population which, ever since the settlement of the country, has been constantly drained off by emigration to the South and West. This view of the subject is not adverted to by our author. He professedly omits in fact throughout the work, the consideration of the important topic of population, although he appears, from some incidental remarks, to have adopted the

theory of Malthus. It is not to be disguised, that the omission of this topic is injurious to the completeness of our author's system, and that the view of it to which he appears to incline is directly at variance with his own conclusions, in regard to the influence of the social and political condition of individuals, and consequently of communities, upon their wealth. If the economical condition of individuals, and consequently of communities, is determined, as Malthus would have us believe, by a natural and necessary inequality every where existing between the demand for, and the supply of the means of subsistence, it follows of course that the varieties in the social and political condition of communities, to which alone our author (as we think very correctly,) attributes the varieties in their economical condition, must be in this respect of very little consequence.

Having stated in the first book, the differences between himself and Smith, respecting the origin of the wealth of nations, and discussed the question, whether the government can with advantage lend its aid in the introduction of improvements in the modes of applying labor, our author takes up in the second, comprehending by far the largest and most elaborate portion of the work, the more general topic of the influence of the social and political condition of communities upon their economical well-being. His conclusions on this subject are not, as we conceive, materially at variance with any of the principles of Smith, nor have they any necessary connexion with the inquiry into the expediency of the protecting policy. The topic is one which is not formally discussed in the Wealth of Nations, and belongs in fact to politics or political philosophy rather than to political economy, according to the usual acceptation of the phrase. But to whatever science it may be considered as properly belonging, it is at all events one of the highest importance, and of the most interesting character. Our author's leading principle is, as we have already remarked, that the economical condition of communities is regulated, in a great measure, by their social and political institutions. In developing this idea, he has exhibited great ingenuity, extensive reading, and a remarkable power of style, with no other prominent fault, than one, which is itself an evidence of high intellectual ability, a tendency to excessive refinement and abstraction. For the purpose of giving the greatest possible precision to his language, he begins by adopting a new nomencla-

ture, in which the products of labor are denominated *instruments*, intended for the satisfaction of human wants. These *instruments* are then classed into *orders*, according to the periods of time, during which they respectively last. The community which with equal natural advantages habitually produces the largest number of *instruments* belonging to the most slowly returning orders, or in the common language, which exercises the greatest amount of economy and intelligence in the disposition of the products of its labor, will be the wealthiest. The connexion between the intelligence and economy of the community on the one hand, and the nature of the political and social institutions on the other, is sufficiently apparent. It is illustrated in the work before us, by rapid sketches of the state of society among the North American Indians, the ancient Germans, as described by Tacitus, the Romans and the Chinese. As a specimen of the boldness and vigor that distinguish these sketches, we extract a passage which describes the occupation of the territory of the Roman Empire by the northern barbarian.

'In the times of the Cæsars, Europe was divided, by an irregular line running east and west, into two great parts, the one occupied by the barbarians, the other by the Empire. To the northward of this line, were many rude nations, strong in the mental and corporeal energies of the individuals composing them, and in the willingness of each to devote his abilities to objects conducive to the good of all, but whose strength was largely expended in furious intestine wars. These contests, destructive as they were, did not, however, occasion any progressive diminution of the vigor of the whole body; it was only the surplus powers of the parts that thus ran to waste. The strength of the people of the empire was, on the contrary, derived from their union in one great body, and the power thence resulting of the energies of the whole being directed to any particular point. But this union, as it had been produced by compulsion, augured weakness in the several parts, and was the cause of weakness. What each contributed to the common good was not of will, but from necessity, and, in the strife thus arising, every man learned to consider his own good as separate from that of all others. Hence a continually increasing separation of interests, and consequent continual decrease of power and general decline. The gradually increasing weakness of the empire, while the strength of the nations to the northward, if not augmenting, remained at least unimpaired, rendered the arrival of a period when the former should be over-

powered by the latter inevitable. These barbarians believed, that the riches of the earth belonged, of right, to the best; according to their creed, the bravest. Their most powerful and warlike tribes, therefore, possessing themselves of the more fertile regions, those bordering on the line dividing them from the empire, pressed violently against it, and, opposed by a force continually diminishing, at length burst through it.

'Three great events, each leading on the other, would seem to have been the necessary consequence of this revolution. Of these, the first was the occupation of the whole continent by the barbarians, and the driving back the still onward-urging host of their brethren; the adoption by them of the arts which had previously flourished in the empire, and their becoming an agricultural people, was the second; and their running the chance of being in turn overpowered by the northern warriors, the third. Until the arrival of the first period, when the continent, having been completely overrun and ravaged by the barbarian multitude, had assumed a form closely approximating to that of the territories they had formerly occupied, there could be no approach to rest, but the tide must still advance. When the receptacle vacant for its reception was once completely filled, the mighty mass had to recoil on itself. The battle of Chalons fixes this period. Europe, with the exception of the corner occupied by the Eastern Empire, and which belonged rather to Asia than to it, seems then to have been nearly reduced to the state of one immense cattle-pasture. But the impetus that had been given still continued, and new hosts crowded on to share that, of which the last fragments had been divided. The reflux then of necessity took place. The hosts of the west and the south, under Theodoric and Etius, met those of the east and the north, under Attila, on the plains of Champagne. The vastness of the masses and the violence of the shock are shown by the destruction produced; the accounts of the period rating the slaughter variously at from one hundred and sixty thousand to three hundred thousand.

'From this period the great body, neither much advancing nor receding, was agitated chiefly by fierce internal commotions. The time when their violence terminated marks the second period, when the general prevalence of agriculture, lessening the number of warriors, diminished the extent and frequency of wars. The knowledge of the elements of it, and of the other arts, diffused throughout the various multitude that now peopled the continent, could not forever lie dormant. It has been already observed, that the strength of their effective desire of accumulation had been such, as to produce a tendency among them to give greater capacity even to the materials of which they had the command in the northern regions, though at the expense of chang-

ing them into instruments of somewhat slower return, by converting their lands from pasture to tillage. This tendency became inevitably stronger, as they advanced into more fertile soils and milder climates. The revolution itself took place gradually. The exact date of the preponderance of the one condition over the other, cannot, perhaps, be determined but by the effects produced by its arrival. It is only in the state of hunters, or shepherds, that nation can literally go to war with nation. In the agricultural state, it is not the men of the nation, but a small part of them, the soldiery, that fight. Taking this as the criterion, we might fix the reign of Charlemagne, as that, in which war, as the business of European nations, properly ceased. The conclusion of that monarch's reign has sometimes been reckoned the commencement of a period of weakness in the several states, and of want of ability in their monarchs. The historian, it is true, for centuries afterwards, finds no events that he esteems great to record. His art can call up no pictures of heroes leading armies to the field, conquering, or being conquered, overthrowing, or establishing kingdoms. Nevertheless, if the view we are taking is correct, it is from this era that we must date the commencement of strength, not of weakness. The people of Europe then began to rise in the scale of industry. They commenced a new era to which no one can assign a positive termination, because it became their occupation to conquer nature, and not man, and, to the fruits of the one conquest, we can set no limit, whereas the utmost advantages of the other are very speedily exhausted.

'It may here be observed, that the difference of the strength of the principle of accumulation in nations of hunters, and in pastoral nations, seems to mark out a very opposite destiny to a great country overrun by the one, from that which would await it from being subdued by the other. The naturally low degree of strength of the accumulative principle among nations of hunters, prevents them, as we have seen, from forming instruments of sufficiently slow return to embrace the materials to which the arts of civilized life might give capacity. While in their possession, therefore, they lie unemployed, and useless. The progress of civilization and art, over the continent of North America, is now, every day, bringing to light traces of their former presence, and evidence, consequently, of the existence there at some remote period, of a people far superior in these respects to the tribes that occupied all but the southern parts, when discovered by Europeans. The question has been asked, how did it happen that they, and the knowledge and power they possessed, utterly perished? In other instances, civilization has either protected its possessors, or, if they were overcome, has reacted on their conquerors, and

spreading among them, has, so to say, subjugated and governed them in turn. The history of our own barbarian ancestors has been quoted, as a circumstantial account of this seemingly natural progress. But, if the principles, the operation of which forms our present subject, be correct, they furnish a sufficient cause for the diversity of effects, flowing from the two events, and show, that, instead of there being any reason for surprise at the hunter of the woods disdaining the labors and rewards of civilization, it is rather our business to inquire how he could ever have been led to adopt them. Had the nations whom the north poured forth on the south of Europe, been hunters, and, had no extraneous cause intervened, it is not improbable, that that continent would, even at the present day, have been one wide forest from side to side.

'The third of the great events referred to, the evils and dangers arising to the ancestors of the present inhabitants of Europe, from their former brethren of the north and east, when the strength of their accumulative principle led them to put off the barbarian, and employ themselves in giving to the materials within their reach the capabilities for the supply of the wants of futurity, which art showed that they possessed, were felt for many centuries. The change they were then undergoing, though it added very greatly to the total numbers of the several nations, lessened the numbers of the warriors. The instruments they formed being of the more slowly returning orders, though the whole income from them was much greater, the labor necessary to produce it was more than proportionally greater, and the portion of the population left free for the purposes of warfare was consequently less. It were foreign to our purpose farther to allude to this cause of commotion and revolution, than to observe, that the mischiefs and dangers arising from it, seem to have been moderated by the very gradual manner in which the change took place, and to have been counteracted, and finally overcome by the additional power acquired through the progress of invention in the arts of civilized life.'

In considering the influence of invention in promoting the wealth of nations, our author has taken occasion to advert to the comparatively scanty advantages, that have accrued in many cases to the inventor himself, from discoveries that have put a new face upon the condition of a whole country. The cases of Fulton and Whitney are striking examples among ourselves of the general correctness of this idea. The author has developed it with more than his usual eloquence, and apparently with some degree of personal feeling. We extract a portion of his remarks upon this subject.

'The tendency of these pursuits is to withdraw those occupied in them, from the daily business of society. They fill not the places open for them, and which they are expected to fill; even when necessity pushes them for a time into them, and compels them to mingle with the crowd, they are marked as not belonging to it. Abstract and scientific truth can only be discovered, by deep and absorbing meditation; imperfectly at first discerned, through the medium of its dull capacities, the intellect slowly, and cautiously, not without much of doubt, and many unsuccessful essays, succeeds in lifting the veil that hides it. The procedure is altogether unlike the prompt determination, and ready confidence, of the man of action, and generally unfits, to a greater or less degree, for performing well the part. He, again, who dwells in the world of possible moral beauty and perfection, moves awkwardly, rashly, and painfully, through this of everyday life, he is ever mistaking his own way, and jostling others in theirs. To the possessors of fortune, these habits only give eccentricity; they affect those of scanty fortune, or without fortune, with more serious ills. Unable to fight their way ably, cautiously, and perseveringly through the bustle of life, poverty, dependence, and all their attendant evils, are most commonly their lot.

"Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail,"

are calamities, from the actual endurance of some of which, or the dread of it, they are seldom free. These, however, they share with other men; there are some peculiarly their own.

'Pursuing objects not to be perceived by others, or if perceived, whose importance is beyond the reach of their conceptions, the motives of their conduct are necessarily misapprehended. They are esteemed either idlers, culpably negligent in turning to account the talents they have got, dullards deficient in the common parts necessary to discharge the common offices of life, or madmen unfit to be trusted with their performance; shut out from the esteem or fellowship of those whose regard they might prize, they are brought into contact with those with whom they can have nothing in common, knaves who laugh at them as their prey, fools who pity them as their fellows. Their characters misunderstood, debarred from all sympathy, uncheered by any approbation, the "eternal war," they have to wage with fortune, is doubly trying, because they are aware, that, if they succumb, they will be borne off the field, not only unknown, but misconceived. To have merely to pass without his fame, the poet paints as a fate, capable of adding double gloom to the shades below,

"Sed frons læta parum, et dejecto lumina vultu,
* * *
——— Nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra."

What must it be to those, then, who feel, that, ere final oblivion hides them, calumny must for a time prolong the memory of their existence?

'Imperfect man is ever prompt, without any consideration of the motives of the agents, to conceive of the evils he endures as of wrongs received, and to be avenged, on the doers of them. We need not wonder then, that the manifold sufferings of genius should sometimes place it in opposition to humanity itself, and that, in the inconsistency and recklessness of passion, it should turn in anger, and in scorn, as its bitterest enemy, on that of which it is, in heart, the truest lover.

'These are circumstances, largely affecting the possessors of this faculty, even before they have succeeded in making it manifest, before they have been able to give outward shape to their inward conceptions. There are others, operating similarly, after they have succeeded in producing them. What is really new, has to encounter obstacles of two sorts. It is the nature of men to be copiers, and, with exceedingly few exceptions, they are nothing more. Mere followers they are of rules, walkers in well-beaten paths. Whatever, therefore, is in any degree really new, being probably beyond these rules, is also beyond their judgment. Nor is this the worst; it is also very frequently in opposition to it; it disagreeably disturbs and jars the existing systems, by which men guide their feelings and reasonings. Hence the works of almost all men of really inventive powers, have, at first, been either slighted or decried. Cervantes, one of the most powerful and original geniuses of modern times, and who ultimately operated as largely on affairs, as any man whom they have witnessed, was placed by his contemporaries far below the subservient taste of Lope de Vega, and, in his last days, had to turn from Don Quixote to a theme correspondent to the bombast of the age. It is needless to multiply examples, — in a similar walk Tasso, and Shakspeare; in another, Hume and Montesquieu; in another, Bacon and Galileo, experienced at first either comparative neglect, or partial or general opposition. Few names that now pass current, but rose with difficulty, and were nearly again submerged in their earlier progress, by the shock of opposing prejudices.

'Nor are the sweets of success itself, in any department of invention, even if tasted, uncontaminated by much of bitterness. It is chiefly felt at the time, as superiority, on which wait envy and flattery. Malice, and insincerity, the great separators of man from man, and poisoners of the pleasures of existence, follow close after. He who gains it, attains an elevation commanding, but joyless, and unsafe.

"Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
'Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils, which to those summits led."

'It is death alone that can give him to the full sympathies of his fellows. When the earth wraps her noblest, none any longer envy him, all lament the benefactor, no one sees the rival, or the master.

'It is thus that a power, which seems to be at first wakened to life, and to draw its earliest aliment, from the promptings of strong desires in man, to unite himself extensively with his fellow-men, to exist with them, and for them, rather than in himself, as it gathers strength, and predominates in any individual, generally renders him so dissimilar to other men, in his feelings, habits, motives, and modes of action, that it in a great measure separates him from them. Whatever he may be, or may hope to be as an inventor, or author, as a man he is misconceived and misapprehended. Among the men with whom he lives, he lives as not of them, a magic circle is drawn round him which neither he can pass without, nor they, within. Like the attractive and repulsive powers, which one magnetic influence communicates to matter of the same sort, the different direction in which the great moving and cementing principle of society has been made to flow in him, and in them, incessantly repels, and keeps him at a distance from them.

'This disjunction and isolation affect various natures variously. Some cannot endure it; they cannot live but in the constant and intimate sympathy and communion of their fellows. They feel all the loneliness, and little of the grandeur of the desert. They pant for the land of life, and either turning to it, are lost in it, their former existence being remembered but as the wanderings of a dream; or they perish, from their incapacity to mingle with it. Their finer and gentler natures, fed but not strengthened by contemplation, recoil from the coarse and boisterous spirits, with whom they are brought into contact. They sink in the conflict and pass from life itself,

"A precious odor cast
On a wild stream, that recklessly sweeps by;
A voice of music uttered to the blast,
And winning no reply."

'To others of firmer mould, the action of these alternately attracting and repelling powers, the passing from one state of being to another completely opposite, from the turmoil of spirit excited by braving and bearing back a world opposed, to the concentration of contemplative solitude, though wasting, is invigor-

ating. Like steel which is first made to glow in fire, and then plunged in water, the fineness of their temper is brought out by the play of opposing elements. It is observed by Mr. Moore, in his life of Lord Byron, that but for the opposition he encountered, the noble poet had never stood forth in might; that persecution found him, as Rousseau, weak, and left him strong.

'Some, again, the world without affording no resting-place, entrench themselves in the world within. Their excursions outwards, are carried on, as into a country permanently hostile. To insult, to attack, to overthrow, not to subdue, or establish, is their aim. These are the skeptics, men seemingly abandoning every other hope but that of making manifest their power, a power that has often been greater than they themselves have conceived, and which, doubtless, would many times have been more happily exerted, had they found themselves in happier circumstances. When we read, for instance, the speculations of Hume, we do not always recollect that he had been a needy dependent brother of a Scotch land-holder, had failed in the only attempt he had ever made to establish himself in the world, by entering on business, and had come to middle life, known only as a bookish recluse, unable to do good, and only to be tolerated, because he was too inoffensive to do harm to any one. Such an existence may well account for much of that shrinking within himself, that absence of all heart, that habitual distrust, rather rejoicing to overthrow, than hoping to establish, which characterize his philosophy. Who can tell how great has been the influence of that philosophy, in producing what has been, what is, and what is to be, in Britain, and in Europe? Of this we may be assured, that they are least aware of it, who are most affected by it.

'There are yet others of higher minds, who, through hopes disappointed, and errors committed, over the waste of the world, and the ruins of their own hearts, can look confidently and courageously forward, to a brighter, though far distant prospect. It is in this spirit that Lord Bacon bequeaths his fame to posterity, and it is through it, that he, who has been to us so notable a benefactor, yet holds converse with us. The manly and generous confidence with which he relies on the better parts of human nature, and, in the midst of so many discouraging circumstances looks forward to the ultimate reign of truth and happiness, constitutes indeed, I may be allowed to remark, no small part of the charm, and perhaps of the utility of his speculations.

Our readers, we think, will agree with us that Dr. Rae has exhibited in this and many other passages of his work, a purity of taste, and a power of style, that are not very often combined with the talent for abstract philosophical investigation.

It is to a similar combination of literary and scientific talents, that we may probably attribute, in part at least, the success and popularity of the principal philosophical writers of the last generation, including Adam Smith, Hume, Stewart, and Mackintosh. With the ability which he possesses of communicating his discoveries to the public in so agreeable a form, we hazard little in predicting that our author, should he persevere in his researches, as we trust he will, is in very little danger of encountering the neglect and abandonment which he describes too correctly as the not uncommon reward of inventive genius.

In the general correctness of the views developed in the second book of the work before us we entirely concur. They belong to a department of political philosophy which has hitherto been very little studied, we mean the investigation of the causes that regulate the origin, progress, and decline of communities. This we understand to be the subject of the greater work originally contemplated by our author, and of which the one before us may be regarded as a section. From the manner in which this portion is executed, we are led to entertain a favorable anticipation of the execution of the whole design. We have some doubts, however, whether the effect is increased by the use of the new nomenclature, which the author has adopted in the present work, and we would respectfully suggest to him the expediency of reconsidering his conclusions upon this point, when he shall have occasion to arrange his materials for a future edition. Something, perhaps, is gained in precision by the use of the language he has employed, but on the other hand, the impression which a remark would otherwise make, is often much weakened by the introduction of phrases which wear a technical aspect, and are not distinctly understood till after a pretty strong effort of attention.

The third book treats of the operations of the legislator on national stock, or in other words, of the practical application of the principles advanced in the preceding ones. The subject is scantily developed, probably from a wish to bring the whole treatise within the compass of a moderately sized volume. Respecting the general principle of the expediency of the legislative protection of domestic industry, little is added to what had been said before, in the first book. In recommending the encouragement of the home manufacture of luxuries by

taxes on imported articles of a similar description, our author makes a suggestion, which we do not recollect to have met with before, and which strikes us as at once ingenious and just. A tax on articles of mere luxury, while it produces all the beneficial effects of any other tax, in furnishing revenue and encouraging domestic industry, is really not felt as a tax by the consumer, since the value and utility to him of the article taxed depend very much upon his being obliged to pay the highest possible price for it. If pearls and diamonds, for example, were as cheap as glass beads, nobody would wear them, and their value and utility for the purpose for which they are now employed, which is that of indicating the wealth of the wearer, is increased by any augmentation of their cost. The amount collected by such a tax is therefore a clear profit to all parties, — the individual, as well as the community, — without any corresponding inconvenience.

In connexion with this subject the author recommends very strongly, the taxing of spirituous liquors, which he considers as belonging substantially to the class of mere luxuries, and as affording, in consequence, when taxed, a revenue to the legislator, without any loss to the individual. We are not sure that the operation of an excise or impost upon spirituous liquors is precisely similar to that of a tax on pearls or diamonds. The former are consumed chiefly for the purpose of sensual indulgence or excitement, and the consumption would no doubt be greatly augmented, by lowering the price. In the other case the argument is, that the lowering of the price diminishes the consumption. But we incline to the opinion, that a heavy tax on spirituous liquors, including wines, is perhaps the best and safest method of discouraging the intemperate use of these articles, and at the same time allowing such a moderate and judicious consumption of them as health, occasion, or appetite may suggest. The doctrine of entire abstinence even from spirituous liquors is hardly defensible in theory, and would be found inconvenient in practice, nor do we know any correct line of distinction, which would authorize the use of Port or Madeira, and prohibit that of Brandy, the quantity of alcohol in all these preparations, as commonly used, being not materially different. But the doctrine of abstinence from wine finds but little favor with the friends of temperance, and this fact may, perhaps, be considered as an indication that the doctrine of entire abstinence, even from spirituous liquors, will not

ultimately be sustained by public opinion. To say that moderate drinking is the real source of all the evils that result from immoderate drinking, is a strange abuse of language, which ought not to be countenanced by men of sense. It is no more reasonable than it would be to say, that moderate eating is the cause of indigestion, gout, and dyspepsia. Taxes on fermented and spirituous liquors, check the abuse of them in the quarters where it is likely to occur, and leave the use free, where it will probably be kept within the limits of discretion and decorum. At some former periods in the history of our country, taxes on spirits have been very unpopular, and have been made the pretext of civil commotions. But since the great change in public opinion, on the general subject of temperance, we incline to think that such taxes would be considered under a different point of view; and if found acceptable to the people, they would powerfully aid, without, however, superseding the necessity of the temperance societies. Extreme plans, whether of prohibiting the traffic in spirits on the one hand, or of leaving it entirely free, without license on the other, though suggested with good intentions, can never meet with general favor; and it is not improbable, that the public opinion will finally settle down upon a vigorous system of taxation, as at once a safe and convenient medium. In making these remarks, we are actuated by no other motive, than a real desire to promote the cause of temperance, which is perhaps, in more danger at present from the errors of injudicious advocates, than from the efforts of those who are directly interested in checking its progress.

The subject of Banks, which is at present the most interesting question in Political Economy to the people of this country, is not much discussed in the work before us. The author, as far as he has treated it, gives the preference to the Scotch system of banking, over all others. It differs, we believe, but little from our own, excepting in the particular, that interest is regularly allowed on all deposits. Our author seems to exaggerate in some degree the advantages resulting from the use of bank notes, as currency. His views are stated in a rather concise manner, in a note written while the work was going through the press, and may perhaps, be reconsidered for a future edition, or a future work.

We have thought that we could not better show our respect for the author of the work before us, and our general approba-

tion of his labors, than by laying before our readers a distinct account of them, accompanied with such extracts, as might give an idea of the style. We consider the inquiries in which Dr. Rae is employed, as among the most interesting that can engage the human mind. He is well qualified, by the nature of his talents and the course of his studies, to pursue them with success, should circumstances give him the opportunity. In the ultimate arrangement of the results of his labors, perhaps it will be found that the portion of the work before us, which treats of the influence of the social and political condition of communities on their wealth belongs more properly to the extended inquiry into the history of man, which our author appears to have in preparation. The omission of this division of his work would leave room for treating in a more full and satisfactory way, within the compass of a moderate volume, the immediate subject which is the expediency of a legislative protection of domestic industry. A well written and well reasoned essay on this question, drawn up in such a form that it could be used with convenience as a text book for students at colleges, would be very useful, and would meet a ready sale. Perhaps our author may find it convenient hereafter to give such a shape to the work before us: in the meantime, we can safely recommend it to all who feel any interest in political philosophy, as one which will well reward an attentive perusal.

ART. VIII.—*Sheridan Knowles.*

Select Works of JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, *consisting of his most popular Tales and Dramas, with an Original Notice of his Life and Writings.* 2 Vols. Boston. 1834.

'THE evil that men do, lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones,' is a general truth, which, with regard to posthumous works seems to be flatly contradicted. Men are very willing to build the monument of fame, over a dead poet's ashes. They bewail the blindness of those, who were contemporary with the buried favorite, and lament the insensibility, with which the finest evidences of genius were regarded. The voice of sympathy and condolence is lifted up over

departed worth, and garlands are hung upon its solemn shrine. A eulogist appears to tell mankind of the hitherto unappreciated splendor of the extinguished luminary, to speak glowingly of private virtues, and public excellence; and, perhaps, like the engraver of a tombstone, modestly to etch his own name upon some corner of the tablet, whereon he has so vividly delineated the excellence of another.

When Mr. James Sheridan Knowles shall die, the newspapers will mourn the loss of the best, most successful dramatist of the day; they will discourse pathetically of the many ills, which during life, he suffered at the hands of a public. A goodly number of obituary notices will appear, and in the place of his burial, there will be erected, by the beneficently disposed, a monument, to perpetuate the memory of so popular a dramatist. No matter if the cost of this monument would, while he lived, have relieved his distress; no matter if even then his plays shall be acted, to thin houses, for the benefit of his widow and children.

Mr. Knowles's life, till the appearance of his popular drama, The Hunchback, and the passing of Mr. Bulwer's bill, (which secured to writers of plays a sort of copyright,) was made up of a constant series of struggles against poverty. His efforts, one after another, were directed to the obtaining of bread for his family, and an education for his children. He travelled all over the United Kingdom, lecturing on dramatic literature. His lectures were loudly applauded, but his rewards were small. Favor and patronage were not the pioneers of his way. He labored alone, as an emigrant to the Western wilds, who shoulders his axe, bundles up his household goods, and gods, and goes forth with self-relying firmness — so, on his literary emigration, proceeded, 'The author of Virginius.' His labors were manifold and arduous; and were not assisted by the most systematic economy.

Mr. Knowles never received anything like an adequate compensation for his works, until after the very positive, and remarkable success of the Hunchback, which redeemed Covent Garden from embarrassment. When Virginius was in full possession of the stage, and a source of profit for the manager of the theatre at which it was played, Mr. Knowles was casting about him with feverish anxiety, to find, in the busy thronging world around, means of support for his family, — and wherewithal to purchase the next weeks' food.

The lives of literary men are seldom eventful. The incidents with which they teem are those of the mind. A biographer cannot relate them; for he knows them not. The critic can learn them only from their works; for what is the true life of an author, but a history of his books? Carlyle's Life of Schiller is an admirable model, and were we about to prepare a biography of Mr. Knowles, instead of a notice of his dramas, we should take up, in succession, each of his productions, and, in our description of them, endeavor to sketch the form and features of their author's mind.

The edition of his select works, opens with a very brief account of his life and writings, extracted from a London Magazine. This is said to have been written by Leigh Hunt. It is very meagre, but it is the only authentic published account, which we have seen. We have authority however for any statement made in the course of this article.

The father of Mr. Knowles was a teacher of elocution, and, for some time, master in a celebrated school at Belfast, in Ireland. He was a near relative of the illustrious Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whose father, likewise, was an actor and teacher of elocution. Young Knowles was sent to England, at a very early age, and he was there taught the rudiments of education. His taste for the theatre soon developed itself; and, after composing a few plays, he went upon the stage, and was for three years an actor. He then deserted a profession in which wealth follows fame, for the nobler but less lucrative business of a dramatist; and did not, till of late years resume it. Conscious, however, of his own powers of elocution, and, convinced that no performer so well as himself could conceive the characters, which he had drawn, he thought it was no disgrace to imitate the example of his immortal prototype: and once more become a player. He is, as is well known, at the present time, fulfilling a theatrical engagement in this country. He has been received with that favor, which might have been expected from the popularity of his dramas. His lectures on dramatic literature won the approbation of distinguished critics both in England and Scotland; and the wish has been expressed that he would repeat them in this country.

Our author's mind was at a very early period turned to dramatic compositions. The idea of writing a play beset him at the age of twelve years. The *Chevalier de Grillon* is the title of his first effort after this period. He was at fourteen

the author of a well-known little song, called *the Welsh Harper*, commencing 'over the sunny hills I stray.' At sixteen, he wrote a tragedy in five acts, entitled *the Spanish Story*, which is still extant; at twenty-four, *Hersilia*, which never appeared; at twenty-six, *the Gipsy*, in which the celebrated Edmund Kean acted the hero. This was followed by *Brien Boroighine*, — played often with applause. His next piece was *Caius Gracchus*. This was presented on the London boards, and has of late received alteration and improvement from his hand. Afterwards came *Virginius*. On this popular drama, first rose its author's fame. The patriotic drama, William Tell, was the next in succession. Then appeared *The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*, which failed; then *Alfred*, which succeeded; then *the Hunchback*, decidedly one of the most popular English dramas of the present day; and last, *the Wife*, which we consider the most beautiful of our author's productions.

The present collection comprises the four most popular dramas of the author, — Virginius, William Tell, the Hunchback, the Wife. The story of Virginius is familiar to every student, and this tragedy is so well known, that it need not be repeated in unvarnished prose. Neither would a detailed criticism upon a play, so long published, and so frequently represented, be acceptable. Mr. Knowles has followed Livy very closely, filling up of course the outlines of the historian, as his imagination prompted. His Virginius is a plebeian, who gives utterance to the most exalted sentiments, and he displays a patrician grandeur of carriage, which would make him something loftier and nobler, than the simple *vir exempli recti domi militiaeque*. The same remark is, in its fullest extent, applicable to *William Tell*. There is a striking incongruity between the characters of the Roman plebeian and the Swiss peasant, and the grand language which they utter. This is, however, not reprehensible; for their sentiments deserve to be clothed in the noblest raiment of poetry. As an effective drama for the stage, William Tell is inferior to Virginius; but the spirit which it breathes is the spirit of liberty, its sentiments those of a lofty patriotism, and the story upon which it is founded is the brightest on the pages of rational tradition. It is the story of the Swiss Revolution, when freedom first descended to our modern world, and threw out her banners to the winds, that rushed over the sky-pointing crags of the Alps.

By the voice of a peasant like themselves were the mountaineers called around them to

> Strike for the green graves of their sires,
> God and their native land;

and to rush down from those rocky fastnesses, like an unchained torrent, to sweep away the strong towers of despotism. There is much stirring incident, and there are a number of striking situations in this play. Some parts of it are susceptible of improvement. The auxiliary characters are well introduced, and the different arrangements of the plot happily combined. The effect of the mountain scenes harmonizes perfectly in representation and in the fancy of the reader, with a highly poetical and sublime passage like this; —

Tell. ——— Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow;
O'er the abyss his broad-expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath,
And round about, absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatened him. — I could not shoot!
'Twas liberty. I turned my bow aside
And let him soar away! —

Several passages similar to the above might be cited, to show with what justice Mr. Knowles may claim a respectable rank among modern poets.

The Hunchback and the Wife, as the peculiar creations of our author, would deserve in a detailed account of his productions a more extended notice, than our limits will allow. In these, he invented the stories and characters, and they have no advantage of an historical interest. They are the structures of imagination, built upon the passions and affections of human nature. The first thought of the Hunchback occurred to the author, many years ago, and he brooded over it till he produced this drama. There is some indistinctness about it, when read, which will disappear on reference to the following skeleton of the main plot.

A deformed man brings up his only child, a daughter, in the retirement of the country. He conceals from her her true parentage, and instructs her to believe that he, Master Walter, is her guardian merely. He adopts this course from a fear, that, as his daughter, she might honor him from duty alone; and he chooses rather to win her fond regard, by his fatherly kindness and affectionate treatment. A tavern broil, in which he becomes implicated, introduces to his favorable esteem and acquaintance Sir Thomas Clifford, a gentleman who steps between him and the fierce swords of excited revellers. Master Walter is grateful and so well pleased with the baronet, that he offers to him his ward in marriage: and takes him accordingly into the country, where the lady is spending her beauteous prime. She is thus described:

——— A wife, Sir!
The pearly texture of whose dainty skin,
Alone were worth thy baronetcy! Form
And feature has she, wherein move and glow
The charms, that in the marble cold and still,
Cull'd by the sculptor's zealous skill, and joined there,
Inspire us!
A fresh heart too! A young, fresh heart, Sir! one
That Cupid has not toy'd with, and a warm one,
Fresh, young and warm! mark that! a mind to boot,
Wit, Sir! sense, taste; — a garden strictly tended,
Where nought but what is costly flourishes,
A consort for a king, Sir! — thou shalt see her.

Sir Thomas Clifford falls in love with this bewitching girl, as will appear from the following scene: —

Julia. No more! I pray you, Sir, no more!
Clifford. I love you.
Jul. You mock me, Sir.
Clif. I love you.
Jul. You have known me scarce a minute.
Clif. Say but a moment, still I say I love you.
Love's not a flower, that grows on the dull earth,
Springs by the calendar, must wait for sun,—
For rain, — matures by parts, — must take its time
To stem, to leaf, to bud, to blow. It owns
A richer soil, and boasts a quicker seed,
You look for it and see it not; and lo!
E'en while you look, the peerless flower is up,
Consummate in its birth

* * * * *

Jul. Who marries me
Must lead a country life.
Clif. The life I'd lead!
But fools would fly from it, for oh, 'tis sweet!
It finds the heart out, be there one to find.
——— It is to dwell
Mid smiles that are not neighbors to deceit,
Music whose melody is of the heart,
And gifts that are not made for interest,
Abundantly bestowed by nature's cheek,
And voice and hand! It is to live on life
And husband it! It is to constant scan
The handiwork of Heaven!

Julia warmly returns the love of Sir Thomas, and, in preparation for her marriage, goes up to town; by its gay frivolities, her inexperienced brain soon becomes crazed. Her lover laments this and reproves her; but the engagement is not broken off, till he learns, that instead of possessing a fair baronetcy, he is only plain Master Clifford; for a cousin, who was supposed dead, stands between him and his inheritance. The Hunchback is at first highly incensed, at the reproof which his Julia had endured; but on being informed of the buffet which Clifford had just received from fortune, his anger cools, and he conceives a plan to redeem his daughter, and make her yet appear to her lover,

——— a piece
Of Nature's handiwork, as costly, free
From bias, flaw, and fair, as ever yet
Her cunning hand turn'd out!

With the conduct of this plan, the rest of the drama is occupied. Julia, in her anger, consents to wed a lord; but, when she hears of Clifford's misfortunes, her whole soul melts into compassionate forgiveness, and her love returns with increased energy. This transition is shown with great effect. Deeply and bitterly does she repent her rash promise to marry the Earl of Rochdale. It is too late, however, to recede, and she gives free utterance to the strong agony of her soul. Master Walter does not release her from this anguish, by disclosing the truth; but leaves her to suffer, in requital of her foolish sacrifice of her affections to fashion and momentary resentment. Master Clifford is introduced, under the guise of secretary

to the Earl of Rochdale, whom she is about to marry. His interview with her forms one of the most effective scenes of the modern drama. It is followed by one scarcely inferior, in which she conjures and commands Master Walter to break off the nuptials.

The catastrophe is powerfully developed and the whole concludes delightfully. Master Walter, who is a kind-hearted man, and not so unamiable as he sometimes appears, discloses that he himself, and not the young lord, who was about to wed Julia against her will, is the true Earl of Rochdale. He makes himself known to his child, and bestows her hand upon Clifford.

We come now to speak of the Wife. This is the latest production of Mr. Knowles, and in our judgment his best. The scene is laid in Mantua. Leonardo, the Duke, long supposed dead, returns in disguise to his native city, accompanying a young advocate, who comes to plead the cause of an injured maiden. This lady's name is Mariana; she is protected by a reverend priest, from the tyranny of a guardian, who would have her marry the Count Florio, when her heart is pledged to another. The cause is shortly to come on before the possessor of the ducal chair, Ferrardo, cousin of the rightful Duke. Thus stands the case. The beautiful Mariana is a Swiss maiden, who left her native hills, and, protected by her father, came to Mantua, in search of one, to whom her youthful heart had been given. She tells the questioning advocate, that a wounded stranger had been borne to her father's cottage, — that she had tended him till he recovered, — that she loved, and

Lor. To follow him
You came to Mantua?
Mar. What could I do?
Cot, garden, vineyard, rivulet and wood,
Lake, sky and mountain, went along with him; —
Could I remain behind?

To all this Leonardo, the Duke, listens most intently. By and by the cause comes on. The wicked Ferrardo adjudges the lady to marry Count Florio. All other means of escape having failed, she is about, in despair, to drink poison, when a voice says 'Mariana.' She drops the phial. It is Leonardo, the wounded stranger, rightful Duke of Mantua, who, backed by all his kinsmen and his friends, mounts, unopposed, the ducal chair and invites the humble Swiss girl to share his station.

In the next act, there appears a more gloomy and important personage. It is St. Pierre, a man of crime and sorrow; a creature of the duke's deposed cousin who, stung by remorse, had fled and would not have returned even now, if want and hunger had not compelled him. Ferrardo is glad to see him, gives him money, and employs him in a diabolical scheme to ruin the fair fame of the duchess; for the duke has just been summoned away to war and she is left unprotected, — except by his cousin, who is appointed regent in his absence. St. Pierre, though scorning so base a task, noble in heart and of a generous nature, consents to abet the regent, as his only chance of escaping utter want and starvation. He is persuaded to seek the duchess; he accosts her, and led on by some strange attraction, he holds converse with her. She discovers that he is her countryman; the joy which she displays on hearing him talk of Switzerland is misconstrued by Ferrardo, who contrives that they shall be overheard, into a base intrigue. Thus they converse.

Mariana. Switzerland
Is a dear country! Switzerland!
St. Pierre. It is
The land of beauty and of grandeur, lady! —
Where looks the cottage out on a domain
The palace cannot boast of. Seas of lakes,
And hills of forests! crystal waves that rise
'Midst mountains all of snow, and mock the sun,
Returning him his flaming beams more thick
And radiant than he sent them. Torrents there
Are bounding floods; and there the tempest roams
At large in all the terrors of its glory.
And then our valleys! oh! they are the homes
For hearts. Our cottages, our vineyards, orchards,
Our pastures studded with the herd and fold!
Our native strains that melt us as they sing them!
A free, — a gentle, — simple, — honest people!
Mar. I see them, signor. — I'm in Switzerland.
I do not stand in Mantua. — dear country!
Except in one thing I'm not richer, signor,
Than when I was a child in Switzerland
And mistress only of this little cross.
St. Pier. Your pardon, lady! pray you, let me see
That cross again!
Mar. Right willingly.

Here they are interrupted. The sight of that cross deeply agitates St. Pierre, for he himself, many long years ago, had hung it round the neck of his own sister. The duke's cousin, to complete his nefarious design, drugs the cups of St. Pierre and carries him at night into the anti-chamber of the duchess; throws his scarf on her bed, — and thus effects her total disgrace. He counsels her to fly, — she wildly consents. At this part of the story, there occurs an exciting scene, between the regent and St. Pierre. The latter contrives to make the former give him an entire confession of his villany, which he writes down, and compels the regent to sign, by threatening to stab him with his own dagger, which he gets by stratagem.

Soon after this, the regent and some nobles of the court go, post haste, to the duke's camp, and unfold his wife's dishonor. The duke, noble, confiding, and generous, will not believe the foul calumny, though attested by many witnesses. The tale of flight staggers him a little, — when the duchess herself appears! All is faith and truth: but no clearness until St. Pierre rushes in. Just as he is about to disclose all, the regent attacks him suddenly and wounds him, but he lives, sufficient time to show the paper with Ferrardo's signature, and to look at the little cross around the duchess's neck, — at sight of which he recognises his sister.

We close these remarks, as we commenced them, by alluding to the very inadequate compensation which Mr. Knowles has received as an author. He may console himself, however, by attributing his poor success to the practical character of the age. The waters of existence must be sailed over in a steamboat. Not even the poet is allowed a fairy barge, with silken tackle and perfumed sails. However gifted a man may be, he must submit to be jostled to and fro, and learn not to despise the day of small things. He must mingle with busy multitudes in their daily places of resort, and not seek to spend his days in retirement. The noisy city must be his home, and not some green and undisturbed retreat. Unless he be placed by fortune far above the wants of his fellow-creatures, he must engage in their every-day pursuits.

ART. IX. — *Life and Correspondence of Hannah More. Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More.* By WILLIAM ROBERTS, ESQ. 2 Vols. 12mo. New York. 1834.

THESE volumes are exceedingly interesting; not because the biography is ably managed, however; for the writer is not by any means the one we should have chosen for the office; his want of grace and skill in writing would be a sufficient disqualification for an undertaking, which requires taste and discrimination in the highest degree, to enable him to produce his materials to the best advantage. But we will not speak in dispraise of a work which appears to have been conscientiously done, and will simply express our regret, that he had not given most of his attention to that part of his subject, which will have most interest for the public mind. The Life of Hannah More covers a large space in literary history, reaching back from the present times, to those of Garrick, Johnson, and Burke; she was thrown into acquaintance and intimacy with a great variety of characters, and all who were capable of appreciating character seem to have felt great respect for her excellent heart, and her active and practical mind. Her intellect was rather judicious and penetrating, than original; but by turning all her attainments to the best account, both in conversation and writing; — by knowing when to speak with effect, and when to be silent; — and by manifesting in every word and deed, that benevolence which implies a well-disciplined mind, she secured the respect and attachment of such a variety of eminent persons, that we are actually confounded at the wide reach of associations which her life brings before us in a single view. There is Horace Walpole on one page, with his lordly foppery writing to his 'dear St. Hannah;' on the other, we see the melancholy majesty of Johnson. Here is Garrick, 'whose death eclipsed the gaiety of nations;' there is Burke with his wonderful powers, resembling that pavilion in the fairy tale, which could cover the territory of a nation, or be contracted to the dimensions of a sentry-box, at pleasure. But it would take too much time even to run over the list of memorable names, which are thus connected with her own. We know of nothing except the Waverley novels, which brings so many various characters before us, and we cannot help thinking that a

writer, thoroughly versed in literary history, might have made a work from these materials, which would have taken as fast hold of the public mind, as Boswell's Johnson. Say what we will of that writer's coxcombry, nothing is more certain, than that his work is the model for a biography, since it tells what the reader wants to know. This is the great point, on which success in this kind of writing depends, — to tell what the intelligent reader wants to know. In the case of Johnson, he wants to know his conversation, — his familiar remarks, because they were the evidence of his strength: in writing the Life of Hannah More, this would not have been the point toward which curiosity would have turned, and Boswell, had he undertaken it, would have liked nothing better, than sketching an illustrious group of distinguished characters, himself also among them. In his hands, all would have been life and bustle, and not grave and inanimate as a dance of death.

We acknowledge that there is a difficulty in the execution of such works as this, arising from the circumstance, that the character requires to be considered in various aspects, while the biographer feels a particular interest in one, and perhaps is wholly unqualified to judge of the other. The life of Cowper is an example. Hayley regarded him as a literary man, and was well able to estimate his character, in that point of view. But Cowper's life exhibited a remarkable case in pathology, which required great accuracy of observation, to determine where moral agency ended, and insanity began; these facts the biographer did not think it well to publish, though he could not quite suppress them; and accordingly, whoever wishes to understand the nature of the complaint from him is disappointed. Again, Cowper was eminently religious, and was partial to a particular view of that great subject, though he was the slave of none. A late writer has undertaken to exhibit him in this light, and his biography, though a very feeble performance, has obtained a very general circulation, because the public are interested to know what Cowper was in these relations. There are, then, several classes of readers,— one wishing to know the literary, another the religious, another the domestic and social character of the person described, and the chance is that the biographer, if disposed to satisfy them all, shall be able, from his habits of mind, to satisfy the curiosity of but one. The same difficulty exists, though not to the same extent, in the case of Hannah More. As her gay sister Sarah

said of her, 'Hannah was of the christian faction;' and her biographer, without any exceptionable amount of party spirit, considers this the most important light in which her character can be presented. So without question it is; but the way to exhibit it to admiration and example, is not to hold it up like a thing apart, but to show how it gave a daily beauty to her life, preserving her simplicity, when she was caressed by nobles, princes, and what was still more flattering, by illustrious men, and how it enabled her to turn away from the high society which sought her, to devote her life, her powers, and her self-made fortune to the glorious enterprise of doing good. Let the biographer show the effect of christianity in the life and intellectual exertions; this is the way to do it honor; he may show how it kept Cowper's mind in tune, during the lucid intervals, when it waked sounds so fine, original and sweet, that the world stood still to hear them; and how it made Hannah More lovely and attractive to persons of all descriptions, while she lived, and secured to her, after death, a name of lasting renown.

As this work is likely to be very generally read, we shall not pursue the thread of the narrative, except so far as to make observations on some particular parts. The earliest are by far the most valuable, because they take us into the midst of a literary society, unequalled for its splendor.

Hannah More was the daughter of a schoolmaster, and his five daughters were bred to the same profession. The worthy man is said to have had a great dread of female pedantry, but probably communicated unconsciously to his daughter, a taste for such pursuits as interested his own mind. There was, however, no cause for apprehension; for, remarkable as she was for the variety and extent of her attainments, she never took her place in society, simply as a literary lady, and this is one proof of her ability, since there are but few persons so situated, in whom the consciousness of having a reputation to sustain, would not interfere with lightness and grace of motion. In her childhood she read the Spectator, — a book which, in that day, had attractions for children: it would be worth while to put it into the hands of a child, by way of experiment, now. In these days, the means of intellectual enjoyment suited to an early age are multiplied a thousandfold. Of this there is no question, but it may admit of doubt, whether the intellectual enjoyment is increased in any thing like the same proportion.

We do not find the best appetites, where there is the greatest amount and variety of provisions; nor are we at all sure, that this vast increase of luxuries in reading, bodes any good to the health and happiness of the youthful mind. It makes them read more; but not to more advantage. The author's remark upon the Spectator is very characteristic of his usual style; he says that it was, 'if not of profundity enough to ground a correct taste, at least of sufficient grace to direct it in a due course of exercise and cultivation.'

The place of her residence in youth was Bristol, where her sisters kept a boarding-school. The first on the long list of her distinguished acquaintance, was the elder Sheridan, who came to deliver lectures on eloquence in that city. He was struck with her prematurity of talent, and was doubtless a good judge of real ability, though his life was too roving and unsettled for him to accomplish much, even in his chosen pursuit. At the time when her intellectual gifts led him to cultivate her acquaintance, she was only in her sixteenth year. Ferguson also, who was delivering astronomical lectures in Bristol, was one of these admirers. To have her acquaintance sought by such men of note, was exceedingly flattering to one so young; but the only effect of it seems to have been to encourage to a literary effort. She wrote a pastoral drama, called the Search after Happiness; whether it succeeded or not, we are wholly unable to tell; her biographer merely says, in the Delphic style, 'the attempt succeeded as it deserved;' we can see no reason why it should not deserve to succeed; but we have many doubts whether its fate was so happy.

At this period she became acquainted with Dean Tucker, the well known political writer, and Dr. Langhorne, a person of some distinction in his day. Some of the letters of the latter are inserted, parts of which are light and graceful enough, but have no particular claim to insertion. But the friend to whom she appears to have felt most indebted, was Sir James Stonehouse, who had relinquished a large practice as a physician to take holy orders, and was then residing in Bristol. Besides encouraging her to cultivate her talents, he did much to draw out and cherish those religious feelings, which grew constantly stronger as she advanced in years. She was also the object of a more tender attachment; a rich old bachelor fell violently in love with her, and she accepted his offers; but some caprice on his part induced him to defer the marriage from day to day,

till she resolved to be trifled with no longer. The engagement was dissolved by mutual consent, and the discarded lover became her friend. Without the fear of a suit for breach of promise before his eyes, he was desirous to settle an annuity upon her, and by the persuasions of her friends she was induced to accept it, though with long hesitation. At his death he left her a legacy of a thousand pounds. All her affairs of the heart seem to have been disposed of in a summary manner in early life. Her hand was again solicited and refused, but by whom, or what, history does not say. Of these two transactions her biographer remarks, 'there is on the face of them a stamp of that high-mindedness and moral strength, by which the dignity of her character was illustrated in the various walk of her christian life.' What he may see in them we do not know; to us, the face of the latter of the two appears singularly destitute of features; in the other, we have no doubt she conducted herself with great propriety; at the same time there is nothing to call for a long and solemn flourish of the trumpets of his praise.

This is all the biographer has been able to gather of her early life from 1745, when she was born, till 1774, when she went to London; we believe this was the year, but her vicious neglect to date her letters on many occasions, leaves us uncertain at times, when we wish to be sure. This, he says, brings her 'to that stage in the progress of ardent inexperience, when the blooming speculations of hope and fancy are to be exchanged for vulgar verities.' Very fortunate was she if her ardent inexperience lasted to the age of twenty-nine, and if her blooming speculations could then be exchanged for such vulgar verities as the acquaintance of Johnson and Garrick, in one sex, and Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Carter, in the other. We are not informed what conducted her to London, nor to what good fortune it was owing that she became at once an object of flattering attentions. A provincial reputation for talent, be it ever so great, is not often a passport to London society, and as for her works, we hear of scarcely anything except the Search after Happiness, which, there is reason to suppose, did not meet with unusual success. Garrick, it is true, had some reason to be prejudiced in her favor; he accidentally saw a letter in which she described her own delight at witnessing his performance of Lear: he was pleased with her critical remarks, and doubtless thought the subject very happily selected. Thus prepossessed in her favor, he sought an introduction to her, and

finding his favorable impressions confirmed, he introduced her to his own circle, which included the eminent, the fashionable, and the great, — if we may use that conventional term to describe the noble, in presence of the majestic Johnson, and the sublime and beautiful Burke.

Nothing can be more interesting than her account of such persons, — particularly Johnson : curiosity is never satiated with notices of this great man, of whom some moderns speak with a foolish affectation of contempt. Faults and follies no doubt he had ; but the single circumstance that these were so thoroughly sought out and exhibited to the world, without destroying the stern grandeur of his character, is enough to prove that his place is among the great. The account given of him in this work confirms what was more than suspected before, — that most of the impatient remarks and thundering rejoinders which appear in Boswell, were aimed at the head of that worthy himself, who provoked them by his officiousness and affectation. When Hannah More first saw him, and waited his appearance as if she was expecting a ghost, she was relieved by seeing him present himself with a smile on his countenance and a macaw of Sir Joshua's in his hand. When she went to his house with Miss Reynolds, he received her with the most polite attention. Miss Reynolds told him that before he came in Miss More had seated herself in his great arm chair, hoping to catch something of his inspiration. He laughed and told her it reminded him of a night spent by Boswell and himself in Scotland, near the spot where the witches appeared to Macbeth ; their enthusiasm prevented their sleeping ; but in the morning they ascertained that their raptures were thrown away, and that the place in question was in a different part of the country ; for he never sat in that chair. She often met him in company and always found him disposed to converse, generally in the style of playful argument ; one day he reproved her with pretended sharpness for reading Catholic books of devotion. She was beginning to defend herself ; but he took her hand, and with a tear in his eye, said to her with affecting earnestness, 'Child ! I am glad that you read such books, by whomsoever they were written.' She says that she never saw him angry but once, and that was when she happened to allude to a passage in Tom Jones ; he said, 'I am shocked to hear you quote from so vicious a book ; I am sorry to hear you have read it ; a confession which no modest lady should ever make. I

scarcely know a more corrupt work.' With respect to Boswell, she gives the same impression with others, that he was a vain, good humored creature, not destitute of talent, but with a singular absurdity of mind. His greatest failing was his convivial propensity; he gave offence to Miss More on one occasion, when he was mightily elevated with wine, and was reproved by her so severely, that he shows some little resentment in his book; not saying anything decidedly against her, but representing her as a great flatterer of Johnson. She was certainly a prime favorite of the giant: and this perhaps was one cause of Boswell's unpleasant feelings.

She gives an equally pleasing impression of Garrick; and in truth the only imputation ever thrown on him was that of avarice; and this, there are instances of liberality enough recorded of him, to disprove. Perhaps it arose from the excellence of his domestic character, — a character, which implied much virtue in him whose profession exposed him to many temptations, and whose social powers were such that he was admired and sought for by all. Garrick explained to Miss More the reason, why Johnson sometimes indulged himself in severe remarks upon him; and this was, that being conscious of far superior merit, it was not in human nature always to look with complacency upon his friend's superior success; for while Garrick was rich, Johnson was poor; and while Garrick was courted by the noble, Johnson seldom received any attention from men of rank, though Boswell has made the most of a few instances in which he was invited into their circle. Miss More was in raptures at witnessing Garrick's performance on the stage, where she had the singular good fortune to see him act his parts for the last time, before bidding farewell to the stage forever. She speaks of his reading as unrivalled; the common idea is that he did not excel in this department of his art, but she gives an example of his talent which must be admitted as conclusive so far as it goes. 'I'll tell you the most ridiculous circumstance in the world. After dinner Garrick took up the Monthly Review, (civil gentlemen, by the by, these Monthly Reviewers) and read Sir Eldred, with all his pathos and all his graces. I think I never was so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively, that I cried like a child. Only think what a scandalous thing, — to cry at the reading of one's own poetry! I could have beaten myself, for it looked as if I thought it very moving, which I can truly say, is very far from

being the case. But the beauty of the jest is this; Mrs. Garrick twinkled as well as I, and made as many apologies for crying at her husband's reading, as I for crying at my own verses.'

She gives a lively idea of the interest inspired by the farewell performances of this great actor. She says that the eagerness to see him was inconceivable; duchesses and countesses were glad to get places in the upper boxes, and those who were formerly too proud to go, would then courtesy to the ground for the worst seats in the house. The theatre was in those days a more general resort than it has ever been since; and Miss More, though she was always serious in her religious views and feelings, did not then regard the stage, as she did some years after. She even caught the dramatic inspiration, and wrote her tragedy called Percy. Garrick exerted himself to have it produced under the most favorable circumstances, though he had left the stage himself; his interest was great, and his taste and judgment were regarded as established law. He wrote the prologue and epilogue himself; on the night when it appeared he went with her to the theatre, where they had the gratification of finding it received with unbounded applause. 'When he had finished his prologue and epilogue, which are excellent, he desired I would pay him. Dryden, he said, used to have five guineas apiece, but as he was a richer man, he would be content with a handsome supper, and a bottle of claret. We haggled sadly about the price, I insisting that I could only afford to give him a beef-steak, and a pot of porter; and at about twelve we sat down to some toast and honey, with which the temperate bard expressed himself perfectly contented.' Such touches as this are worth volumes of biographical description. The profits of this play amounted to six hundred pounds; but it brought her approbation, which was worth more to her; Mrs. Montague wrote her warm congratulations; Dr. Percy returned his 'best thanks for her invaluable present,' and presented the thanks of the Duke of Northumberland, and Earl Percy. Mr. Home called to rejoice in her success, while he was mourning for the untimely fate of his own Alfred; the Man of Feeling, though as far off as Edinburgh, declared that he had shed tears in reading it; but while the town was ringing with her success, a look into her apartment shows that she was spending her time in reading such works as Locke on the Epistles, and West on the Resurrection.

Several passages in her letters give an idea of Garrick's manner in social life. After one of her turns of slight illness, she says, 'Garrick, the other day, told me that he was in a violent hurry; that he had just been to order his own, and Mrs. Garrick's mourning, — had settled every thing with the undertaker, and now called for a moment to take a few hints for an epitaph. I told him he was too late; I had disposed of the employment a few days before to Dr. Johnson; but if I thought he would praise me most, I should be glad to change; as to hints I had but one to give; which was to romance as much as he could, and to make the character as fine as possible.' But it was not long before he became himself the subject of an epitaph; in the following year, 1779, he died, and was sincerely lamented by a large circle of friends. Cumberland records that he saw Johnson at the funeral service, bathed in tears. He appears to have been excellent in all the relations of life, and his conversation brilliant and exciting, but savoring of art borrowed from his profession; kind and generous in his feelings, but fond of admiration; with no faults worth mentioning, and many virtues deserving unqualified praise. For many years, Miss More was an inmate in the family of Mrs. Garrick, who called her her chaplain, and who appears to have sympathized with her in her religious feelings.

One of the most singular friends in her large circle, was Horace Walpole; he is so constantly associated with old times, and his father's administration, that he is generally set down among the ancients, nearer Queen Anne than George the Third. But he lived till the close of the last century, and most of his works were published after he had reached his maturer years. He was so fastidious and shy in his whole character, that one would hardly expect to find him cultivating an acquaintance with strangers like Hannah More, and that too, on account of her literary pretensions, which he held in affected disdain, though it was the devouring ambition of his life to secure some literary renown; and the probability is, that had she been of the other sex, he would have thought of her rather as a rival than a friend. But at this time he went freely into select society, where he was welcomed and treated with respect, as a man of elegant taste, and an amusing chronicle of old times; and happening to meet with Hannah More, he was struck, like every one else, with her talent, liveliness, and general attraction. He invited her to his baby-house at

Strawberry-hill, where he exerted himself strenuously to entertain her; afterwards he kept up a correspondence with her for years; but though many of his letters are inserted in this work, we find very little that is characteristic of the writer; they are labored and formal, and all seem as if it was an effort to write them. In truth, there could be little, except formality, between two parties so entirely opposed in all their tastes and principles. Walpole seems to have been somewhat embarrassed by her known seriousness and reverence, developments in which he was entirely deficient; he sometimes alludes in a playful way to these qualities of his dear St. Hannah, as he calls her, but takes care not to express sentiments with which she might be offended.

But we have not room for these portraits, which sweep by us in such rapid succession; events which were of small moment at the time, but have since grown into importance, by their connexion with distinguished names, abound in her letters written about the time of the American War. She attended the first representation of Sheridan's play, 'the Rivals,' which did not succeed, and of General Burgoyne's 'Maid of the Oaks,' which did succeed much better than his military expedition; she passed an hour with Lord Howe, who complained bitterly of the ingratitude of his country, which was a little hard, considering that he had done nothing; (for the particulars of his persecution, the reader must consult the Ebeling library, where he will find the pamphlets written on the occasion;) she lived when Cumberland's Odes appeared, and tried in vain to persuade Richard Owen Cambridge to read them; she attended the trial of the Duchess of Kingston, and heard Dunning, whose manner was insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words; she was admitted to the friendship of Mrs. Delany, who had been the intimate of Swift, and was within hearing of the cry, when Guiscard stabbed Lord Oxford. She received calls from Dean Tucker, and Edmund Burke, on the same morning, and rejoiced that they had not met, since it was just after Burke had attacked the Dean in the House of Commons; she dined one day with Gibbon, Sterne, Harris, Burney, Chambers and Ramsay, and the next with Bishop Porteous and Jonas Hanway; she met the author of Evelina, just after that work appeared, and was surprised that with her youth and modesty, she could have picked up so much knowledge of life; she was told by a friend of Pope, that the bard upon

his death-bed, not being able to carry a glass of jelly to his mouth, was in such a passion, that he threw it into Lady Chatham's face, and expired; she read Mason's Life of Gray, when it first appeared, and was a believer for a time in the antiquity of Rowley's poems; she heard the storm which raged round Dr. Johnson's impassive head, when his Lives of the Poets appeared; she was invited to Mr. Thrale's to an assembly, on the very day when the master of the house so suddenly died of the luxuries of his table; she received classical compliments from Bishop Lowth, and flirted with General Paoli; she saw Mythology Bryant, who had been that morning to present his book; one of the little princes requested to see it, and holding it a few minutes upside down, pronounced it an excellent work; she quarrelled about the slave trade and the English language with Lord Monboddo, and was received with pomp and favor by Bishop Watson; she rejoiced over the publication of her friend, Dr. Kennicott's Hebrew Bible, and conversed with Sir William Jones; she found an admirer in the person of General Oglethorpe, whose gallantry was not extinguished by his age, which exceeded ninety; she was one of the first to be struck in conversation with the amazing abilities of the conceited Lord Erskine; the veteran Lord Bathurst lent her his collection of the original letters of Swift, Pope, Bolingbroke and Queen Mary, and Leonidas Glover sung his ballad called Hosier's Ghost to her, when he was past the age of eighty; she played at children's games with Lord North, and had long and serious conversations with Burke. But this was near the close of that brilliant period; star after star was fast going down: Johnson soon died, and she heard all the discordant elements of biography, which gave battle to each other over his grave. Her own feelings also changed; she never had been fond of fashionable society, though circumstances had thrown her into the midst of it; the stage she had utterly renounced and condemned, though her second attempt was nearly as successful as the first; her conscience was always reproaching her with living only for self-gratification, and from this time she began to execute the purpose, which she had long deliberately formed,— that of devoting her time and means to useful and charitable actions, and her heart to religious duty.

About this time she removed to a small cottage near Bristol at a place called Cowslip-green, and visited London only at distant intervals. She kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Boscawen,

the lady mentioned with so much respect in Boswell's Johnson, and Mrs. Montague, who by reason of her large fortune and intelligent conversation was an acknowledged leader in the world of fashion and taste. She wrote often to Sir William Pepys, who, though letter-writing was not his forte, wrote her with great length and punctuality; and occasionally a missive from Horace Walpole pursued her into the shade. The public favor was so securely her own, that she felt no anxiety upon the subject; there is something surprising in the popularity of her early productions; doubtless they had great merit, but there was nothing in them which one would have thought could so fasten itself on the public taste, as to send every one of them through a long succession of editions. With this consciousness that she was approved by the wise, sought for by the great, and loved by the good, — with property enough in possession and in her power to secure a comfortable support, she began to give her mind wholly to religious subjects; and the chapter which commences in the history of her life is entirely new, and even more honorable to her than the last.

Her associates and correspondents were now in general of a graver cast; David Garrick was succeeded by John Newton, a man of great excellence and fervor, but somewhat too fond of describing himself as the old African slave. She did not wholly abandon London; she returned to it on occasional visits, and was received with the same warmth as ever: but at Cowslip-green her time was passed in pursuits both of a literary and religious character; her fine practical understanding prevented her from subsiding into a useless devotee, and her conscientiousness made her consult utility rather than profit and popularity in her writings. The subject of the slave-trade was then beginning to agitate the public mind, and Wilberforce was entering public life as the champion of this sacred cause; the opposition to reform was powerful, headed by such statesmen as Dundas, supported by philosophers like Monboddo, not to speak of popular writers like Boswell: the two great statesmen of the day were interested on the right side, though they would not make the question the chief object of their attention; but the amount of interest on the other side was so great as to make the result of the battle doubtful. Hannah More took the most anxious interest in these proceedings; wishing to do her part to exert favorable influences on the public mind, she wrote her poem called the Slave-trade. We do not know what

effect nor what amount of circulation it had, but we find it complimented by Warton, Horne, and the less poetical authority, Bishop Watson. Walpole laughed a little at her *blackmanity*, not being able to comprehend why she, who had no slaves, should be interested on one side or the other. As her writings were always popular, we may presume that she did her part in correcting the error of the public mind; but the question was soon decided, and the attention of all was drawn to the tempest which was rising in France. No one comprehended it, nor did any pretend to anticipate the result; the friends of liberty rejoiced to hear the breaking of chains; the advocates of the established order of things trembled to see how violently all things were shaken; probably there never was a time in history when the minds of men were so entirely unsettled; they knew not whether there was anything to hope for, nor how much there was to dread. Nothing but the unbounded confidence which was felt in the moral energy and statesmanlike resources of Pitt would have enabled England to 'weather the storm.'

Her station in society had given her an opportunity of seeing much of the fashionable and the great, and she was fully convinced that the whole spirit of social life, in the higher circles, was adverse to the cultivation of religious principle. Many practices tolerated in it seemed to her to indicate an entire disregard to religious considerations; such for example as Sunday concerts, the form of denying themselves by the words 'not at home,' and the prevailing want of sympathy with all those to whom they were bound to do good. Believing that some impression might be made, at least upon a few, she wrote her work called 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great,' and sent it without her name into the world, where it soon excited much attention. It was not difficult to trace the author; but many of those against whose practices it was aimed, and who had always considered themselves very tolerable christians, found it quite difficult to understand her drift. One of them told her, that he admired the institution which gave rest to those who labored; but that it could not be meant for people of fashion, since, as they did nothing on any day, it could not be necessary for them to give that one to rest. But though many could not comprehend it, it was read by all, and some received suggestions from it, which produced a change in their habits of life. Apart from its moral bearing, it was needed in another point of view; the spirit which went before the French revo-

lution was breaking up those associations, on which alone the noble depended for securing the prescriptive reverence they claimed; for a long time the feudal feelings had been declining; Lady Mary Montague in one of her letters complains bitterly of the manner in which rank had fallen in public estimation, even in her day; of course the natural tendency was to still greater decay. Obviously the only way to prevent this bad result was for the great to be made to feel their obligations to those beneath them, that love might extort concessions which never would be made to fear. Hannah More appeared to feel something of this necessity; while to most others it seemed necessary to do nothing, but suppress or tame down that fierce spirit which was rising against established institutions, merely because those who seemed most interested in those institutions were too proudly careless of them.

But to attempt under these circumstances to reform the great, though not easy to be accomplished, was too easy in the efforts required, to fill her high sense of duty. She had also found vices prevailing among the poor, many of which she thought were owing to their entire want of instruction. She determined to exert herself for their reform, as far as her influence extended; and as her sisters had now been able to give up their school, and to retire with an adequate support for the rest of their lives, her plan was, with their assistance, to educate the poor children of the neighboring villages. Her design was conceived with as much judgment as generosity; but it met with the most violent opposition, even from many of those who were to receive the benefit of her gratuitous services. We are not surprised at this, considering the alarming state of the nation at that time, when Pitt, like Sisyphus, was staggering under the stone, which required but little additional weight to make it crush him; education was then, as it is now, spoken of as if it included the cultivation of the intellect alone; and there were many, who doubted whether intellectual improvement alone would be a remedy for all the disorders of the social system. Education in its wide sense, that is, its true sense, is no doubt the power by which society is to be raised, and at the same time quieted, and secured; but to suppose that a knowledge of a few sciences will produce this great result, or necessarily lead to it, is almost too absurd to be denied; and yet, when education is understood in this limited sense by those who advocate, and those who oppose it, it is not sur-

prising if it should have seemed to many a dangerous experiment upon the public mind. But Hannah More was no visionary; to make the subjects of instruction wiser and better was, in her opinion, what education was bound to do; she did not believe it was possible to make them better, without making them wiser; but she knew that they might be made wise for evil as well as for good, and therefore directed all her efforts to the moral and religious improvement of the children.

She selected Cheddar, a romantic village ten miles from Cowslip-green, as the scene of her first experiment. The first person to be propitiated, for she was obliged to solicit permission to do this favor, was a rich farmer, whom she was able to conciliate only by flattery and attention. The vicar of this place lived at the University of Oxford, and the curate at a place twelve miles distant; in this hopeful region she commenced her enterprise, by hiring a house and a mistress at her own expense; though the parents were suspicious, the children came in, and the prospect of success was encouraging. Though formerly, when divine service was performed there once in the sabbath, eight was considered a sufficient audience in the morning, and twenty in the afternoon, when they had carried on their school for a year, it was attended by two hundred old people, and as many children. The success which they met with here encouraged them to extend their operations, and in a short time they had twelve hundred children under their care. Their own resources were not equal to all these demands; but they were sustained by generous friends, like Wilberforce, who stood ready to supply whatever was wanting. Considering that some of the villages were inhabited by miners, so rude and ferocious that officers of justice dared not venture among them, and that such persons were distrustful of an enterprise which they could not understand, their success might appear surprising, if there were not a thousand examples to show what kind and cheerful views of religion, a spirit of disinterested regard for others, and a heart engaged in its object, are able to do.

But as the fears excited by the French revolution prevailed more extensively in England, and found support in the approbation of revolutionary principles, which was openly expressed by a large party in that country, the attention of alarmists began to turn with apprehension to examine every thing that was new; among others, her schools became suspected; they were

institutions which had grown up at about the same time with the new political system; they were not in the books; no one could suppose, that anything less than a deep political design was the inspiring cause of so much effort and self-devotion. At first the chief difficulty had been with the young converts; when the subject of religion was first embraced by their minds, they were anxious to distinguish themselves by doing some great thing. Her thorough good sense had always recognised the truth, that holiness of life was the only sure test of the religious character, and she was obliged to labor unceasingly, to prevent the ardor of her converts from spending itself on lighter matters of the law; beside this, she felt the absolute necessity of their seeing not merely the truth, but seeing it in its proper light; since those to whom it appeared in a gloomy, unsocial and forbidding aspect, were strangers to its spirit, though they might know its letter by heart. These difficulties were however surmounted, since it depended on her own efforts to subdue them; but after a time, a storm of popular prejudice was excited against her, which had almost broken up her institutions, and had such an effect on her health, which was never firm, that it came near bringing her to the grave. It originated, probably, in some feeling of personal illwill. The curate of Blagdon, the parish in which Cowslip-green was situated, requested her to establish one of her schools there, and for several years expressed himself delighted with its effect; but all at once he turned against her, accused her of being hostile to Church and State, and, as such a panic was then easily spread, he raised an outcry, which for a time beat from all quarters in a perfect storm. The charges against her show what kinds of transgressions were magnified into atrocious crimes by the feverish state of popular feeling. One charge was, that of Calvinism, — an enormous offence, of which, however, if her own words may be trusted, she was not guilty. 'As a party matter,' she says, 'I never write nor talk about doctrines, thinking that it makes our tempers sour and unprofitable. The doctrines peculiar to Calvinism I do not adopt, though I much reverence many good men who maintain them.' The other offence alleged, was that of occasionally permitting extemporary prayer in her schools; it appeared that one or two zealous teachers had made a prayer of this description, without any idea of shaking the foundations of Church and State; but the matter was amended as soon as known, and it was understood, that if they had no book they should never pray again.

At the time when the English nation was in its highest state of excitement, and before the excesses of the French revolution had alarmed its early friends, the spirit of opposition to established institutions was extending itself so rapidly, that even the pilot who weathered the storm, seemed likely to be overborne by a mutinous crew. The friends of Hannah More, knowing her power of adaptation to all to whom she wished to address herself, believed that the same tact which had made her exert a happy influence on persons of rank, would enable her to do much to calm the agitated minds of the poor. It is no easy matter to persuade men to submit to evils, when they think that they have it in their power to redress them; and yet it is certain, that premature attempts at reform often add years to the duration of the evil which they are intended to remove. It was well for England, that the popular movement, then beginning, was stayed and suspended, since by waiting the time she has gained the benefit of that experience, which France was compelled to buy with a prodigal expense of blood; now established institutions are so far undermined, that their friends are obliged to hold them up; in that day, they were so firm that their opposers would have been compelled to struggle hard to pull them down, and had they succeeded, they might themselves have been crushed under their fall. After resisting much urgency from her friends, Hannah More wrote her Village Politics, as a hasty experiment, and published it without her name; it had a most rapid and perfect success; being adapted in manner and spirit to the poor, it made a deep impression upon that class; and the higher orders, who by no means felt safe in the possession of their titles or fortunes, exerted themselves to spread it throughout the kingdom. Finding that this new field of enterprise was opened, she wrote the tracts which compose her Cheap Repository; every one has heard of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain; and such publications took a hold upon the minds of the people, which no doubt had great effect in reconciling them to a state which was certainly hard, but could only be made worse by hasty attempts to alter. The arguments which they contained in favor of contentment did something; but we doubt not that these tracts did much more, by turning the minds of the poor into new directions. Reading was not common among them as it is now; and tracts, especially tracts adapted to their

habits of thought, were almost unknown before; probably the strong religious feeling which these publications inspired, was the most efficient agent in calming that deep excitement, which threatened to make all things level, by raising the valley and bringing the mountain low.

We do not intend to follow her through the history of her life, which was prolonged for many years, in which she suffered much from sickness and loss of friends; but they were nevertheless as happy as the respect and affection of others, the consciousness of doing good and a firm religious trust could make them. Her later works were of a religious cast; not addressed to particular classes like the others, and therefore less successful; since it was in this adaptation to those whom she wished to influence that her strength lay. But they do great honor both to her mind and heart. In sentiment, still more in style, they are not always judicious, but generally they display the marks of a strong, ready, and discriminating hand; no fault can be found with their spirit, for though men of the world charged her with excessive rigor, it would not be easy to show in what particular she transcended the great rule which all profess to follow, nor did she ever prescribe a rule for others which she did not herself observe. Her charity was most exemplary; throughout her writings we find a strong attachment to her own opinions indeed, such as belongs to an independent mind; but notwithstanding this strength of conviction, or possibly in consequence of this strength of conviction, she gave others full credit for equal sincerity, and never suffered her good feeling to other sects or individuals to be influenced by difference of opinion. Every day she read in Catholic books of devotion, and never suffered her regret for their errors to blind her to their fervent spirit; in one instance she was attacked by a Catholic priest, for an unguarded expression in one of her books which seemed to him uncharitable; but the correspondence between them on the occasion, shows at once that she was not the party to whom that word would most fitly apply. She kept up a familiar intercourse with the Unitarian Mrs. Barbauld; nor did either feel the less admiration for the talents and virtues of the other, because they were separated by the lines of religious party. In short, though we are far from agreeing with her in all her views, we know not where there is to be found a more exemplary, consistent and engaging manifestation of the religious spirit, than her

life and writings display. It required moral courage in one who was caressed and flattered by the great, to hazard her popularity by telling unwelcome truths; it required something still better than courage to enable her to face the opposition and ingratitude of the poor; but, in all the relations of life, she seems to have been governed by a cheerful sense of duty, and the same strong principle was the animating spirit of her writings.

It was this singleness of heart, — this warm and generous sympathy with her race, which constituted the great attraction of her works. Her mind, though active and powerful, was not of the first order: she often took miniature views of great subjects, — correct enough as far as they went, but not sufficiently enlarged. There is often more regard to the point of the sentence than to the scope of the argument, and an epigrammatical way of setting down her reflections, which was unfavorable to logical deductions. The very circumstance that her works were so successful, every one of them passing through many editions, would create a suspicion that they were of a fashion which passes away. And this is true of them; they are now not generally read, — and they will excite less and less interest in future years. Being meant, and wonderfully suited for a given time, they are not of the kind which are suited to all times; they may be forgotten, but she will always retain a high traditional fame as one who exerted a considerable influence upon her own age, and that the age of Goldsmith, Burke and Johnson. Of all her efforts Cœlebs was the least successful; not because it wants merit, but because it was founded in the mistake of supposing that she could exert herself to more advantage by assuming a popular disguise. She should have considered that the religious teacher, while he gains nothing by assuming the dress and bearing of a man of the world, will lose the respect which he had power to command when in his proper station; we believe that she was sensible that the attempt was not happy, though the sale of the work was rapid and extensive; some of her friends begged her to repeat the experiment, but she would not be persuaded. But the abatements to be made in her reputation are but few and small, and the severest criticism must allow her enough for substantial and enviable fame.

Hannah More died in September of the last year, at the age of eighty-eight. Several years before her death she was

obliged to quit Barey Woods, the place which she had formed after her own taste, and in which she hoped to die, in consequence of the bad conduct of her servants, who had taken advantage of her great indulgence. But her sisters were dead; she herself was waiting to follow, and it was of little importance to her where she passed the remaining hours of her closing day. Her powers of body and mind failed after that time, but not so rapidly as might have been expected from a constitution which had never been strong, and was then undermined by sickness added to the infirmity of age. Her disposition was cheerful and even playful to the very last; we mean the last period of her conscious existence; for she was brought by successive stages of decline to such a state of helplessness, that her mind almost failed her for a year before her death. Her death was a gentle and willing separation from the living; when she retired to rest her work was done; how well done the world has testified by a verdict, which we may hope will be affirmed on high.

ART. X.—*Character of Jefferson.*

1. *Remarks on Article IX. in the Eighty-Fourth Number of the North American Review, [July, 1834.] entitled Origin and Character of the Old Parties.* 8vo. pp. 39. Boston. 1834.

2. *Life of Thomas Jefferson, with Selections from the most valuable Portions of his Private Correspondence.* By B. L. RAYNER. 12mo. pp. 431. Boston. 1834.

THE first of these writings is intended as a reply to the article on the origin and character of the old political parties, which appeared in the July number of this journal. It is anonymous and carries with it no distinct internal evidence of its origin, but is understood to proceed from the author of the work, entitled Familiar Letters on Public Characters and Events, which formed one of the immediate subjects of that article.

The second of the works now before us is an unpretending but judicious and entertaining Life of Mr. Jefferson, including

some of the most interesting and valuable of his letters. It is written in a favorable though not extravagantly eulogistic strain. We venture to recommend it to the perusal of those who may not have an easy access to the larger works on the subject, and may wish to obtain a different view of Mr. Jefferson's character, from that which has been handed down by tradition from his political opponents, or is recorded in the party pamphlets and journals of his day.

The Remarks on our preceding article, to which we now propose to invite the reader's attention, possess no great intrinsic value of any kind. They are a desultory, hasty, and both in style and substance quite incorrect series of notes upon our former lucubrations. They are in themselves, perhaps, not entitled to notice. But we have thought that for this very reason it might be useful to bring them under review. As the question has been started, it is of some importance to show upon how slight a texture of fact and argument party-spirit has founded its indictment against the fair fame of one of our great public benefactors, — one of the lights of the country and age in which he flourished. In speaking with plainness of the contents of the pamphlet, and in connexion with them of the Familiar Letters, it is not our intention to attribute to the author, — nor did we attribute to him in our former notice of his labors, — any worse motive than that of party-spirit. His pamphlet, like his book, is written in the temper of the publications of the period of the war and the Hartford Convention. He was himself a conspicuous actor in the controversies of that time, and has evidently lost nothing of the zeal with which he then espoused the doctrines, the feelings, the friendships, and the enmities of the party with which he was associated. We are willing to believe that he was then, and is now, entirely honest in his belief, although we cannot but regret that he should have deemed it expedient to envenom our existing political disputes, — already sufficiently acrimonious, — by a renewal of past quarrels, which an obvious policy, as well as the natural promptings of good feeling, should have induced him, as far as lay in his power, to bury in oblivion. As the attempt has been made, we consider it desirable that it should be in this quarter followed by demonstrations of a different kind, tending to show that whatever may be the feelings of individuals, there is no general disposition, especially

among the active portion of the present generation, and the younger class who are to constitute the next, to violate the amnesty which was solemnly sworn to, over the open sepulchres of our great revolutionary fathers ; — no disposition to build up the brazen wall of mutual hatred, which at one time separated New-England from the rest of the confederacy.

Why, indeed, should there be any such disposition in the young and active men of the present generation? Why should any son of New-England desire to alienate the land of his birth and abode from all community of interest, — all sympathy of feeling with the other states ? Policy, — patriotism,— every consideration of an elevated character forbids the thought. Even party and personal motives, — so far as they result from the present situation of the country, — combine with those of a higher character to suggest a different course.

The author of the Remarks commences with a handsome complimentary notice of the general character of this journal, which he qualifies by the observation, that equal commendation cannot be given to all the articles, and that in the one on the Parties, the Review has ' obviously separated from the course which it ought to pursue.' He has ' no doubt that a large proportion of those who have read this article, condemn it.' While we express our gratitude to this writer, for his favorable estimate of the value of our usual labors, and cheerfully assent to the justice of the remark, that all the articles we publish are not entitled to equal commendation, we must beg leave to differ from him, as to the assertion that a large proportion of those who have read the article in question condemn it. At the time of its appearance the article attracted more than ordinary attention, and was noticed at considerable length in various newspapers in the different parts of the Union. With the exception of some communications which appeared in a daily journal of this city, and of which the source was perhaps not very remote from that of the remarks under review, these notices were uniformly favorable ; many of them warmly and emphatically so. Some recommended a republication of the article in a pamphlet form. The last survivor of the illustrious band of revolutionary patriots and statesmen, — the venerable Madison, — gave his approbation to the views taken in it. Various other persons of high respectability and of different political opinions, honored us with letters expressing their concurrence. Within the limited sphere of our personal observation, we found the

impression made by it decidedly agreeable, and had the satisfaction of hearing, especially from the younger portion of the public, frequent congratulations on its publication. We mention these facts, not from any vanity of authorship in regard to the article. We are well aware, that the merit of it, whatever it may be, lies entirely in the correctness of the sentiments, and that in other and abler hands, they would have assumed a far more plausible and attractive shape. But we mention them as evidences of what we believe to be true, that the general strain of the argument accorded with the public feeling. Even our author, although we ventured to differ from him as to the character of Mr. Jefferson, has no right, we think, to feel any personal dissatisfaction with the tone of our remarks. We treated him with uniform courtesy, and while we pointed out what we considered defects in his book, we gave it all the commendation to which it is fairly entitled, as an entertaining, and in some parts curious and valuable commentary on public events and characters.

The view taken of the character of Mr. Jefferson in the Familiar Letters, though no doubt very honestly entertained by the author, is the one which a warm partisan, as such, always takes of his opponent, whatever may be the subject in controversy. In the remarks made upon it in our preceding article, we merely applied to the case in question, the general principles which the philosophic historian habitually applies to all cases of a similar description, and by which the citizen of plain good sense and correct feeling governs himself in the ordinary intercourse of life. We succinctly recapitulated the origin and character of the great division of opinion, which has agitated the Christian world for three centuries, and which came to a crisis at the close of the last. We described the various communities of Europe and America, as all broken up into two internal parties, arrayed respectively under the banners of Liberty and Law. We stated that in this country, Mr. Jefferson was considered by the people as the leading representative and champion of the former party, as Fox was at the same time in England, and La Fayette in France. We said that these parties were composed like others of mixed materials: — that of the members of both, some acted on pure principles and patriotic feelings, and some from interested motives, while the mass were influenced by accidental circumstances over which they had little control.' In conclusion we

expressed the opinion that 'taking the parties throughout, the proportion of the different sorts of ingredients was nearly the same in both, although each, in the section where it greatly predominated, naturally included a larger share of the intelligence, property, and influence of the community.'

In all this there was no pretension to novelty, nor did we consider ourselves as advancing any statement of fact or opinion in the least degree doubtful. Plain and obvious as our remarks were, they nevertheless appeared to us decisive of the question at issue. There may have been and doubtless were, in both these parties, as they existed in this and in every other country, good and bad men. If it can be shown that Mr. Jefferson, or any other person engaged in these controversies, attached himself to the party with which he acted from corrupt motives, or supported it by corrupt means, he must be regarded as belonging to the latter class: but this is not the form in which the question is presented. To the author of the Familiar Letters, Mr. Jefferson is obnoxious simply as a political character. It is not from any direct evidence or argument bearing on his personal qualities and conduct, but because he professed certain political opinions, and adopted or supported certain political measures, that his motives are questioned. But opinions and measures, the same in substance which rendered him obnoxious to his opponents, were at the same time professed and supported by a vast majority of the people in this, and other countries, including a fair proportion of the highest, best, and wisest men. If it was a crime in Mr. Jefferson to espouse the liberal in opposition to the conservative party, it was also a crime in La Fayette and Madame de Stael, — in Fox and Mackintosh, — in Franklin and Madison,—in the Emperor Alexander. The argument, in short, by proving, if it prove anything, a great deal too much, proves nothing at all. The political course of Mr. Jefferson, instead of showing that he was governed by questionable motives, exhibits him simply as one of the leading actors in the great movement of the time, wherein our country has taken so conspicuous a part, and which, in its principal particulars, has received throughout the strong approbation and enthusiastic sympathy of the American people. That Mr. Jefferson's political course was of this description, does not necessarily prove that he was personally an upright and honest man; but if the contrary be asserted, it must be shown by sufficient evidence. No attempt of this

kind is made by the author of the Familiar Letters. He rests his case on political grounds alone; his argument therefore fails entirely.

While by these obvious, and at the same time, as we consider them, decisive considerations, we endeavored to rescue the reputation of one of our most distinguished revolutionary patriots from unmerited obloquy, we were careful not to run into an error similar to the one which we were exposing in regard to his political opponents. Had we been writing under the influence of party-spirit, as it prevailed at the time among the opponents of Hamilton, we should have described him as a reckless and ambitious military chieftain, bent on the attainment of power by whatever means. Such was the light in which he appeared to the mere partisans in the ranks of his opponents. Instead of representing him under this point of view, we held up him and his friends, as adherents and partisans of the other leading principle of Law, — as members of the great legitimate or conservative party of Christendom, — individually as honest, as able, as zealous as their opponents. Our author does us injustice, therefore, when he says that our article was an 'apology and vindication of one of the old parties and a condemnation of the other, with an affectation of candor and impartiality which will deceive no one.' The appearance of impartiality in the article will in fact deceive no one, because it corresponds with the substance. The view taken of the question was not affectedly or apparently, but really impartial, and has been so considered and spoken of in the various notices of it, that have appeared throughout the country. We challenge the author of the Remarks to point out a passage, or a word, in which we speak disparagingly of the party to which he belonged. We stated expressly, near the close of the article, as a summary of its contents, that the 'controversies of the last generation were such as might fairly and naturally exist among honest, intelligent and high-minded men;' — we recognised as belonging to that class 'the prominent individuals of the two principal shades of opinion, the Jeffersons, Madisons, Pinkneys, Clays and Wirts, on the one hand, and the Hamiltons, Parsonses, Ameses, Cabots and Otises on the other.' We described the case as 'one of those which so often occur when the best and wisest men in the community, among whom,' as we remarked, 'the persons just mentioned must undoubtedly be ranked, happen from varieties of temperament or accidental

position, to take opposite views of the great political questions, which engage for the time the public attention.' We extended to the author of the Letters the benefit of the same charitable construction, which we had given to the conduct of the two parties, and although we regarded his book, in its bearing on Mr. Jefferson, as an ill-timed, and injudicious effort to depreciate the character of a distinguished public benefactor, we attributed and still attribute the writing of it to no worse motive than party-spirit. All this does not satisfy him. To award an equal proportion of talent and honesty to the two parties is not impartiality: it is a mere deceptive affectation of it. A real impartiality would consist in assigning to him and his political friends of the past generation, all the honesty, all the learning, and 'all the talents.' The French lady, who described herself as always in the right, — *il n'y a que moi qui ai toujours raison*, — thought herself, no doubt, the most impartial person in the world.

The considerations, by which we endeavored in our preceding article to rescue the reputation of Mr. Jefferson from the charges which the author of the Familiar Letters has lately revived, were, as we have said before, at once obvious and decisive. The author of the Remarks seems rather at a loss how to deal with them. His first feeling is to dispute the whole ground: — he is half-inclined to deny that there is any such division of opinion throughout Christendom, as we have described; — that the troubles of the present time have any connexion with the events that preceded them; — that *legitimacy* has anything to do with *law*. After pursuing for some time this line of argument, he is led by the force of truth into an admission of our principle in nearly the same words in which we had expressed it, thus giving up the question at issue, and leaving the character of Mr. Jefferson upon the impregnable ground on which our argument, placed it. Having done this, he proceeds, in the next page, apparently without any consciousness of the effect of his admissions, to renew the attack in detail, and through the rest of the pamphlet enlarges on various points in the character and measures of that statesman, which he deems objectionable. In replying to his Remarks upon our preceding article, we shall first notice some of the points in which he has misapprehended what we said before, and shall then advert particularly to the new attack which he has made, on the present occasion, upon the reputation of the author of the Declaration of Independence.

The first movement of the author of the Remarks seems to have been, as we have said, to dispute the whole ground we had taken, to deny the reality of any such struggle between the friends of reform, and of existing institutions, or, in other words, of Liberty and Law, as we had described, and to contest the correctness of our historical deduction of its origin. His observations to this effect are not fitted to give a very exact idea of what we had said on the subject, and require some correction even on the score of historical accuracy.

We had summarily stated, for example, 'that the symptoms of the approach of the struggle just alluded to, might be seen in the Jack Cade rebellion in England, and that of the *Jacquerie* in France; in the tumultuous wars of the Flemish cities against their feudal lords, of the Guelphs and Ghibelins in Italy, and of the Communeros in Spain.' In these commonplace phrases our author sees occasion for much doubt and comment. 'It is amusing,' he says, 'to find a writer of the present day referring to these facts, as proofs of progress in the science of government.' One would suppose from this remark that we had referred to the events in question as proofs of progress in science of government. Our readers will have seen from the passage just quoted, the only one in which we mention them, that this is not the case. We described them as 'symptoms of the approach of the struggle between the friends of reform and of existing institutions.' The peasantry were then throughout all Europe in personal bondage, as they are now in Russia, and many parts of Austria and Prussia. The brazen collar was riveted round their necks; the iron of slavery had entered into their souls; they were brutes in the shape of men. The Jack Cade rebellion and the *Jacquerie* were among the convulsive efforts in which, under the sting of some more than ordinary outrage, they rose upon their masters. They were of the nature of the servile wars in Rome, and of the late Southampton tragedy in Virginia. They were proofs not of progress in the science of government, but of the existence of oppression in its worst and most revolting form. But they were also *symptoms* of the approach of better things: they showed that man, even in his lowest state of degradation, still retains some traces of his nobler nature; they showed that the intolerable yoke of feudal oppression could not and would not be endured forever; that it must in the end be shaken off; as it was.

When M. de Voltaire wishes to refute a particular book, says Montesquieu, he writes another book and then refutes the book which he has himself written. This was natural enough in the Philosopher of Ferney, who thought more of effect than truth. But what, after all, does a writer gain by refuting himself instead of his opponent?

The comments of our author upon the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibelins in Italy, are curious.

'Of the Guelphs and Ghibelins of Italy, we have learned nothing from history, but that two noble families of Rome or its neighborhood carried on a most bloody and ferocious war for about three centuries, on one side of which, about the middle of the 12th century, the Ghibelins had the support of the Emperor of Germany, and the Guelphs that of the Pope. These wars were carried on long after the original cause of the quarrel was forgotten, which, as we have somewhere read or heard, was the right of property in, or some damage done to a greyhound, but we will not be positive on this point of history.'

This, then, is all that our author has learned from history of the noble struggle for the emancipation of Italy from the yoke of the foreign barbarian, (as the dwellers north of the Alps are there proudly called,) which engrossed the attention and occupies the annals of Europe for three centuries. Lord Byron understood the matter differently when he gave us in the fourth Canto of Childe Harold, his splendid imitation of the celebrated Sonnet of Filicaja.

'Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely, or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back who press
To shed thy blood and drink the tears of thy distress.

Then might'st thou more appal, or less desired,
Be homely and be peaceful, undeplored
For thy destructive charms; then still untired
Would not be seen the armed torrents poured
Down the deep Alps; nor would the hostile horde

Of many-nationed spoilers from the Po
Quaff blood and water : nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so
Victor or vanquished thou the slave of friend or foe.'

Of these 'annals, graved in characters of flame ;' — of these 'armed torrents pouring down the deep Alps ;' — of these 'hostile hordes of many-nationed spoilers, quaffing blood and water from the Po ;' — of the whole glorious and fearful tragedy that crowds the volumes of Guicciardini, Machiavelli and Sismondi ; — of the grand array of characters that still breathe and burn in the sombre portrait-gallery of Dante ; — of all this the author of the Remarks, has, it seems, learned nothing from history. The affair, as he has read or heard, resolves itself into a dispute between two noble families in Rome about a greyhound.

It was a remark of Dr. Johnson upon the controversy between Milton and Salmasius, that when political subjects fall into the hands of grammarians, the rights of nations degenerate into questions of syntax. If we were to judge from his observations upon this subject of the nature of our author's studies, we should be tempted to conclude that the Sporting Magazine was a greater favorite with him than the Historical Class Book.

'As to the *Communeros* of Spain, we confess our ignorance ; we never heard of them before.' ! ! !

It was thought by Cicero somewhat discreditable to a Roman lawyer of eminence, that he was not thoroughly conversant in his own professional science. *Turpe est patricio et nobili et causas oranti jus in quo versaretur ignorare.* Is it quite natural in our author to admit, and with apparent complacency, that he 'never heard' of one of the most important, and at the same time most familiar events in modern history ? Did he never read Robertson's Charles V.? The first thirty pages of the third book of that work are devoted to the war of the Commoners. That the author of the Remarks is in fact, as he says, entirely unacquainted with even the very slight and summary sketch there given of the events in question, however singular it may be, is yet so far honorable to him as it serves to account in some degree for the manner in which he speaks of them.

'As to the *Communeros* of Spain we confess our ignorance : we never heard of them before. But we will *venture to guess*

that it was some sort of *Jacquerie* or Jack Cade insurrection, from the little we do know of Spanish history, of the age supposed to be alluded to.'

If we could suppose our author to have known much at the time of the events of which he was speaking, he could hardly be acquitted of offences, less venial than the mere want of historical learning. The war of the Commoners of Spain, as every reader moderately versed in history is of course aware, was one of the noblest struggles for constitutional liberty which have ever occurred in modern Europe. The failure of it was the real cause of the decline of Spain; as the success of the similar struggle that took place a century later in England, and ended in the establishment of the existing constitution in 1688, was the real cause of the subsequent greatness and glory of our parent-country. The names of the leader of the Commoners, Don Juan de Padilla, and his lady Donna Maria Pacheco, who also took a conspicuous part in the war, are among the most illustrious on record. Of the latter a distinguished Spanish writer remarks with the enthusiastic gallantry of his nation, that it would be necessary to invent a new language, in order to express half her merits. The Spanish Commoners had drawn up, with the intention of presenting it to their King Charles V. for his signature, a constitutional charter, the substance of which may be found in Robertson. It is in every way much superior to the far-famed English *Magna Charta*, which excites to so high a degree, and not without some reason, our author's enthusiasm. It provides among other things, that in all future meetings of the Cortes, each city shall send one representative of the clergy, one of the gentry, and one of the commons, each to be elected by his own order; that the crown shall not influence or direct any city, with regard to the choice of its representatives; that no member of the Cortes shall receive an office or pension, under pain of death, and confiscation of his goods; that each city or community shall pay a competent salary to its representatives, for their maintenance during their attendance on the Cortes; that the Cortes shall assemble once in three years at least, *whether summoned by the King or not*, and shall then inquire into the observation of the articles now agreed upon, and deliberate concerning public affairs; that judges shall have fixed salaries assigned them, and shall not receive any share of the fines and forfeitures of the persons condemned by them; that no grant of the goods of persons shall be valid, if given before sentence was pronounced against them; that all privi-

leges which the nobles have at any time obtained to the prejudice of the commons, shall be revoked; that the government of cities and towns shall not be put into the hands of the nobles; that the land of the nobles shall be subject to all public taxes in the same manner with those of the commons.

'Such,' says Robertson, after citing these and a number of other no less judicious and important provisions, 'such were the chief articles presented by the Junta to their Sovereign. As the feudal institutions in the several kingdoms of Europe were originally the same, the genius of those governments which arose from them bore a strong resemblance to each other, and the regulations which the Castilians attempted to establish on this occasion, differ little from those which other nations labored to preserve in their subjects. The grievances complained of and the remedies proposed by the English Commons, in their contest with the princes of the House of Stuart, particularly resemble those upon which the Junta now insisted. But the Spaniards had already acquired ideas of their own liberty and independence, had formed bold and generous sentiments concerning government, and discovered an extent of political knowledge, to which the English did not attain till more than a century afterwards.'

We cannot, of course, go into this subject. The policy and foreign troops of Charles prevailed over the noble, but in some degree, undisciplined enthusiasm of the Commoners. Padilla fell a victim to the cause; his letters to his wife and to his native city of Toledo, written on the day of his death, and which are given in Robertson, breathe a truly heroic spirit in strains of manly and touching eloquence. The latter seems to have suggested to the poet Moore the idea of his beautiful song, supposed to be addressed by a martyr in the cause of Irish liberty to his country.* When the generous soul of Padilla

* The letter of Padilla to his wife is as follows: — 'Señora: — If your grief did not afflict me more than my own death, I should deem myself perfectly happy. For the end of life being certain to all men, the Almighty confers a mark of distinguishing favor upon that person for whom he appoints a death such as mine, which, though lamented by many, is nevertheless acceptable unto him. It would require more time than I now have, to write anything that could afford you consolation. That my enemies will not grant me, nor do I wish to delay the reception of that crown which I hope to enjoy. You may bewail your loss, but not my death, which, being so honorable, ought not to be lamented by any. My soul, for nothing else is left me, I bequeath to you. You will receive it as the thing in this world which you valued most. I do not write to my father, Pero Lopez, because I dare not,

took flight to a better world, the good genius of the Spanish Peninsula abandoned his charge. Under the unlimited despotism that prevailed ever afterwards, the country lost in rapid succes-

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for though I have shown myself to be his son, in daring to lose my life, I have not been the heir of his good fortune. I will not attempt to say anything more, that I may not tire the executioner who waits for me, and that I may not excite a suspicion, that in order to prolong my life, I lengthened out my letter. My servant Sossa, an eye-witness, and to whom I have communicated my most secret thoughts, will inform you of what I cannot now write; and thus I rest, expecting the instrument of your grief and of my deliverance.'

The following is the letter to the city of Toledo. 'To thee, the crown of Spain and light of the world, — free from the time of the mighty Goths, — to thee, who by shedding the blood of strangers as well as thy own blood, hast recovered liberty for thyself and thy neighboring cities, thy legitimate son, Juan de Padilla, gives information how, by the blood of his body, thy ancient victories are to be refreshed. If fate hath not permitted my actions to be placed among your successful and celebrated exploits, the fault hath been in my ill fortune, not in my good will. This I request of thee as of a mother to accept, since God hath given me nothing more to lose for thy sake, than that which I am now to relinquish. I am more solicitous about thy good opinion than about my own life. The shiftings of fortune which never stand still are many. *But this I see with infinite consolation, that I, the least of thy children, suffer death for thee:* and that thou hast nursed at thy breast such as may take vengeance for my wrongs. Many tongues will relate the manner of my death, of which I am still ignorant, though I know it to be near. My end will testify what was my desire. My soul I commend to thee as to the patroness of Christianity. Of my body I say nothing, for it is not mine. I can write nothing more, for at this very moment I feel the knife at my throat with greater dread of thy displeasure, than apprehension of my own pains.'

At the time when this letter was written, Toledo was in possession of the Commoners under the command of the wife of Padilla, who held it for several months after her husband's death. When she found further resistance hopeless she escaped in disguise into Portugal, which was the seat of her family. The poem of Moore alluded to in the text is as follows; the close is evidently taken from the passage printed in italics, which probably suggested the whole.

'When he who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his faults and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep, as they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love, —
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.'

sion her political and military power, her literary glory, her population, her wealth, and finally her colonies, until she had gradually sunk into the state of hopeless and helpless imbecility in which we have lately seen her, and from which she is now attempting to recover. The reader will find in Robertson, or any other good history of Spain, the details of this eventful, spirit-stirring, and in the close mournful story. The whole affair is, it seems, entirely unknown to our author; and it is well, as we have said, for his reputation, that it is so. The terms in which he has spoken of these generous, and at the same time most judicious efforts in the cause of constitutional liberty, these splendid examples of individual heroism, would otherwise do but little honor to his own heart.

After the remarks to which we have now alluded upon the Jack Cade rebellion, the Guelphs and the Ghibelins, and the Spanish Communeros, our author takes up the subject more at large, and gives us in ten pages a summary of universal history, 'from the earliest period' to the fall of Napoleon. The object seems to be to contest the correctness of our statement, in regard to the connexion between the great political divisions of the present age, and the events of the three preceding centuries. We had remarked in a few brief sentences, that the reformation, the British revolution of the seventeenth century, and our own revolution were so many successive developments in various forms, of substantially the same spirit, which produced the political agitations of the last half century in France, and throughout Europe. The bearing of this argument upon the view taken by our author, of the character of Mr. Jefferson, is apparent. The reformation, the British revolution, and our own, are all regarded with favor, by the great majority of the people of the United States. If the French revolution was only another development of the same principles; if it was, in fact, as it is generally considered, an immediate consequence and result of ours, it follows, of course, that it is not an unpardonable sin, in Mr. Jefferson, to have sympathized with the persons and parties, that were engaged in it, so far as they kept themselves within the limits of humanity and justice. In order to avoid this consequence, and to show that Mr. Jefferson must, necessarily, be a very suspicious character, because he looked with an eye of favor upon La Fayette and Madame de Stael, our author is compelled to, and actually does deny, that there was any

connexion between the French and American revolutions, or between our revolution and that of England in the seventeenth century, or between the latter and the Protestant reformation. The notion of the gradual elevation of the mass of the population throughout Europe, from the state of personal slavery to which they were reduced in the middle ages, to that of personal, political, and intellectual liberty, to which they are now tending, and have in part attained; — this notion, we say, which is commonly received, as the most valuable and interesting result, to us at least, of our historical studies, is a mere chimera. No such progress has in fact taken place. The great events of the last three or four centuries, have no more connexion with each other, or with those of the present time, than with the Trojan war. Each is entirely distinct from the rest, and has a character of its own. The reformation, the British revolution, and ours, were just and beneficial movements, and the American people are right in approving them. The French revolution, on the contrary, was quite a different affair; the American people, including Mr. Jefferson, made a great mistake in approving it, and our author 'is sorry to find that any well-informed American considers it as an occurrence which a free republican nation ought to regard with satisfaction, as a kindred case.'

It is the less necessary to attempt a serious reply to this course of argument, since our author himself is finally led by the force of truth, as we shall presently see, to acquiesce in the view which we have taken of the subject; — to admit that there has been, for three or four centuries past, a steady and constantly progressive advance in political improvement, and that the efforts to promote this progress on the one hand, and to sustain established institutions against it on the other, are the real principles of the present political agitations. It may be sufficient, therefore, to observe here, in support of the view which we have taken, that it is one about which there is no dispute among tolerably intelligent men of whatever party. The strongest Conservatives and the warmest Whigs agree to it with equal readiness. Count de Maistre, Châteaubriand and Blackwood, concur with Constant, De Stael, and Mackintosh, in tracing the divisions of the present day, through their immediate antecedents in the American and British revolutions, up to their remote sources in the writings of Mon-

tesquieu and Locke, the preaching of Luther, and the increased wealth and intelligence of the body of the people.

Without attempting, therefore, to refute a train of argument, which our author himself is finally compelled to abandon, we shall merely glance at some of the singular paradoxes into which he has been led. Thus, we had remarked, that 'the British revolution was the first occasion on which the principle of reform, that had been so long at work, displayed itself in a great country in its proper shape, and that our own revolution was the next.' We regarded these as acknowledged facts. The author of the remarks is at some pains to make out the contrary. 'We think there is nothing new in the British revolution.' That is, we suppose, the constitution of human nature was the same in 1688, as it was at the time of the Trojan war, or as it is now. What then? Does our author suppose, that in representing the British revolution as the first in a particular sequence of events, we mean to affirm that the constitution of human nature was at that time regenerated? Because human nature is, and always will be, substantially what it always has been, does it follow that there can be no such thing as a sequence of events, succeeding and growing out of each other? Human nature was the same in the time of Cæsar, as in that of Scipio and Camillus. Does this prove, that the subjugation of Gaul and Britain were not events naturally growing in the order of cause and effect, out of the Punic wars, and the repulse of the Cimbri? Our author's assertion, admitting its truth, which nobody would of course think of contesting, has no bearing, whatever, upon the question.

Again; 'the British revolution,' says our author, 'was a mere confirmation of Magna Charta, though, on the whole, a much less important event, and, on the other hand, it has little or no resemblance to the American revolution.' Admitting this to be as true, as it evidently is incorrect, what would it prove? Is it supposed in the view we take of the subject, that the successive developments of the same great principles, — the successive steps in the same sequences of events, — must necessarily resemble each other in form? We have ourselves described the Reformation, and the tumultuous insurrections of the middle ages, as among the developments of the same principles, which afterwards produced the British and American revolutions. It is well known that the same principles may, and often do exhibit themselves under the most various and even opposite shapes. In order to place an event in a particu-

lar sequence, it is only necessary that it should belong there in the order of time, and of cause and effect. In its form it may, or may not, resemble the others of the same series.

Our author's assertion that the British revolution resembled the granting of *Magna Charta*, much more than it did the American revolution, would therefore, if true, be of no importance. The assertion itself, and especially the remark that the granting of *Magna Charta* was by much the more important measure of the two have, we think, but little plausibility. They are, in fact, among the most curious paradoxes which we recollect to have recently met with. Our author seems to have mistaken the purport of the observations of Sir James Mackintosh upon *Magna Charta*. Sir James speaks of it as a record of principles. Considered under this point of view, it deserves all the commendation he bestows upon it. As a political measure, the granting of it was of little or no importance. It hardly exercised a momentary influence upon the state of the country. It left things exactly where it found them; and so far was it from furnishing any real assurance of better political institutions, that the troubles out of which it grew, were followed by the almost unlimited despotism of the Tudors and the Stuarts. It was not till the effort to obtain religious freedom had directed the attention of the whole people to their personal rights, that the movement began, which ended in the secure establishment of those rights at the revolution of 1688. The Puritans commenced this movement, and it is therefore to them, as Hume himself, — no friend of Puritanism, or of liberty, — very correctly remarks, that England is indebted for all her political liberty. Even as a record of principles, *Magna Charta*, however valuable considering its date,—and we are in no way disposed to underrate it, — bears no comparison with the great acts of 1688, or with the Charter of the Spanish Commoners, which our author never heard of. It was the act of the feudal aristocracy, and was intended as a proclamation of their rights, as against their feudal sovereign. It not only made no provision for the rights of the people, but it expressly recognised the mass of them as *villains*. It secured the *slave* in the possession of his *wagon*, the instrument with which he did the work of his master, and this our author very seriously cites as a proof that there is not one principle of English *liberty*, as established at the revolution, which is not expressed or implied in the Charter. But were it even as a declaration of

rights more complete than it is, the case would still be the same as to its importance, in comparison with the revolution of 1688. The great object with the people, is not to *declare* their rights, but to *secure* them. A declaration of rights, or any other written constitution or charter, is an article of easy manufacture. A sheepskin, or a few linen rags, with a drop of ink, a goose quill, half an hour's time, and a little common-place learning, will accomplish the purpose. To *secure* the rights so declared is another affair. Centuries of toil and effort, — rivers of blood and tears, — the heroic self-sacrifice of whole generations, — the loftiest talents, the noblest virtues, and in concurrence with these, the happiest fortune, have hitherto been found necessary for effecting this object. *Magna Charta* declared the rights of the barons, but left even them in practice exactly where it found them. The revolution *secured* the rights of the *people*. This is the precise difference between the operation of these two events, and if our author consider the former as the more important, we can only say that the result of his historical researches is very different from that of ours.

In farther illustration of his assertion, that the great events which preceded and prepared the French revolution were entirely disconnected with that and each other, our author is at some pains to show that the results of the British revolution of 1688, and of the American revolution, were entirely unlike. The substance of what he says is, that the former established a monarchical government, and the latter a republican one. This is little better than mere sophistry. The revolution of 1688, so far as it interfered with the monarchical department of the government, did not establish, but on the contrary subverted it. Its operation on the prerogative was to limit its extent, and it did this so effectually, that since that time the king has never ventured to negative a bill or to sustain a minister against a majority of the House of Commons. The difference between the results of the British and American revolutions was, that the latter did the same work thoroughly, which the former commenced and left half-done. According to the figurative language of Horne Tooke, the former stopped at Brentford, while the latter went all the way to Windsor. Were the view taken by our author a just one, our position would not be the less sound. We have not affirmed, that the events which prepared the French revolution were alike in form, but that they were successive developments of

the same great principles. That this was true of the British and American revolutions is so far from being doubtful, that in these cases the same principles were also professed and brought into action by the same men, that is, by the same class of men, we mean the Puritans. As the parent country is indebted, by the acknowledgment of Hume, for all its liberty to the Puritans who remained at home, — so we are indebted to those who emigrated for the establishment of our independence. The spirit that revolted at the pretensions of the British hierarchy, was the same which a century later spurned at the stamp-act and the tea-tax. This is all that we have said; whether the results of victory in the two struggles were precisely the same, is not to the point. It does however so happen in this instance, that the British and American revolutions bear in form precisely that relation to each other, which might be expected from successive developments of the same great principles, under the different circumstances of the two cases. A second effort, made with the consciousness of power acquired by a preceding triumph, and under other circumstances more favorable to free and untrammeled action, might naturally be expected, if successful, to produce results more complete, decisive, and thorough, though in a similar way. This is precisely what happened. The friends of liberty in England, hampered by existing institutions, and as yet hardly conscious themselves of what they wanted, were contented with half-way measures. Our fathers, enlightened and strengthened by the experience of two centuries of virtual independence and liberty, knew what they were really aiming at, and marched up boldly and resolutely to the mark. The former reduced the king to a mere machine; the latter removed him from the chess-board. That these were natural forms for the successive developments of the same principles under the different circumstances of the two cases, is quite too clear to require further argument.

When Homer in the Iliad intends to convey a grand idea of the movement of the Ruler of the ocean, he represents him as taking only four steps in his progress from the top of Olympus to his head-quarters. 'Three steps he took in his progress, and at the fourth he reached his journey's end.'

Τρὶς μὲν ὄρεξατ' ἰὼν τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἵκετο τεκμὼρ.

The genius of Reform (if we may be allowed, without offence to our author, who does not much relish personifications, although he has no distaste for personalities, to personify the

principles which for two or three centuries have been agitating the Christian world) the genius of Reform, in like manner, in his progress over Europe and America, took three giant steps before he fixed his foot at the fourth upon the firm foundation whence he was to shake the world. These three steps were the Reformation and the British and American revolutions. The French revolution was the fourth and last.

In this portion of his Remarks, it is the principal object of our author to decry the French revolution with the view of throwing odium on Mr. Jefferson, as one of its supposed admirers, and on us as his advocates. Our author can see nothing in the French revolution but its worst excesses. These are exhibited in beautiful array, as they are set forth in order in the chronological tables. The pleasing reminiscences of Robespierre, Marat and the rest of that amiable fraternity, are once more presented to us, and we are invited to see the public executioner fighting over again his battles with youth, beauty and innocence in the name of liberty. These horrors, we are told, are unlike any that were ever witnessed at any other time. 'They have no parallel in the history of the world.' But our author charitably supposes that they were regarded by Mr. Jefferson, and are now by ourselves, with unaffected satisfaction, as the last results of human perfectibility. The catalogue of odious and disgusting atrocities to which we have alluded, is given as 'a condensed view of the progress of the French revolution, which was so much an object of Mr. Jefferson's delight, and is, if we mistake not, complacently regarded by the Reviewer.' 'If the Reviewer sees in the French revolution wherewith to be proud of, and to foster his love of the human race, we cannot see with his eyes.' In the view of our author, the scene of the French revolution was the Place de Grève, — the guillotine its principal means of operation, and the executioner its hero. — Every one who sees anything to approve in it must of course have fallen in love with these delightful objects.

All this is at once incorrect and disingenuous. It is not true, in the first place, that the excesses of the French revolution have no parallel in the history of the world. They differ in no material respect from the similar excesses, that have at so many other periods disgraced the annals of Christendom. One of the most revolting of the revolutionary horrors, — we mean the opening of the royal sepulchres at St. Denis, — has been paralleled this very year, in our own neighborhood.

The victims of the reign of terror, though it lasted three or four years, are supposed to have been less numerous than those of the St. Bartholomew's day.

Again; the attempt to fasten on Mr. Jefferson, and the other friends of liberty, the responsibility for the excesses of the French revolution, is disingenuous. These excesses are not the revolution; they had no necessary connection with it. The revolution was a vast political movement, embracing most of the important transactions of the last fifty years, throughout Christendom. Its objects were the reform of abuses and the introduction of improved political institutions, in one word *Liberty*. These objects have been to a great extent effected in some of the most important countries of Europe and the world. Representative government, religious toleration, the liberty of the press, additional securities for personal rights have been established as results or under the influence of the French revolution, through the whole southern and western sections of Europe, in Spanish and Portuguese America, and even in Greece. The American people have always approved of these results, and sympathized in the movement that has produced them; Mr. Jefferson shared this feeling; we are free to confess that we share it ourselves. If it be treason to rejoice at the progress of representative government, religious freedom, and general education, and civilization, we must plead guilty, and as Patrick Henry said on another occasion, 'let them make the most of it.' This however is the French revolution, and for ourselves we 'see much in it (to use our author's rather homely language) *wherewith to be proud of* and to foster our love of the human race.'

The excesses of the French revolution are quite another affair. Nobody approves them; nobody ever dreamed of speaking of them in any other terms than those of horror and disgust; Mr. Jefferson detested them as much as our author. In our preceding article, we spoke of them as 'unpardonable excesses which none could lament and abhor more sincerely than ourselves.' Is it fair? Is it ingenuous? Is it just to endeavor to fasten upon Mr. Jefferson, or upon us, the responsibility for these excesses, because we approve the objects and the results of the French revolution, so far as it was kept within the limits of humanity and justice? Does it in good earnest necessarily follow that representative government is a bad thing, because Robespierre, and Fouquier Tinville were bad men? Is the general diffu-

sion of knowledge to be deprecated, because a horde of ignorant ruffians who were what they were chiefly from the want of this general diffusion of knowledge, perpetrated, when in power, the outrages which ignorant ruffians in power may be expected to perpetrate? Do the Inquisition, or the St. Bartholomew's Day, prove anything against the truth or value of religion? Common sense revolts at this line of argument, which our author is now, after a silence of twenty years, reviving against Mr. Jefferson. It has always been the policy of the aristocratic party in Europe, to endeavor to confound the objects and the results of the French revolution with its excesses, in order to throw upon the former the odium that belongs to the latter only. In pursuing the same line of argument our author shows, that his sympathies are, as we remarked in our preceding article, with the European aristocracy. In reality, the intelligent friends of liberty, far from looking with any favor or tenderness upon the excesses of the French revolution, have always regarded them with particular disapprobation, and for the very obvious reason that they were not only outrages upon humanity and justice, but a disgrace to the cause of liberty, and an obstacle to its progress. For the same reason the enemies of liberty have always secretly rejoiced at their occurrence, and have at times done what they could to promote it.

In the same spirit our author endeavors to fasten upon Mr. Jefferson, and on us as his advocates, the responsibility for the errors and faults of Napoleon, because we said in our preceding article, that his reign was one of the phases of the French revolution, and that the general results of the revolution are in the main good. He wonders how we can possibly discern in his dominion anything favorable to liberty, or the natural rights of man, and then politely inquires, whether we will 'please to point out a case in the whole range of history, in which any man who rose to be the "people personified" proved to be a more unfeeling and selfish tyrant.' It does not for a moment enter his imagination, that a useful object may be brought about by very objectionable agents: — that Providence often educes good out of partial evil: — that popular institutions may have been, and no doubt have been transported on the point of the bayonet of Napoleon, into regions where they would not, for a long time to come, have penetrated in any other way. He cannot conceive, that, — independently of this consideration, — a vast political movement, comprehending

a great variety of particular actions, may produce on the whole beneficial results, even though some one or more of these particular actions, and the actors engaged in them, may work out directly nothing but unmixed evil.

As to the character of Napoleon, since our author is pleased to request our opinion, we shall give it to him with perfect frankness. On that point we have no disguise. We have more than once had occasion to speak of the 'Man of Destiny,' and have always done it in the same terms. We consider him as an apostate from the cause of liberty. He had before him, at the critical point in his career, the three paths that had been trodden successively by Cromwell, Monk and Washington; he might have taken either with entire safety and success. The friends of liberty and his own true friends hoped that he would choose the last; the aristocracy recommended the second; he rejected both and fixed upon the first. This was his crime, and what Talleyrand would have thought a much worse thing, his fault. He displayed the highest intellectual capacity, but he failed for want of the elevated moral qualities which the emergency required. We do not, however, consider him as 'the most unfeeling and selfish tyrant that ever rose to power;' and since our author so politely requests it, we will mention two or three who appear to us more so. Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning; — Caligula, who wished that the whole Roman people had but one neck that he might cut it off at a blow; — Henry VIII. of England, who beheaded his wife to make room for another, as often as he saw a new face that struck his fancy; — and Charles X. of France, who employed himself coolly in hunting at Versailles, during the three days when his subjects were slaughtering each other in the streets of Paris, and when three words from him would have set all right; — these were all more unfeeling and selfish tyrants than Napoleon. It is easy to kick the dead lion. When Hector was alive, the sound of his chariot wheels would set the whole Grecian army in a panic, but after his corpse had been brought to the camp, it was a mere pastime to thrust a dagger into it. 'There stood not an Argive near the chief,' says Homer, 'who inflicted not a wound.' Generous souls! — But such is poor human nature.

Napoleon had his faults and they were great and glaring enough to satisfy any tolerably reasonable enemy, but he was not the ruffian that our author seems to be disposed to make him out. There was on the contrary a seductive softness,

— a kind of fascination in his manner, which neither man nor woman could resist. He combined to an astonishing, an almost unexampled extent, the loftiest capacity for the highest spheres of action, with a strong passion and aptitude for the arts and graces of polished life. He failed in exercising a moral control over the wild aspirations of his boundless ambition, but who shall say how far an apology may be found for his defects in this respect, in the circumstances of his education and the force of his genius, which exposed him to seductions that common men are never called on to resist? Such as he was, he stands forth emphatically, and *par excellence*, the great man of modern history.

'Never,' says La Martine, in his powerful ode to Bonaparte, — no political partisan either, nor yet a friend of liberty, but a royalist of the sturdiest stamp,— 'never, since the two great names that have been handed down so long from one generation to another, has any name been noised so widely abroad; no mortal foot ever stamped upon the earth a deeper track. Ah fortunate soldier!' he continues, 'hadst thou but restored the sceptre when it came within thy grasp to its rightful possessor, and reinstated at the same time Religion in her pristine splendor, — as the champion of kings, how much greater hadst thou been than kings themselves! With what a crown of radiant glory would not history then have encircled thy forehead! But it might not be. Glory, — honor, — freedom, — the words that we all worship were for thee unmeaning sounds; they fell unnoticed, — unheard, — on an ear that could listen to nothing but the trumpet's call and the clashing music of the sabre.' There are few things in modern poetry finer than the closing stanzas of this poem, and we quote them with pleasure as a proper qualification of our author's stern and contemptuous condemnation of the fallen hero.

'On dit qu'aux derniers jours de sa longue agonie,
Devant l'éternité seul avec son génie,
Son regard vers le ciel, parut se soulever;
Le signe rédempteur toucha son front farouche; . . .
Et même on entendit commencer sur sa bouche
Un nom . . . qu'il n'osait achever.

Achève! .... c'est le Dieu qui règne et qui couronne;
C'est le Dieu qui punit; c'est le Dieu qui pardonne;
Pour les héros et nous, il a des poids divers.
Parle lui sans effroi! lui seul peut te comprendre!
L'esclave et le tyran ont tous un compte à rendre,
L'un, du sceptre, l'autre des fers.

Son cerceuil est fermé; Dieu l'a jugé; silence!
Son crime et ses exploits pèsent dans la balance:
Que des faibles mortels, la main n'y touche plus.
Qui peut sonder, Seigneur, ta clémence infinie?
Et vous, fléau de Dieu! qui sait si le génie
N'est pas une de vos vertus?'

'Tis said that on one of the last days of his long agony, when he found himself with all his genius alone on the threshold of eternity, his hand formed upon his stern forehead the sign of redemption, and that he was heard half-pronouncing a name which he ventured not to finish.

'Say on; — 'tis the God who dispenses kingdoms; the God who punishes; the God who pardons: — Has he not a different scale for heroes and for common men? Speak to him without fear! He alone can comprehend you. The slave and the tyrant must each render his account, — the one of his sceptre, the other of his chains.

'The sepulchre is closed; — the last judgment is pronounced; the exploits and the crimes of the mighty dead have been weighed in the balance of a higher than any human tribunal. Let not feeble man undertake to scrutinize the sentence. Who, Almighty One! shall sound the depths of thy mercy? And you, Scourge of God! who shall say that your genius will not find acceptance as a virtue?'

But we have pursued this majestic phantom of the fallen hero a little too far, and must hurry again into the track. Whatever may have been the errors or the crimes of Napoleon, the friends of liberty are not more responsible for them than they are for the rest of the excesses and misfortunes that attended the French revolution, and defeated or retarded its natural results. To pretend to visit these enormities upon the sage of Monticello is about as reasonable as it would be to consider Fenelon responsible for the acts of the Holy Inquisition.

In connexion with his effort to throw odium on the objects and general results of the French revolution, our author endeavors to show that it had little or no connexion with ours.

'It is difficult to believe with the Reviewer that it began under American influence. The great body of the French nation knew but little of America and cared less.'

Very likely; but did the great body of the French nation begin the revolution? What is gained by arguing in the face of the most certain and notorious facts? Is there any doubt that Lafayette was the hero of the earlier period of the French revolution, or that he was educated in the school of Washington? Is there any doubt that the Declaration of Rights and the Constitution of 1790, were drawn up in concert by him and Mr. Jefferson? 'There were causes enough,' says our author, 'for a convulsion in France, accumulating through centuries, without supposing, as the Reviewer seems to do, that there would not have been a revolution there, if the American revolution had never been.' This is a partial misrepresentation of our idea. We have not said 'that there would not have been a revolution in France if the American revolution had never been.' It is quite possible that there might have been in the course of all future time, not only one, but many revolutions in France, if ours had not occurred. What we said was, that *the* revolution which did occur, took place to a great extent under *American* influence. We did not intimate that there were no causes for a revolution accumulated through centuries in France. We said on the contrary, that our example was 'the spark that fired the mass of revolutionary materials, which had been so long accumulating in France; — that the fourth of July, 1776, opened a new era in the history of the civilized world.'*

In saying this, we did but repeat a familiar and acknowledged truth, partly in the very words of a European writer of high distinction. Why should our author shrink from admitting it? Why

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* While this sheet is passing through the press, we find in the newspapers of the day, the following letter from Mr. George W. Lafayette to the President of the United States, which may serve as a confirmation, if any were necessary, of the statements given in the text.

PARIS, JUNE 15, 1834.

SIR, — A great misfortune has given me more than one solemn and important duty to fulfil, and the ardent desire of accomplishing with fidelity my father's last will, emboldens me to claim the patronage of the President of the United States, and his benevolent intervention, when I am obliged respectfully and mournfully to address the Senate and Representatives of a whole nation.

Our forever beloved parent possessed a Copperplate, on which was inscribed the first engraved copy of the American Declaration of Independence, and his last intention, in departing this world, was, that the precious plate

should he fear to assume for his country the glory of having immediately led the way in the great struggle for political, intellectual and moral improvement, which makes up the history of Christendom for the last half-century, because it has been here and there stained with some transient excesses? Is it not for us who live in the 'head-quarters of good principles,' a proud thought that the mighty spirit of reform, which is now striding like a giant through the Christian world, and shaking down established abuses at every step, was rocked as an infant in the old Cradle of Liberty? That the voices of our noble ancestors have been echoed from every region between the shores of the Pacific Ocean and those of the Mediterranean sea, till they have finally waked the departed spirits of the heroes of Marathon and Leuctra? Is there another city on the globe that has any title to glory which can fairly be brought into comparison with this? Is there any citizen of Boston recreant enough to abjure it for his native place, because the defence of liberty and good principles has been at times in other lands entrusted to false friends? Has not the same thing happened in all similar cases? Shall we deny the merit of Washington, or the advantages of our own revolution, because Benedict Arnold proved a traitor, and Paine a scoffer at religion?

Far from seeking to dispute the connexion between the French revolution, and our own, or wishing to shake off the responsibility resulting from it, we should rather assert and boast of it, as one of the proudest trophies of the country. The excesses that occasionally disgrace and check the cause of improvement, are transient; its results remain and will change the face of the world.

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should be presented to the Congress of the United States, to be deposited in their Library, as a last tribute of respect, patriotic love and affection, for his adopted country.

Will it be permitted to me, *a faithful disciple of that American School* whose principles are so admirably exposed in that immortal declaration, to hope that you, sir, would do me the honor to communicate this letter to both Houses of Congress, at the same time that, in the name of his afflicted family, you would present to them my venerated father's gift.

In craving such an important favor, sir, the son of General Lafayette, the adopted grand-son of Washington, knows, and shall never forget, that he would become unworthy of it, if he were ever to cease to be a French and American patriot.

With the utmost respect, I am, sir,
Your devoted and obedient servant.
GEORGE W. LAFAYETTE.

To the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Yet freedom! yet thy banner, torn and flying,
Streams like a thunder-gust *against* the wind,
Thy trumpet-voice, though broken now, and dying,
The loudest still, the tempest leaves behind;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough, and little worth,
But the sap lasts, — and still the seed we find,
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North,
So shall a better spring, less bitter fruit bring forth.

After remarking in the manner which we have now described on our statements of historical facts, our author next takes exception to the view we have given of the leading principles and objects of the two great parties that divide the Christian world. We have represented these parties as arrayed respectively under the banners of Liberty and Law. We purposely adopted this form of expression as one, which, while it indicates correctly the true character of the two opinions, is at the same time courteous, respectful and just to the adherents of both. This does not satisfy our author, but in order to find any plausible objection to our idea, he is compelled to misrepresent it. He says, that we mean by *law*, the despotic system of the holy alliance.

'On the continent of Europe the governments of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, are absolute monarchies, and the sovereigns assume to wear their crowns in their own right and independently of the people whom they govern. This claim to rule has, we believe, acquired the name of legitimacy in opposition to natural rights and law. These monarchs take upon themselves to punish with imprisonment or death, every one who dares to raise his voice or use his pen in denial of their supreme right. This sort of authority, the Reviewer is pleased to designate by the term law?'

What do we say ourselves? 'Liberty and law, are essential elements in the constitution of society, *in whatever form it may be organized*, and neither can possibly exist in practice to the entire exclusion of the other.'

Is this saying that law means military despotism? Is not our author aware, that in all political societies, there must be from the necessity of the case, and without any reference to the particular form of the government, on the one hand a greater or less degree of power, exercised by the society through the government according to *law*, and on the other, a greater or less degree of *liberty*, belonging to the individual citizen?

Has it escaped his observation, that in all political societies, where the expression of opinion is admitted, there have always been two parties, one aiming in its general tendency, to increase and strengthen the influence of the government; the other to extend the sphere of individual action or liberty? Is it not apparent to every one that these two different, and sometimes opposite tendencies, form the basis of the great division of opinion throughout Christendom? This is what we have said. In saying it, we consider ourselves not as advancing new or questionable theories, but as simply repeating acknowledged truths. We meant not to say, nor have we said, that the partisans of law approve precisely *the* law, as it exists in any country, — least of all that of Turkey, or Russia; but that they desire *a* law of some sort which shall be adequate to the purpose of preserving social order, and securing the welfare of the community. The friends of liberty, on the other hand, are not understood to pledge themselves as such, to an approbation of the exact measure of liberty enjoyed in this, or that country, but to profess and practice on a general disposition to extend as far as possible, the sphere of individual action.

In all this, as there is nothing new or doubtful, so there is nothing disrespectful or injurious to either of the parties. Both may be, and doubtless in the main are equally sincere and well-meaning; as both may be, and no doubt sometimes are in error, in regard to the particular points of opinion or practice upon which they may differ. Nor is there any thing unusual in the use we have made in this connexion of the term law. If it were worth while to cite authorities in support of so clear a point, we might quote the celebrated passage from Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity; 'what then shall we say of law, but that her seat is the bosom of God, — her voice the harmony of the world?' We used the word in the same sense in which it is used in this passage. If our author do not understand it, it is not our fault; if understanding it, he will undertake to say, that it is a disparagement to any man, or party of men, to be called the adherents of law in this sense of the term, we can only say that he is a very unreasonable person. Burke, Hamilton, Ames, and the other great men of all countries, who have attached themselves to this party, would have considered our representation of their opinions and objects, as the highest compliment that we could have paid them. It is the one which they habitually give themselves.

The *spirit of the age:* — this again, is a phrase which our author is utterly unable to comprehend. 'We think the phrase, spirit of the age, has no intelligible meaning.' In our preceding article, we remarked, that 'a zeal, — a rage we may call it, — for improvement, was the leading characteristic of the period, — or in the common language, — *the spirit of the age.*' For ourselves, we must say that we are unable to see what there is in this, either obscure or objectionable. We think that the remark would be readily agreed to, by intelligent men of all parties. Every body, excepting our author, is aware that the source of the political agitations of the last half century, and to a considerable extent of the last three centuries, has been an effort to bring about improvement in political and social institutions. Those who favor this effort, consider it as judicious, and deserving of encouragement; — those who oppose it, consider it as injudicious, and likely to end in mischief; but all agree that 'a zeal, — a rage for political improvement, is the characteristic of the times, — the spirit of the age.' Our author says, that 'because a majority of a whole nation believe that evil exists, which can be remedied, or good effected, it does not follow, that the fact is so, for a whole nation may be under a delusion.' This is no doubt true, but what then? The question is not whether 'the zeal, — the rage for improvement,' — to which we alluded, is right or wrong, — judicious or injudicious, — beneficial or injurious,— but whether it exists: whether the phrase, *spirit of the age*, has any intelligible meaning, — whether it indicates something real in the present state of the world, or is a mere sound, signifying nothing. For ourselves, when we contemplate the intense effort, — the struggle, — the agony that has existed throughout Christendom, for the last half century; society arrayed into hostile armies, contending for life and death on the field, in deliberative assemblies, through the press; — when we see the results of this contest in the countless revolutions, — the innumerable new constitutions, — the emancipated colonies, the prostrate dynasties; — all the great and sudden catastrophes, that give such a fearful interest to the course of contemporary history; — when we take into view in connexion with these events, the immense apparatus now in action for intellectual, moral and religious purposes, unknown, unheard of at any other period, — the associations for promoting education, diffusing knowledge, encouraging temperance, propagating religion, — the schools, the

colleges, the lyceums; — the ceaseless activity of the press; — when we look at all this, we cannot help thinking, that there is *something* at work which distinguishes the present period, from those which preceded it, and that this something is a zeal, — a rage, — judicious or not, — for improvement. If our author has yet seen nothing of all this, we advise him to open his eyes; — if seeing and admitting the prevailing rage for improvement, and its results, he still deny that it can properly be called *the spirit of the age*, the question, is of course, a merely verbal one, which we need not take the trouble to argue.

After disputing in this way, — with what success our readers are able to judge, — the correctness of our statements of fact and principle, it is almost amusing to find our author compelled by the force of truth to acquiesce, as it were involuntarily, in the general view which we have given of the origin and character of the political divisions of the present time. His language even is not materially different from ours. We remarked that 'circumstances which did not require to be recapitulated, but which resolved themselves substantially into the *increased wealth and intelligence* of the industrious classes of the community, had inspired these classes in all the most civilized countries, but especially in France, with a strong desire to reform the existing constitutions of government, and to incorporate into them principles more favorable to individual rights and liberty.' What says our author? 'Within the last two centuries there has been a *diffusion of intelligence*, which has led many minds to contemplate a better state of things in freeing themselves from hereditary rights, brought on by the evils of former centuries. There is one party who incline to hold on to usages; the other desire to abolish them. They occasionally fight, and relapse into the old state of things, perhaps with some change for the better, perhaps not.'

If all this be so; — as we most powerfully and potently believe, — we would ask our author why he has given himself the trouble to write a pamphlet for the purpose of disputing a few statements of ours which tend to the very same conclusion? If for the two last centuries there has been a continued 'effort of many minds to effect certain objects,' why deny that the great events of those two centuries, which have resulted from this effort, had a connexion with each other, and proceeded from the same principles? If the object of this effort be to

change existing institutions *for the better*, why deny that it is the effect of a zeal for improvement? Is not improvement a change for the better? If the 'many minds' who are engaged in this effort are endeavoring to *free* themselves from restraint, why deny that they are partisans of *liberty*? If the restraints from which they are endeavoring to free themselves are hereditary *rights* and usages, why deny that the persons who are inclined to hold on to these rights are partisans of *law*?

'*Which* of such (these) parties,' says our author at the close of the passage just quoted, 'is the Spirit of the Age?' We answer neither. The spirit of the age is not a party. But if one of these parties proceed upon opinions and feelings which have grown up within the 'two last centuries,' and the other 'holds on to rights and usages that have come down from former centuries,' is there anything unnatural or improper in saying that the spirit which actuates the latter, is the spirit of past ages, and that which actuates the other, the spirit of the present age, or, elliptically, the *Spirit of the Age*?

In this and some other passages of the same general purport, which we need not quote, our author, in the very act of controverting our positions, admits, and almost in the same language which we have used ourselves, all that is necessary to establish their correctness. In so doing, he concedes, as we stated at the outset, the whole ground immediately in dispute, and abandons entirely the only tenable basis upon which he can place his imputations on the character of Mr. Jefferson. The mind of that statesman was one of the 'many, which in consequence of the diffusion of knowledge have been led, within the last two centuries to contemplate a better state of things in freeing themselves from hereditary rights brought on by the events of former centuries.' Of these many minds, his was among the most powerful, and his efforts to effect the objects they all had in view, were among the most active, persevering and consistent that were made. He succeeded, in connexion with his brother patriots of the revolution, in freeing himself from the hereditary right to govern this country which was claimed for the British crown. At a later period he sympathised with the efforts which were made by 'many minds' in different parts of Europe, to free themselves from similar hereditary rights claimed for other crowned heads and privileged orders. This was his whole political ex-

istence and activity. It was for this that he was denounced in the first instance by the British government, and subsequently by the party in Europe, who were inclined to 'hold on to usages,' and those who sympathised with them, no doubt very honestly, in this country, as corrupt, ambitious, unprincipled and selfish; — as a visionary theorist, — a demagogue, — an atheist, — a philosopher, — as acting under French influence. That such charges should have been made by the violent members of an opposite party, in times of warm controversy is quite natural, and conformable to the ordinary course of things in similar cases. But it is not quite so natural that they should be revived twenty years after the controversy is over, and when nearly all the persons actively engaged in it are dead and buried, by a writer who admits at the same time that the great movement in which Mr. Jefferson took a part, and by the nature and objects of which his political character must be judged, was the commendable effort of 'many minds,' under the influence of an increasing diffusion of knowledge, to free themselves from the hereditary restraints, which had been imposed upon their ancestors in former centuries of ignorance and oppression. Mr. Jefferson, as we have said, was one of the most able, active, and prominent of these 'many minds.' For his great activity and zeal in the cause in which they were engaged, he was admired by one portion of his contemporaries and depreciated by another. If our author is willing to admit, as he finally does, that this cause was in the main a good one, he is bound in consistency to extend the same favorable conclusion to the character of Mr. Jefferson, and without relinquishing the right to object in detail to any of his measures or opinions that may appear questionable, to allow that his intentions were upright, and that the general scope of his policy was correct, laudable, and in conformity to the *Spirit of the Age*.

If our author were a close and correct reasoner, it would be a matter of curiosity to see how he would extricate himself from the dilemma in which he is placed by the inconsistency between the general train of his argument and the admissions to which we have alluded. But this is a difficulty which gives him no trouble and which he probably did not feel. He is quite as insensible to the effect of his own admissions as to that of the reasoning of his opponents. After conceding all that is wanted for the establishment of the purity and upright-

ness of Mr. Jefferson's character, he proceeds very coolly, and in the same breath, apparently without the slightest consciousness of inconsistency, to repeat the same denunciations of him which formed the staple of the Familiar Letters. He is again held up to the contempt and detestation of the American people, as ambitious, 'aiming at absolute dominion,' and at the same time 'mean, jealous, envious, and certainly *timid*.' A beautiful catalogue of epithets to grace the monument of the author of the Declaration of Independence! He is again represented with no attempt at proof and very little specification, as 'setting the example of abominable, desolating corruption;' 'inviting and rewarding apostacy;' — 'excluding, vilifying, and *expatriating* (this is an active verb in our author's vocabulary;) all the citizens except his own partisans,' — 'breaking down the co-ordinate branches of the government,'—'harassing, distressing and annihilating commerce,'—'protecting the movers of sedition,'—'patronising French and alien clubs,' — as the slave of foreign influence, and, finally, as the father of Nullification. To all this the true answer is, as we have just remarked, that the view here given of his character and measures, was the one taken by the zealots of the party who were inclined 'to hold on to usages,' and considered the effort of 'many minds, to free themselves from the hereditary yoke which had been imposed upon them by their ancestors,' as anarchy, atheism and Jacobinism: that in doing justice to the cause in which Mr. Jefferson was engaged, our author has virtually done justice to him, and that he cannot consistently with himself, repeat the imputations which were circulated in his life-time by his political opponents, and were founded in the view they took of the general tendency of his opinions.

This, we say, is the true answer to our author's long indictment, and here perhaps we might fairly rest the argument. But as the subject is really one of high interest and importance, not merely from its connexion with the history of the country and the characters of some of our principal statesmen, but as involving and bringing into view all the great elementary questions in political science, we shall make no apology, although our remarks have already been protracted to a considerable length, for extending them a little farther, and adverting more particularly to some of the considerations which our author alleges in the way of reply to our preceding article.

The chief object which we had in view in that article,

was to defend the moral character of Mr. Jefferson against the imputations which were levelled against him, and we had no particular interest in determining the exact extent of his intellectual power. We had occasion, however, in the course of our remarks, to allude to a passage in one of the Lectures of Professor Cousin, in which he describes the elements of greatness, and we found that his idea of a great man was realized in the position occupied by Mr. Jefferson in the opinion of the American people. Our author is rather disposed on the whole, to concur in this view of his character, although he does it with apparent reluctance. 'There is a good deal of *Frenchness* in Cousin's explanation of greatness.' Mr. Cousin himself, 'though there is some reason to think him an intelligent man, may be suspected of being a lover of glory, and may have thought that such a one as Napoleon was a good procurer of the desired gratification.' That is, if we understand our author, Mr. Cousin may have arranged his definition of greatness so as to make it include Napoleon, for the purpose of paying court to the emperor, with a view of obtaining from him a retribution in *glory*. Truly our author is nearly as charitable in his construction of Mr. Cousin's writings as in that of Mr. Jefferson's conduct. On this head, however, we are happy to be able to remove his doubts. Mons. Cousin, who is now about forty years old, was of course about twenty when Napoleon took his departure for St. Helena. The lecture from which we extracted the passage in question, was delivered at Paris, in the year 1828. Under these circumstances, it is hardly probable that the professor intended to accommodate any part of it to the taste of the ex-emperor, who had then, been quietly reposing for several years in his island sepulchre.

Again, the definition of greatness given by Cousin, was not only accommodated to the taste of Napoleon, but is in itself questionable. 'Let us dare to differ from Mr. Cousin,' says our author, 'in the definition of a great man. To be truly great one must be good.' On this point we hope to be excused if we dare to differ from our author. As we understand the matter, greatness and goodness are two distinct things. The great man may or may not be good; the good man may or may not be great. The union of the highest intellectual and moral endowments would constitute the perfection of the human character, but those of either class may exist without as well as in connexion with those of the other. We endeav-

ored to show in our preceding article that Mr. Jefferson was a good man, and also that he occupied in the view of the American people, the position to which Professor Cousin attaches the notion of greatness; that he was for them a sort of personal representative of the principle of liberty. Napoleon, on the other hand, though he occupied a similar position of a still more commanding kind, on the continent of Europe; although he was unquestionably a great man, *s'il en fut jamais*, — although he was, *par excellence*, the great man of modern times, — had no pretension to the character of *goodness*. The two characters are, in short, essentially different. The good in a moral estimate of character are, in the language of Gray, 'far above the great,' but they are not therefore great, and the cause of goodness has nothing to gain by confounding natural distinctions and the corresponding forms of language.

Our author admits, though with some reluctance the intellectual superiority of Mr. Jefferson; 'we admit his superiority.' But how was it exhibited? In the Familiar Letters he was described as 'ruling the American people, by the magic of his pen.' In our preceding article we ventured to call this assertion in question; we stated that Mr. Jefferson wrote but little, that what he wrote, consisted chiefly of private letters, or public documents, and that there was no particular charm or power in his style. Our author, who seems to be as tenacious in sustaining the reputation of Mr. Jefferson, on the only point where he supposes us to have called it in question, as he is bent on destroying it, in regard to every other, construes these remarks into a disposition to depreciate his merit as a writer, and takes up the guantlet with a good deal of warmth in his favor. On this head, we must beg leave to set him right. We had no intention to depreciate the merit of Mr. Jefferson, as a writer, nor have we done so. We stated expressly on the contrary, that his writings, and particularly the Declaration of Independence, 'possessed the only literary merit, which could possibly belong to works of that class, that is, the total absence of all pretension to literary merit.' The class of subjects upon which he employed his pen, do not admit of the rhetorical embellishment, which constitutes the charm of a novel, or a poem. If the Declaration of Independence had been written in the style of the Last Days of Pompeii, it would have been recommitted, for the purpose of being taken into a new draft. In regard to the style of his writings, Mr. Jefferson showed a

very correct judgment, but it is certain, that a person who confines himself to the severe official manner, and hardly ever appears before the public, except in a state-paper, cannot, with propriety, be said to rule his countrymen by the magic of his pen. This is a description, which can only be applied with justice, to such men as Voltaire, Châteaubriand, Scott, Cobbett, and others, who acquire their influence over the public mind, by continual appeals through the press, and whose writings possess in different ways, a certain attraction, which secures to them the public attention, merely as the writings of such an author, without much regard to the subject. Although the writings of Mr. Jefferson had, as we said before, all the literary merit which the subjects he treated would admit, it is certain that he did not acquire, or maintain his influence over the American people in this way, and he therefore cannot be said with propriety to have ruled them, with the magic of his pen. Napoleon was, in like manner, a very good writer; — so was Cæsar, one of the best of his time; — so was Frederic the Great; — so was Washington; — a much better one, than the public have in general, been willing to admit; superior we think, to Mr. Jefferson. But it would be thought idle, to assert that either of these great men ruled the people by the magic of his pen. It is equally so, in the case of Mr. Jefferson. He was a good writer, but he ruled the people, so far as he did rule them, by a very different sort of machinery.

'How then,' inquires our author, 'did he exercise his influence? If he neither fought battles, nor made speeches, if he wrote but little, excepting public documents, and private letters, how did the American people come to know of his superiority?' We answer, by his actions. Is there nothing to be done in the world, but fighting battles? The firmness, consistency, and discretion, of Mr. Jefferson's *conduct*, evinced at once his intellectual and moral superiority. They gave him at a very early period of his life, the lead among the patriots of his own commonwealth. When he came into Congress, the same qualities gave him, though the youngest member, a prominent position in that body. When he returned to Virginia, they recommended him to the people for the first executive office; they afterwards recommended him to Congress, for the most important mission abroad, — to Washington, for the chief seat in his cabinet, — to his fellow-citizens throughout the country,

for the Presidency. Does our author suppose, that all this would have been accomplished by the aid of a merely literary talent, — the magic of the pen? Mr. Irving is one of the few persons whose pen is endowed with this same magic. Why does he not rule the American people? Why was he not governor of New York, at thirty? Why is he not president at this day? Let our author read the history of the life of Mr. Jefferson, which, from the tenor of his pamphlet, we are bound in charity to believe he has not yet read, and he will then see, in what way Mr. Jefferson exhibited his superiority and made it known to the American people. He did it by a series of labors, — labors which in these degenerate days would be considered Herculean, — and which, executed as they were by a gentleman of ample hereditary fortune, and the first social standing, gave to the people the best assurance they could possibly have, that he was at once able to serve them, and entitled to their confidence.

In our preceding article, after saying that there was no magic in Mr. Jefferson's pen, we added that his witchcraft lay, like that of the *Marcéhale* d'Ancre, in his mental superiority. In commenting on this remark our author represents us, as saying, that Mr. Jefferson exercised his influence over the American people, *through that sort of superiority which the Maréchal d'Ancre had*, and after giving at some length what he appears to considers as a history of this personage, and his family, concludes that 'the allusion is not very complimentary to Mr. Jefferson, or his party.' In this passage, our author, apparently from want of familiarity with the French language, has mistaken the person alluded to, who was not the *Maréchal* but the *Maréchale* d'Ancre, that is, Marshal d'Ancre's wife. Our allusion was to the well known noble reply of that unfortunate lady, when she was brought before a special commission of the French government on a charge of sorcery, founded in the favor which she was supposed to enjoy with the queen, and which in that superstitious age, it was thought could only have been acquired by supernatural arts. 'What charm have you employed,' said the presiding officer to her, 'to captivate in this way, her highness's affections?' 'The charm I used,' replied the indignant prisoner, 'was the power which a strong mind has over a weak one.' This answer, one of the boldest on record, and which resembles in dignity, the one given by the Duke de Montmorency, on a similar occasion, to which we have alluded

in another article, did not save the unhappy victim. Her real crime consisted in that very superiority which she alleged as a justification against the pretended charge of sorcery. She was convicted of witchcraft, *Judaism*, and malversation in office; and publicly executed. In what way our allusion to this justly celebrated reply, in illustration of Mr. Jefferson's character, can be considered disrespectful to him, or his friends, our author can perhaps explain. In the mean time, we must be permitted to say, that his attempt to discredit the reputation of this unfortunate victim of popular prejudice, and courtly jealousy, for the purpose of throwing odium upon Mr. Jefferson, and us, is hardly consistent with the dictates of Christian charity.

We have said that the means by which Mr. Jefferson made himself known to the American people, and recommended himself to their favor, were his acts; — his labors in the cause of his country, from the earliest period, up to the close of his life. Our author, who, as we have said before, does not appear to have read any connected history of the life of Jefferson, seems to doubt the truth of the common accounts of it. 'With respect to Mr. Jefferson's early actions in Virginia, we think it difficult at this day, to estimate their value. It is obvious that the Reviewer in this respect has merely transcribed Mr. Jefferson's own account. We do not find from examining the laws of Virginia, the evidence that any abridgment by Mr. Jefferson of the common law of England, was adopted in that state. Nor is it apparent, why any such labor was necessary. All the colonies had their local legislatures, which made from time to time, such laws as they needed; and the only thing forced on the new republic, was to revise existing laws, and accommodate them to the new circumstances, and to make such new laws, as recently adopted constitutions required. In Massachusetts, the common law of England, as far as it was needed, had been in use from the earliest settlement. What, therefore, was intended, by an abridgment of the common law, for the use of Virginia, is not comprehended.'

Because our author cannot comprehend what is meant by an abridgment of the common law for the use of Virginia, or why any such work was necessary, it follows of course, that it was never executed. This attempt to dispute the most notorious historical facts, rather than allow Mr. Jefferson the credit of his own works, is at once an amusing, and a melancholy

proof of the extent to which political bigotry may be carried. On this subject, we beg leave to remark, in the first place, that we have said nothing of an abridgment of the common law. We said that Mr. 'Jefferson *digested* the whole common law of England, and the statutes, up to the time of James I., into bills ready for the action of the legislature, most of which have since been adopted, and now form the basis of the code of Virginia.' If our author would adopt the practice of quoting correctly, he would greatly improve his method of argument, and render himself a much more agreeable opponent. Secondly, in giving this description of Mr. Jefferson's labors, we did not transcribe his own account. Our author, when he has occasion to bear witness against his neighbor, should be careful that the witness so borne, is true. In writing the few sentences, upon this subject, which were contained in our preceding article, we employed Mr. Rayner's Life of Jefferson, in which the account of it occupies the greater part of the fifth and sixth chapters, and is founded mostly on public documents. Thirdly, the statement we made is sustained at every point by these documents and other matters of record.

The committee of the legislature of Virginia which performed the work in question, was appointed on motion of Mr. Jefferson, on the 24th of October, 1776, and consisted of himself, as chairman, and Messrs. Pendleton, Wythe, Mason, and Lee; they made their report on the 11th of June, 1779. Messrs. Mason and Lee had declined acting, and the whole labor had, in consequence, devolved on Messrs. Jefferson, Pendleton, and Wythe, who divided it among them in the following manner; the whole common law, and the statutes to the 4th of James I., when the separate legislation was established, to Mr. Jefferson; the British statutes from that period to the present day, to Mr. Wythe, and the Virginia laws to Mr. Pendleton. The report consisted of a hundred and twenty-six bills, making a folio volume of ninety pages. They were taken up separately, — some of them not till many years afterwards, but were most of them finally adopted. 'Such,' says Mr. Rayner, after giving a detailed account of the most important incidents, connected with this transaction, 'such are some of the innovations upon the established order, contained in the celebrated revised code of Virginia, of 1779, of which Mr. Jefferson was the author and draughtsman. It is difficult at the present day, to form an idea of this great po-

litical work, or of the genius and application it required. On the authority of Mr. Madison, we are enabled to say, "that it perhaps exceeded the severest of Mr. Jefferson's public labors." This magnificent undertaking was executed chiefly by himself during the short interval of three years.'

Of the very existence of this 'celebrated revised code,' of the reality of this 'magnificent undertaking,' our author professes to have as little knowledge as he has of the history of the Spanish Commoners. He never heard anything about it; he finds no evidence in the laws of Virginia, that any abridgment of the common law of England, by Mr. Jefferson, was ever adopted in that state; he does not comprehend that any such work was necessary; he does not believe that it was ever performed. What construction are we to put upon this extraordinary language?

We shall not attempt to follow our author through the long detail of objections to the administration of Mr. Jefferson, which he has again brought forward in this pamphlet. Our limits of course, forbid it, nor would such a discussion suit the purpose of the present occasion. Some of these objections had been concisely, but we trust distinctly answered, in our preceding article, as for example, that of acting under French influence. We remarked, that Mr. Jefferson and his friends no doubt sympathised with the liberal party in Europe, as long as it kept itself within the bounds of humanity and justice, but were so far from being under their influence, that the European liberalists acted to a very great extent under an influence produced by the example of this country, and that Mr. Jefferson himself had been, while in France, one of the chief personal agents, through whom the American influence had been exerted over the affairs of Europe. This account of the matter will be admitted by every fair-minded and impartial man, acquainted with the facts, to be the true one. It refutes of course, completely, the imputation of French influence. How does our author reply to it? By endeavoring to prove, with what success we have already seen, that the American revolution has had no influence upon subsequent events in Europe, and then, without further argument, very coolly inquiring, 'was, or was not, Mr. Jefferson devoted to one foreign nation, and adverse to all accommodation with another, and if so, what was his motive?' In answer to a mere repetition of the charge, without even a plausible attempt at proof, we need only refer to the language of our former article. 'Mr. Jefferson's object was

liberty. He and his friends sympathised in the feelings and general objects of the liberal party in Europe. The political and military movements of this party were led by France, and opposed by England. France was strenuously laboring for the accomplishment of the objects, which she considered most desirable, and England was strenuously opposing it. Under these circumstances, it was a matter of course, that he should wish for the success of France, and the failure of England; not that he cared anything for France, or England, as such, but that desiring the end, he naturally desired the means Foreign influence takes place, when individuals or parties, from corrupt motives, espouse the interests of a foreign nation at the expense of that of their own. To wish, or to endeavor to promote the success of a nation, whose interests and objects you suppose at the time, to be identical with those of your own, is not a proof of foreign influence, but of patriotism, more or less enlightened, accordingly as the view you take of the subject is more or less correct.'

In regard to this charge of *foreign influence*, our author should recollect, that it is a two-edged weapon which cuts more ways than one. If Mr. Jefferson and his friends sympathised, as every one knows that they did, with the liberal party in Europe, their opponents, the Federalists of that day, sympathised in like manner with the aristocratic, or as it is now called, legitimate or conservative party in Europe, — the party which, in order to avoid any epithet in the least degree offensive or even questionable, we have called the party of Law. How is this to be accounted for? No effect happens without some cause. The warm adherents of the liberal, or as it was then called, the Republican party, attributed the fact to corrupt British influence, to the employment of British gold; just as our author now attributes Mr. Jefferson's sympathy with the European friends of liberty to corrupt French influence. One of these charges was about as plausible, and probably just about as true as the other. But after all, the notorious fact, that a sympathy existed between the two great parties in Europe and the two great parties in the United States respectively, must in some way be accounted for. We have accounted for it in a manner honorable to both. We have stated that our domestic parties rejoiced in the successes and regretted the reverses of the corresponding parties in Europe, not from any corrupt or factious motives, but because they shared respectively the general views of these parties upo-

the great political questions of the day. Our author rejects this theory in regard to Mr. Jefferson and his friends. Will he also reject it in regard to his own party? If so, what other will he substitute in its place, in order to avoid the imputations which he probably would not agree to, of corrupt British influence? Why, for example, did the Federalists of this State, after resolving in the legislature that it was unbecoming a moral and religious people to rejoice at victories obtained in an unjust war, join in a public festival to celebrate the victory of the Allies in 1813? No doubt because they thought the cause in which the Allies were engaged a just one: in other words, they agreed in opinion and sympathised in feeling with the latter on the great questions at issue between the two European parties. In this we are willing to believe that they were perfectly honest; but if our author is compelled to claim, and is ready to accept the benefit of this charitable construction for his own party, would it not be a little more decorous to allow that the great majority of the American people, including Mr. Jefferson, who agreed in opinion and sympathised in feeling with the liberal party in Europe, may also have been sincere? Is it less natural for Americans to sympathise with the cause of liberty, than with that of 'hereditary rights brought on by the events of former centuries?'

Nay, would doubtless be our author's reply, we and the legitimacy of Europe were in the right: Mr. Jefferson and the liberalism of Europe were in the wrong: and the case was so clear in our favor that it is impossible to suppose that our opponents could have acted from any other than corrupt motives. This is our author's argument reduced to its elements. *Il n'y a que moi qui ai toujours raison.* The only difficulty is, that it is equally strong on both sides of all possible questions. Mr. Jefferson had only to say that the case was so clear on his side, that his opponents must necessarily have acted from corrupt motives, and the Federalists were convicted at once of taking British gold.

'If Mr. Jefferson was devoted to one foreign nation, and adverse to all accommodation with another,' inquires our author, 'what were his motives?' Truly a pertinent question, and one to which we believe our author would be puzzled, on his view of the subject, to find an answer. The payments in gold were made, according to him, not to, but by Mr. Jefferson. In other cases, as in that of France and England in the time

of Charles II., one nation has exercised a corrupt influence over another, by bribing some of the principal men. But here the French corrupted Mr. Jefferson, not by paying money, but by receiving it from him. Mr. Jefferson, according to our author, *gave* Napoleon, through the hands of Mr. Monroe, two millions of dollars to *pacify* him. What a pity that Messrs. Jefferson and Monroe had not kept a few thousands out of the two millions to pacify their own creditors!

We perceive that this subject is fast outgrowing the limits of a moderate article, and shall only advert very hastily to two more topics, one on account of its importance and the other of its singularity.

The first is that of Nullification. This heresy is to be found, according to our author, in the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, supposed to have been written by Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Calhoun and the Carolina Nullifiers rely mainly upon these resolutions, and those of Virginia of the following year, drawn up by Mr. Madison, to sustain their system. Consequently, Mr. Jefferson was 'as certainly the author of Nullification as of the Declaration of Independence.'

In regard to this matter, there are two questions of some importance: first, is it true that the Kentucky Resolutions contain the doctrine of Nullification? Secondly, if the point be in some degree doubtful, is it politic to endeavor to give to this dangerous heresy the support of the great name and high authority of Mr. Jefferson?

As to the former, the fact relied on by our author is, that the 'third and fourth of the Kentucky Resolutions declare, that certain laws are no law, but altogether void and of no effect:' — in other words, that they are unconstitutional. What then? Is there anything more common in this country than for legislative bodies and all other public meetings, to express their opinions upon the acts of the general or the state governments, — to say that this law is inexpedient, — that expedient; — this constitutional, — that null and void? Hardly a year passes in which the Legislature of Massachusetts do not in one way or another express some opinion upon the measures of the general government. Last year they condemned the removal of the deposites. The year before they denounced Nullification, and declared that Mr. Verplanck's bill, if it became a law, would justify forcible resistance to the government. This was more than saying that it would be null and void. Three years ago, they declared in so many words, in the resolves on

the North-Eastern Boundary, that any act of the general government, purporting to cede away the territory of a state, without the consent of such state previously obtained, would be null and void, and in no way binding upon the government or people of the state in question. This is precisely the language and tenor of the Kentucky Resolutions, which our author brings forward as containing the heresy of nullification. No one, we believe, ever thought of accusing the Legislature of Massachusetts, on account of these measures, of abetting or practising nullification. To express the opinion that an act of the general government is null, is not nullification, and this is all that was done by the Kentucky Resolutions. To nullify an act of the general government is to take measures (forcible if necessary) to prevent it from being carried into execution. This is the purpose of the Carolina ordinance. There lies the precise difference between the two measures, and we need not say that it goes the whole length of their moral character and tendency. To take forcible measures to prevent the execution of a law regularly enacted by the government is treason, and is punishable with death ; to express the opinion that a particular law is null, void and not binding, is a mere exercise of the freedom of thought and speech, which is secured to every citizen by the constitution and laws of this country.

We find, accordingly, that Mr. Madison, who has a right to know as much as any living person, about the true intent and meaning of the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions, positively affirms that they contemplated no such thing as nullification. In a document which we had the honor of first introducing to public view, and which, though written at an advanced age, has been considered one of the most remarkable of his productions, he gives an explanation of the resolutions perfectly consistent with a just regard for the constitutional authority of the general government, and denounces, in the strongest terms, the extravagant pretensions of South Carolina. Is not the opinion of Mr. Madison entitled to at least as much weight in this matter, as that of Mr. Calhoun ?

Again ; were the meaning of these resolutions even more doubtful than it is ; and for ourselves we do not see that there is any doubt about it ; were it even admitted, — an admission for which we do not perceive a pretext, — that they lend some countenance to the doctrine of nullification, — would it be politic in our author as a friend of the Union and the constitution, — for such we presume he professes to be, —

to urge the point upon the public attention? It is quite natural that Mr. Calhoun and his friends should construe the resolutions in this way; — that they should endeavor to secure to their opinion the high authority and great influence of the name of Mr. Jefferson. It is not quite so natural that a professed opponent of nullification, should pursue the same line of argument, and lend them his aid in effecting their object. Whatever his motive may be, — and we are willing to believe, as we have repeatedly said, that it is a good one, — he could not do or say anything better fitted to promote the views and gratify the wishes of the Carolina statesmen.

Whether our author is himself entirely free from the heresy of nullification, might appear, from some passages in his pamphlet, a little doubtful. He says, among other things 'that if the general government usurp power, which the constitution does not give, the states may undoubtedly take care of themselves; and that this would not be rebellion, sedition and civil war.' It is no doubt true, that if the general government usurp power, the states may take care of themselves, — that is, may resist. But in the theory of the constitution, such resistance would be sedition, rebellion and civil war, and would be justifiable only as such, and under the natural right to resist extreme oppression. To say that in such a case resistance would be justifiable as a legal and constitutional measure, is precisely the South Carolina heresy.

We pass to the other point to which we intended to advert, chiefly on account of its singularity, and that is, the charge of *timidity*. Mr. Jefferson is represented by our author, not only as ambitious, mean, jealous and envious, but as 'certainly *timid*.' His timidity is supposed to have been the only reason why he did not overthrow the constitution, and usurp the government. 'History,' says our author, 'is a mere fable, if he would not have made his will the law of the land, if opposition had not wrought upon his fears.'

When we recollect that the opposition to Mr. Jefferson was constantly diminishing, from the time of his election up to that of his retirement to private life, before which it had been reduced almost to nothing, we are at a loss to imagine what our author means by such an assertion, and really cannot even pretend to form a conjecture.

As to the general charge of timidity, we can only say, that we had hitherto supposed in the simplicity of our hearts, that the most plausible exception which could be

taken to the political course and character of Mr. Jefferson, was exactly the reverse of *timidity*. We have always considered him as one of the boldest of the statesmen of his time, and have attributed to this quality, in a considerable degree, his great success and influence. But it is the natural tendency of a prominent quality to run at times into excess, and we have thought that in some of Mr. Jefferson's proceedings, at all periods of his life, he might be fairly charged with this error. In his political course during the revolution ; — in his reform of the code of Virginia ; — he was uniformly in advance of the general sentiment of his fellow-patriots, and contemporaries. If he committed any faults, they were the result of intemperate and indiscreet zeal in the cause. In the general complexion of his political opinions in after life, which determined his position in the party controversies of the time, his failing, if he had any, was excessive violence. His principal measures,— the purchase of Louisiana, for example, and the embargo,— have often been objected to,— they are by our author, — as involving assumptions of power, never as indicating any want of boldness or decision.

We repeat, that we are entirely unable to conjecture what particular points in Mr. Jefferson's political conduct, our author could have intended, in making this charge. We are inclined to believe, that he must have had in his mind, some reminiscence of a supposed deficiency in personal courage, which formed a part of the staple of the ancient party warfare, upon the sage of Monticello, and which rested, we believe, substantially upon the celebrated adventure of the *Flight to Carter's mountain*. To relieve the dulness of a merely political discussion, and at the same time, give such of our readers as are not familiar with the controversies of former times, an amusing specimen of the materials, which were occasionally brought into use, we extract from Mr. Rayner's work, the brief account of this incident.

'A few days after the expiration of Mr. Jefferson's constitutional term of office, and before the appointment of his successor, an incident occurred which has been so strangely misrepresented in later times, as to justify a relation of the details.

' Learning that the general assembly was in session at Charlottesville, Cornwallis detached the ' ferocious Tarlton,' to proceed to that place, take the members by surprise, seize on the person of Mr. Jefferson, whom they supposed still in office, and spread devastation and terror on his route.

'Elated with the idea of an enterprise so congenial to his disposition, and confident of an easy prey, Tarlton selected a competent body of men, and proceeded with ardor on his expedition. Early in the morning of June 4th, when within about ten miles of his destination, he detached a troop of horse under captain McLeod, to Monticello, the well-known seat of Mr. Jefferson; and proceeded himself with the main body, to Charlottesville, where he expected to find the legislature unapprised of his movement. The alarm, however, had been conveyed to Charlottesville, about sunrise the same morning, and thence quickly to Monticello, only three miles distant. The speakers of the two houses were lodging with Mr. Jefferson at his house. His guests had barely time to hurry to Charlottesville, adjourn the legislature to Staunton, and, with most of the other members, to effect their escape. He immediately ordered his carriage, in which Mrs. Jefferson and her children were conveyed to the house of Colonel Carter, on the neighboring mountain, while himself tarried behind, breakfasted as usual, and completed some necessary arrangements preparatory to his departure. Suddenly, a messenger, lieutenant Hudson, who had descried the rapid advance of the enemy, drove up at half speed, and gave him a second and last alarm; stating that the enemy were already ascending the winding road which leads to the summit of Monticello, and urging his immediate flight. He then calmly ordered his riding horse, which was shoeing at a neighboring blacksmith's, directing him to be led to a gate opening on the road to colonel Carter's whither he walked by a cross path, mounted his horse, and instead of taking the high road, plunged into the woods of the adjoining mountain and soon rejoined his family.

'In less than ten minutes after Mr. Jefferson's departure, his house was surrounded by the impetuous light-horse, thirsting for their prey. They entered the mansion with a flush of expectation proportioned to the value of their supposed victim; and, notwithstanding the chagrin and irritation which their disappointment excited, an honorable regard was manifested for the usages of enlightened nations at war. Mr. Jefferson's property was respected, especially his books and papers, by the particular injunctions of McLeod.

'This is the famous adventure of Carter's mountain. Had the facts been accurately stated, it would have appeared that this favorite fabrication amounted to nothing more, than that Mr. Jefferson did not remain in his house, and there fight, single-handed, a whole troop of horse, — whose main body, too, was within supporting distance, — or suffer himself to be taken prisoner.'

Had the Governor of Virginia remained on this occasion in

his house, and permitted himself to be taken prisoner, to be afterward tried and executed as a rebel, he would probably have escaped the reproach of timidity: whether he would ever have obtained the title of the Sage of Monticello, is perhaps more doubtful.

In connexion with this anecdote it may perhaps be agreeable to some of our readers, to see the description given in the work before us, of Mr. Jefferson's residence. Monticello has lately, we believe, passed into the hands of Lieut. Levy.

'The agricultural operations of Mr. Jefferson were conducted upon an extensive scale, and consequently engaged a great share of his attention. The domains at Monticello, including the adjoining estates, contained about eleven thousand acres, of which about fifteen hundred were cleared. In addition to this he owned a large estate in Bedford county, by right of his wife, from which he raised annually about 40,000 weight of tobacco, and grain sufficient to maintain the plantation. He visited this estate, about seventy miles distant, once every year, which kept him from home six or seven weeks at a time. He had about two hundred negroes on his farms, who required a constant superintendence, more especially, under the peculiar system of agriculture which he pursued. But his choicest labors in this department, were bestowed on that delightful and beloved spot, where all his labors were to end, as they had been begun. He had reclaimed its ruggedness, when a very young man, and of its wilderness made a garden; and now, in his old age, he returned to the farther development and improvement of its natural beauties.

'Monticello is derived from the Italian. It signifies 'little mountain,'—a modest title for an eminence, rising six hundred feet above the surrounding country, and commanding one of the most extensive and variegated prospects in the world. The base of the mountain, which is washed by the Ravanna, exceeds a mile in diameter; and its sides are encompassed by four parallel roads, sweeping round it at equal distances, and so connected with each other by easy ascents as to afford, when completed, a level carriage way of almost seven miles. The whole mountain, with the exception of the summit, is covered with a dense and lofty forest. On the top is an elliptic plain of about ten acres, formed by the hand of art, cutting down the apex of the mountain. This extensive artificial level is laid out in a beautiful lawn, broken only by lofty weeping willows, poplars, acacias, catalpas, and other trees of foreign growth, distributed at such distances as not to obstruct the view from the centre in any direction. On the West, stretching away to the North and the South, the prospect is bounded

only by the Alleganies, — a hundred miles distant in some parts, — overreaching all the intervening mountains, commanding a view of the Blue Ridge for a hundred and fifty miles, and looking down upon an enchanting landscape, broad as the eye can compass, of intermingling villages and deserts, forest and cultivation, mountains, valleys, rocks and rivers. On the East is a literal immensity of prospect, bounded only by the horizon, in which "nature seems to sleep in eternal repose." From this grand point, bringing under the eye a most magnificent panorama, are overlooked, like pigmies, all the neighboring mountains as far as the Chesapeake. Here it was that the youthful philosopher, before the revolution, was wont to scrutinize the motions of the planets, with the revolutions of the celestial sphere; and to witness that phenomenon described in his Notes on Virginia, as among the sublimest of nature's operations, the looming of the distant mountains. From this elevated seat he was wont to enjoy those scenes to which he reverted with so much fondness while in France: "And our own dear Monticello; where has nature spread so rich a mantle under the eye? — mountains, forests, rocks, rivers. With what majesty do we there ride above the storms! How sublime to look down into the workhouse of nature, to see her clouds, hail, snow, rain, thunder, all fabricated at our feet, and the glorious sun when rising as if out of a distant water, just gilding the tops of the mountains, and giving life to all nature." From this proud summit, too, "the patriot," in the language of a visitor, "could look down, with uninterrupted vision, upon the wide expanse of the world around, for which he considered himself born; and upward, to the open and vaulted heavens which he seemed to approach, as if to keep him continually in mind of his high responsibility. It is indeed a prospect in which you see and feel at once, that nothing mean or little could live. It is a scene fit to nourish those great and high-souled principles which formed the elements of his character, and 'was a most noble and appropriate post for such a sentinel over the rights and liberties of man."

'In the centre of this eminence rose the magnificent mansion of the patriarch. It was erected and furnished in the days of his affluence; and was such a one, in all respects, as became the character and fortune of the man. The main structure is one hundred feet in length, from East to West, and above sixty in depth, from North to South, presenting a front in every direction. The basement story is raised five or six feet above the ground, from which springs the principal story, above twenty feet in height, whereon rests an attic of about eight feet. The whole is surmounted by a lofty dome of twenty-eight feet in diameter, rising from the centre of the building. The principal front faces the East, and is adorned with a noble portico, balancing a correspond-

ing one on the West. The north and south fronts present arcades or piazzas, under which are cool recesses that open upon a floored terrace, projecting a hundred feet in a straight line, and then another hundred feet at right angles, until terminated by pavilions of two stories high. Under the whole length of these terraces is a range of one story buildings, in which are the offices requisite for domestic purposes, and the lodgings of the household servants. The exterior of the structure is finished in the Doric order complete, with balustrades on the top of it; the internal contains specimens of all the different orders, except the composite, which is not introduced. The hall is in the Ionic, the dining room in the Doric, the parlor in the Corinthian, and the dome in the Attic. Improvements and additions, both useful and ornamental, were continually going on, as they were suggested by the taste of the owner. Indeed, the whole building had been almost in a constant state of re-building, from its ante-revolutionary form, which was highly finished, to its present one; "and so I hope it will remain during my life," said he to a visitor, "as architecture is my delight, and putting up, and pulling down, one of my favorite amusements."

'On the declivities of the mountain were arranged the dwellings of artificers and mechanics of every description, and their work-shops; for it was the study of the illustrious proprietor to make himself perfectly independent. He had carpenters' blacksmiths' and cabinet-makers' shops, with manufactories for cottons and woollens, grain mills, sawing mills, and a nail factory conducted by boys. His carriage was made by his own workmen, as were also many articles of his fine furniture. The fabrication with his own hands of curious implements and models, was one of his favorite amusements.

'On entering the mansion by the east front, the visitor was ushered into a spacious and lofty hall, whose hangings announced at once the character and ruling passion of the man. On the right, on the left, and around his eye was struck with objects of science and taste. On one side were specimens of sculpture, in the form of statues and busts, disposed in such order as to exhibit at one view the historical progress of the art, from the first rude attempts of the aborigines of our country, to the most finished models of European masters, including a bust of the patriot himself, from the hand of Caracci. Among others were the busts of a male and female sitting in the Indian position, supposed to be very ancient, having been ploughed up in Tennessee; a full length figure of Cleopatra, in a reclining position, after she had applied the asp; the busts of Voltaire and Turgot, in plaster. His own bust stood on a truncated column, on the pedestal of which were represented the twelve tribes of Israel, and the twelve signs of the Zodiac. On the other side of the hall were displayed a vast

collection of specimens of Indian art, their paintings, engravings, weapons, ornaments, manufactures, statues, and idols; and on another, a profusion of natural curiosities, prodigies of ancient art, and fossil productions of every description, mineral and animal. Among others were particularly noticed a model of the great pyramid of Egypt and the upper and lower jaw-bones and tusks of the mammoth, advantageously contrasted with those of an elephant.

'From the hall the visitor entered a spacious saloon, through large folding doors. In this apartment, the walls were covered with the modern productions of the pencil, historical paintings of the most striking subjects from all countries, and all ages; scriptural paintings, among which are the ascension, the holy family, the scourging of Christ, and the crucifixion; the portraits of distinguished characters, both of Europe and America; with engravings, coins, and medallions in endless profusion. Here, and in the other rooms, were the portraits of Bacon, Newton, and Locke; of Columbus, Vespucius, Cortes, Magellan, Raleigh; of Franklin, Washington, La Fayette, Adams, Madison, Rittenhouse, Paine, and many other remarkable men. Here, too, were the busts of Alexander and Napoleon, placed on pedestals upon each side of the door of entrance.

'The whole of the southern wing was occupied by the library, cabinet, and chamber of Mr. Jefferson. The library was divided into three apartments, opening into each other, the walls of which were covered with books and maps. It contained at one time the greatest private collection of books ever known in the United States, and incomparably the most valuable, from the multitude of rare works and the general superiority of the editions. He had been fifty years enriching and perfecting his assortment, omitting no pains, opportunities or expense. While in Paris he devoted every afternoon when he was disengaged, for a summer or two, in examining the principal bookstores, and putting by everything which related to America, with whatever was valuable in the sciences. Besides this he had standing orders, during the whole time he was in Europe, in its principal bookmarts, for all such works as could not be found in Paris. After the conflagration of Washington in the last war, and the destruction of the library, he sold about ten thousand volumes to the government, "to replace the devastations of British Vandalism." Confiding in the honor of Congress, he made a tender of them to the government, at their own price. In his cabinet, he was surrounded with several hundred of his favorite authors, lying near at hand, with every accommodation and luxury which ease or taste could suggest. This apartment opened into a green-house, filled with a collection of rare plants; and he was seldom without some geranium or other plant beside him.

Connected with his study was an extensive apparatus for mathematical, philosophical, and optical purposes. It is supposed that no private gentleman in the world had in his possession so perfect and complete a scientific, useful, and ornamental collection as Mr. Jefferson.

'Such is an imperfect representation of a patriarchal seat and appendages, whose just celebrity has attracted the wayfarer of every land. But who shall describe its great architect and occupant? Let this duty be discharged by adopting the record of a distinguished guest.

"While the visitor was yet lost in the contemplation of these treasures of the arts and sciences, he was startled by the approach of a strong and sprightly step, and turning with instinctive reverence to the door of entrance, he was met by the tall, and animated, and stately figure of the patriot himself, — his countenance beaming with intelligence and benignity, and his outstretched hand, with its strong and cordial pressure, confirming the courteous welcome of his lips. And then came that charm of manner and conversation that passes all description, — so cheerful, — so unassuming, — so free, and easy, and frank, and kind, and gay, — that even the young, and overawed, and embarrassed visitor at once forgot his fears, and felt himself by the side of an old and familiar friend. There was no effort, no ambition in the conversation of the philosopher. It was as simple and unpretending as nature itself. And while in this easy manner he was pouring out instruction, like light from an inexhaustible solar fountain, he seemed continually to be asking, instead of giving information. The visitor felt himself lifted by the contact, into a new and nobler region of thought, and became surprised at his own buoyancy and vigor. He could not, indeed, help being astounded, now and then, at those transcendent leaps of the mind, which he saw made without the slightest exertion, and at the ease with which this wonderful man played with subjects which he had been in the habit of considering among the *argumenta crucis* of the intellect. And then there seemed to be no end to his knowledge. He was a thorough master of every subject that was touched. From the details of the humblest mechanic art, up to the highest summit of science, he was perfectly at his ease, and everywhere at home. There seemed to be no longer any *terra incognita* of the human understanding: for, what the visitor had thought so, he now found reduced to a familiar garden walk; and all this carried off so lightly, so playfully, so gracefully, so engagingly, that he won every heart that approached him, as certainly as he astonished every mind."

It is time, however, to bring this article to a close. We have considered it a duty to endeavor, within the narrow sphere

of our influence, to rescue from unmerited obloquy the memory of one of the great fathers of our country. A full exposition of the principles and political course of Mr. Jefferson, belongs to the history of the Union, and could not be brought within the compass of an article like this. We trust that we have said enough to indicate the general considerations that come into view in forming a judgment upon his character. It is idle to attempt to separate the prominent actors in the revolutions that change the face of the world, from the causes in which they were engaged. Of what consequence is it to the fame of Luther, whether he did or did not contend single-handed, as he says, in personal conflict with the incarnate principle of Evil, and throw an inkstand at his head? His reputation must be settled not by a transient, optical or mental illusion, but by the labors of his life, the results of the reformation. Mr. Jefferson, in like manner, will stand or fall in the opinion of impartial posterity, according to the opinion that may be formed of the character of the great intellectual and social movement of the age, — a movement that commenced, as we have said, with the preaching of Luther, and continued through the British and American revolutions, until it extended itself within our time to France, and thence throughout the whole Christian world. In this movement Mr. Jefferson was in his day and within his sphere, one of the most conspicuous actors. If it shall appear in its results, as those who now approve it, fondly hope, to have been a *regeneration* of the political condition of Europe and America, Mr. Jefferson with its other promoters will be considered as a great benefactor of the human race. If it shall appear, as its enemies believe, and many timid and doubtful persons fear, to have been the *dissolution* instead of the regeneration of society, Mr. Jefferson will be classed among the well-meaning but mistaken zealots, who verily think they are doing God some direct service, when they are in reality executing his judgments upon offending man. In either event he can never lose the credit of the high intellectual superiority which ensured him, in his day, the enthusiastic confidence of his countrymen, and rendered him for them, as it were, the personified *Spirit of the Age*. The baseless imputations of French influence, hostility to commerce, and the other still less plausible inventions of party spirit, will be seen by the future historian to carry their own refutation with them and will be left by him in silence, where

he finds them, in the pamphlets, newspapers and familiar letters of the time.

'Why,' asks our author, 'should this matter be the subject of inquiry?' When the reputation of one of the principal ornaments of our history is attacked, it follows of course, that he must be defended. But why was the attack made? Our auther believes that 'the opinions and political practice of Mr. Jefferson, had, and still have, an influence on the affairs of this country, which is inconsistent with liberty, as defined by law.' This belief we consider as a mere illusion of party spirit, but supposing our author to be honest in it, we cannot of course blame him for acting upon it. The *policy* of making the attack at this time, is perhaps more doubtful. We take no part as conductors of this journal, in the party controversies of the day, but we may fairly employ the *argumentum ad hominem* in reference to any citizen who does. Our author is understood to be a somewhat conspicuous member of the party opposed to the present administration of the general government. The party who support the administration claim as a title of honor to be the followers of Mr. Jefferson, and the representatives of his principles; they consider their cause as gained before the people, if they can identify it with him. Now our author, one of the strongest opponents of the administration, comes forward with an elaborate work, and subsequently a pamphlet, intended to prove that the adherents of the present administration are, in fact, as they say they are, the followers and disciples of Mr. Jefferson, — that their principles are his principles, — their feelings his feelings, — their cause his cause. May not the friends of the administration justly exclaim with the ancient patriarch, 'Oh! that mine enemy had written a book?' May not its opponents properly say in the language of the Spanish proverb, — 'Save me from my friends, and I will save myself from my enemies?'

Among the extracts printed on the title-page, is a passage from one of Cicero's Orations, which our author probably intended to apply to his own case, and in which the orator remarks, that far from expecting to gain favor with the public, by the proceedings in which he was then engaged, he was well aware, that he should draw upon himself many enmities, some secret, and some open, without advantage, in the attempt to do the state some service. That our author is willing to encounter personal inconvenience in the public service,

as he perhaps erroneously understands it, is honorable to him. The misfortune is, that with the best intentions in the world, it is not in his power to concentrate upon his own head all the open and secret enmities, that have been, and will be roused, by this attack on the fame of Mr. Jefferson. It is easy to throw about fire-brands, but it is not easy for the person so doing to say with certainty, that his own house shall be the only, or the most valuable one, that may be sacrificed in the sport. Publications that are issued by conspicuous members of a political party, especially in times of high excitement, are considered and represented, as expressing the opinions of the party as well as the individual author, nor can any *disclaimer* entirely remove the impression. It is of little importance to the friends of the administration, what may be the opinion of our author, upon the character of Mr. Jefferson, — but it is of considerable importance to them, to have some plausible pretext for representing other persons, more conspicuous in the eye of the nation, more formidable in the wars of party, as hostile to republican principles. Such a pretext they find in works like the Familiar Letters, and the pamphlet now before us. They have accordingly been used, with effect, for the purpose alluded to, and will continue to be so employed in future. One object which we have had in view, in this and our preceding article, has been to endeavor to counteract this operation of our author's writings, and to show that his bitter prejudices against the principles and character of Mr. Jefferson, are not generally entertained by intelligent men, in this quarter of the country. We believe, as we remarked before, that we have expressed in these articles, the almost unanimous sentiment of the active men of the present generation. But we are aware, that the antidote cannot, under the circumstances, be co-extensive in its effect, with the bane, and that our author, without affecting, in the slightest degree, the present or future standing of Mr. Jefferson in public opinion, has done to his own political friends and associates, a mischief of no trifling extent, and one in its nature irremediable.

All that can be said farther, in the way of remedy, is to add to the considerations which we have now urged, and which, proceeding from us, can claim no weight, except such as they may derive from their intrinsic truth and justice, the authority of one of the highest, and most respected names in New-England. We shall accordingly con-

clude this article, by an extract from the eulogy pronounced by Mr. Webster, at the joint commemoration of the deaths of Adams and Jefferson. Our readers will perceive, that it confirms in every particular, and in some with a striking coincidence in the train of thought, the view that we have given of the character, principles, and political course of the latter of these two patriots in this, and our preceding article. It would be easy to multiply extracts to the same effect, from the writings of a large proportion of the most distinguished men in the country, but our limits will not permit it, and the name we employ is sufficient for the purpose of authority and evidence. The testimony of Mr. Webster is the unbiassed, spontaneous tribute of one great man, to the merit and services of another, from whom he had been separated by the party divisions of the times. It is highly and equally honorable to the characters of both.

'Mr. Jefferson appears to have been imbued with an early love of letters and science, and to have cherished a strong disposition to pursue these objects. To the physical sciences, especially, and to ancient classic literature, he is understood to have had a warm attachment, and never entirely to have lost sight of them, in the midst of the busiest occupations. But the times were times for action, rather than for contemplation. The country was to be defended, and to be saved, before it could be enjoyed. Philosophic leisure and literary pursuits, and even the objects of professional attention, were all necessarily postponed to the urgent calls of the public service. The exigency of the country made the same demand on Mr. Jefferson, that it made on others who had the ability and the disposition to serve it; and he obeyed the call; thinking and feeling, in this respect, with the great Roman orator; *Quis enim est tam cupidus in perspicienda cognoscendaque rerum natura, ut, si ei tractanti contemplantique res cognitione dignissimas subito sit allatum periculum discrimenque patriæ, cui subvenire opitularique possit, non illa omnia relinquat atque abjiciat, etiam si dinumerare se stellas, aut metiri mundi magnitudinem posse arbitretur?*

'Entering, with all his heart, into the cause of liberty, his ability, patriotism, and power with the pen naturally drew upon him a large participation in the most important concerns. Wherever he was, there was found a soul devoted to the cause, power to defend and maintain it, and willingness to incur all its hazards. In 1774 he published a Summary View of the Rights of British America, a valuable production among those intended to show the dangers which threatened the liberties of the country, and to encourage the people in their defence. In June 1775 he

was elected a member of the Continental Congress, as successor to Peyton Randolph, who had retired on account of ill health, and took his seat in that body on the 21st of the same month.

'It has sometimes been said, as if it were a derogation from the merits of this paper, that it contains nothing new; that it only states grounds of proceeding, and presses topics of argument, which had often been stated and pressed before. But it was not the object of the declaration to produce anything new. It was not to invent reasons for independence, but to state those which governed the Congress. For great and sufficient causes, it was proposed to declare independence; and the proper business of the paper to be drawn, was to set forth those causes, and justify the authors of the measure, in any event of fortune, to the country, and to posterity. The cause of American independence, moreover, was now to be presented to the world, in such manner, if it might so be, as to engage its sympathy, to command its respect, to attract its admiration; and in an assembly of most able and distinguished men, Thomas Jefferson had the high honor of being the selected advocate of this cause. To say that he performed his great work well, would be doing him injustice. To say that he did it excellently well, admirably well, would be inadequate and halting praise. Let us rather say, that he so discharged the duty assigned him, that all Americans may well rejoice that the work of drawing the title-deed of their liberties devolved on his hands.*

'Mr. Jefferson, having been occupied in the years 1778 and 1779, in the *important service of revising the laws of Virginia*, was elected governor of that State, as successor to Patrick Henry, and held the situation when the State was invaded by the British arms. In 1781 he published his Notes on Virginia, a work which attracted attention in Europe as well as America, dispelled many misconceptions respecting this Continent, and gave its author a place among men distinguished for science. In November 1783, he again took his seat in the Continental Congress, but in the May following was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary, to act abroad, in the negotiation of commercial treaties, with Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams. He proceeded to France, in execution of this mission, embarking at Boston; and that was the only occasion on which he ever visited this place. In 1785 he was appointed minister to France, the duties of which situation he continued to perform, until October 1789, when he obtained leave to

* Mr. H. Lee differs from Mr. Webster upon this subject. In his Observations on the writings of Mr. Jefferson, he says that the Declaration 'exhibits none of the higher powers of composition, and though suited to the great occasion was not equal to it.' p. 116.

retire, just on the eve of that tremendous Revolution which has so much agitated the world, in our times. Mr. Jefferson's discharge of his diplomatic duties was marked by great ability, diligence, and patriotism; and while he resided at Paris, in one of the most interesting periods, his character for intelligence, his love of knowledge, and of the society of learned men, distinguished him in the highest circles of the French capital. *No court in Europe had, at that time, in Paris, a representative commanding or enjoying higher regard, for political knowledge or for general attainment, than the minister of this then infant republic.* Immediately on his return to his native country, at the organization of the government under the present Constitution, his talents and experience recommended him to President Washington, for the first office in his gift. He was placed at the head of the Department of State. In this situation, also, he manifested conspicuous ability. His correspondence with the ministers of other powers residing here, and his instructions to our own diplomatic agents abroad, are among our ablest State Papers. A thorough knowledge of the laws and usages of nations, perfect acquaintance with the immediate subject before him, great felicity, and still greater facility, in writing, show themselves in whatever effort his official situation called on him to make. It is believed, by competent judges, that the diplomatic intercourse of the government of the United States, from the first meeting of the Continental Congress in 1774 to the present time, taken together, would not suffer, in respect to the talent with which it has been conducted, by comparison with anything which other and older states can produce; and to the attainment of this respectability and distinction, Mr. Jefferson has contributed his full part.

'On the retirement of General Washington from the presidency, and the election of Mr. Adams to that office, in 1797, he was chosen Vice-President. While presiding, in this capacity, over the deliberations of the senate, he compiled and published a Manual of Parliamentary Practice, a work of more labor and more merit, than is indicated by its size. It is now received, as the general standard, by which proceedings are regulated, not only in both Houses of Congress, but in most of the other legislative bodies in the country. In 1801, he was elected President, in opposition to Mr. Adams, and re-elected in 1805, by a vote approaching towards unanimity.

'From the time of his final retirement from public life, in 1808, Mr. Jefferson lived, as became a wise man. Surrounded by affectionate friends, his ardor in the pursuit of knowledge undiminished, with uncommon health, and unbroken spirits, he was able to enjoy largely the rational pleasures of life, and to partake in that public prosperity, which he had so much contributed to

produce. His kindness and hospitality, the charm of his conversation, the ease of his manners, the extent of his acquirements, and especially the full store of revolutionary incidents, which he possessed, and which he knew when and how to dispense, rendered his abode in a high degree attractive to his admiring countrymen, while his high public and scientific character drew towards him every intelligent and educated traveller from abroad. Both Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson had the pleasure of knowing that the respect, which they so largely received, was not paid to their official stations. *They were not men made great by office; but great men, on whom the country for its own benefit had conferred office.* There was that in them, which office did not give, and which the relinquishment of office did not, and could not, take away. In their retirement, in the midst of their fellow-citizens, themselves private citizens, they enjoyed as high regard and esteem, as when filling the most important places of public trust.

'There remained to Mr. Jefferson yet one other work of patriotism and beneficence, the establishment of a university in his native state. To this object he devoted years of incessant and anxious attention, and by the enlightened liberality of the legislature of Virginia, and the co-operation of other able and zealous friends, he lived to see it accomplished. May all success attend this infant seminary; and may those who enjoy its advantages, as often as their eyes shall rest on the neighboring height, recollect what they owe to their disinterested and indefatigable benefactor; and may letters honor him who thus labored in the cause of letters!

'Thus useful, and thus respected, passed the old age of Thomas Jefferson. But time was on its ever-ceaseless wing, and was now bringing the last hours of this illustrious man. He saw its approach, with undisturbed serenity. He counted the moments, as they passed, and beheld that his last sands were falling. That day, too, was at hand, which he had helped to make immortal. One wish, one hope, — if it were not presumptuous, — beat in his fainting breast. Could it be so, — might it please God, — he would desire, once more to see the sun, — once more to look abroad on the scene around him, on the great day of liberty. Heaven, in its mercy, fulfilled that prayer. He saw that sun, — he enjoyed its sacred light, — he thanked God, for this mercy, and bowed his aged head to the grave. "*Felix, non vitæ tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis.*"

'The last public labor of Mr. Jefferson naturally suggests the expression of the high praise which is due, both to him and to Mr. Adams, for their uniform and zealous attachment to learning, and to the cause of general knowledge. Of the advantages of

learning, indeed, and of literary accomplishments, their own characters were striking recommendations, and illustrations. They were scholars, ripe and good scholars; widely acquainted with ancient, as well as modern literature, and not altogether uninstructed in the deeper sciences. Their acquirements, doubtless, were different, and so were the particular objects of their literary pursuits; as their tastes and characters, in these respects, differed like those of other men. Being, also, men of busy lives, with great objects, requiring action, constantly before them, their attainments in letters did not become showy, or obtrusive. Yet, I would hazard the opinion, that if we could now ascertain all the causes which gave them eminence and distinction, in the midst of the great men with whom they acted, we should find, not among the least, their early acquisitions in literature, the resources which it furnished, the promptitude and facility which it communicated, and the wide field it opened, for analogy and illustration; giving them, thus, on every subject, a larger view, and a broader range, as well for discussion, as for the government of their own conduct.

'As the promotion of knowledge had been the object of their regard through life, so these great men made it the subject of their testamentary bounty. Mr. Jefferson is understood to have bequeathed his library to the university, and that of Mr. Adams is bestowed on the inhabitants of Quincy.

'Mr. Adams, and Mr. Jefferson, fellow-citizens, were successively Presidents of the United States. The comparative merits of their respective administrations for a long time agitated and divided public opinion. They were rivals, each supported by numerous and powerful portions of the people, for the highest office. This contest, partly the cause, and partly the consequence, of the long existence of two great political parties in the country, is now part of the history of our government. We may naturally regret, that anything should have occurred to create difference and discord, between those who had acted harmoniously and efficiently in the great concerns of the revolution. But this is not the time, nor this the occasion, for entering into the grounds of that difference, or for attempting to discuss the merits of the questions which it involves. As practical questions, they were canvassed, when the measures which they regarded were acted on and adopted; and as belonging to history, the time has not come for their consideration.

'It is, perhaps, not wonderful, that when the Constitution of the United States went first into operation, different opinions should have been entertained, as to the extent of the powers conferred by it. Here was a natural source of diversity of sentiment. It is still less wonderful, that that event, almost contemporary with

our government, under the present Constitution, which so entirely shocked all Europe, and disturbed our relations with her leading powers, should have been thought, by different men, to have different bearings on our own prosperity; and that the early measures, adopted by our government, in consequence of this new state of things, should have been seen in opposite lights. It is for the future historian, when what now remains of prejudice and misconception shall have passed away, to state these different opinions, and pronounce impartial judgment. In the meantime, all good men rejoice, and may well rejoice, that the sharpest differences sprung out of measures, which, whether right or wrong, have ceased, with the exigencies that gave them birth, and have left no permanent effect, either on the Constitution, or on the general prosperity of the country. This remark, I am aware, may be supposed to have its exception, in one measure, the alteration of the Constitution, as to the mode of choosing the President; but it is true, in its general application. Thus the course of policy pursued towards France, in 1798, on the one hand, and the measures of commercial restriction, commenced in 1807, on the other, both subjects of warm and severe opposition, have passed away, and left nothing behind them. They were temporary, and whether wise or unwise, their consequences were limited to their respective occasions. It is equally clear, at the same time, and it is equally gratifying, that those measures of both administrations, which were of durable importance, and which drew after them interesting and long remaining consequences, have received general approbation. Such was the organization, or rather the creation, of the navy, in the administration of Mr. Adams; such the acquisition of Louisiana, in that of Mr. Jefferson. The country, it may safely be added, is not likely to be willing either to approve, or to reprobate, indiscriminately, and in the aggregate, all the measures of either, or of any, administration. The dictate of reason and of justice is, that, holding each one his own sentiments on the points in difference, we imitate the great men themselves, in the forbearance and moderation which they have cherished, and in the mutual respect and kindness which they have been so much inclined to feel and to reciprocate.

'*No men, fellow-citizens, ever served their country with more entire exemption from every imputation of selfish and mercenary motives, than those to whose memory we are paying these proofs of respect. A suspicion of any disposition to enrich themselves, or to profit by their public employments, never rested on either. No sordid motive approached them. The inheritance which they have left to their children, is of their character and their fame.*

'Fellow-citizens, I will detain you no longer by this faint and feeble tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead. Even in

other hands, adequate justice could not be performed, within the limits of this occasion. Their highest, their best praise, is your deep conviction of their merits, your affectionate gratitude for their labors and services. It is not my voice, it is this cessation of ordinary pursuits, this arresting of all attention, these solemn ceremonies, and this crowded house, which speak their eulogy. Their fame, indeed, is safe. That is now treasured up, beyond the reach of accident. Although no sculptured marble should rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record of their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored. Marble columns may, indeed, moulder into dust;— time may erase all impress from the crumbling stone;— but their fame remains ;— for with AMERICAN LIBERTY it rose, and with AMERICAN LIBERTY ONLY can it perish. It was the last swelling peal of yonder choir, "THEIR BODIES ARE BURIED IN PEACE, BUT THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE." I catch that solemn song ; I echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph, "THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE."'

ART. XI.— *Calavar.*

Calavar: or the Knight of the Conquest; a Romance of Mexico. 2 Vols. 12mo. Philadelphia. 1834.

MANY of our writers have insisted, that the scenery and history of the regions of this hemisphere abound in materials for romance, not at all inferior to any that the old world has to show ; but the author of this work has done still better ; he has given us a practical illustration of the argument, which reflects credit on his own ability, and does no dishonor to the literature of his country. If there is any portion of modern history, fertile in romantic and exciting interest, it is that of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. Many and dark are the shadows that hang over the narration ; it is blackened by revenge and avarice, and degraded by foul and revolting crime: yet, strange as it may appear, this remarkable enterprise, like those of the Crusaders of an earlier age, was almost wholly the offspring of religious zeal ; of that religious zeal, however, which employs the ministry of fire and sword, to gather in the heathen beneath the banner of the cross. It was ennobled by the exhibition, in their most impos-

ing forms, of that iron energy, that unconquerable will, that resolve which can neither bend nor break, that rule the imaginations of men with the power of an imperial sceptre. Its wonders go even beyond the allotted limits of romantic fiction; one needs only to read the simple narrative of Bernal Diaz del Castillo, to see them in all their wildness and peculiarity; to witness the extraordinary spectacle of a few stern adventurers, hardly superior to the mosstroopers of the Scottish border, rushing fearlessly into the heart of a vast and populous empire, nor much below the European nations of its day, in all that constituted civilization; and, under circumstances of peril and privation to which the records of other times scarcely afford a parallel, converting it into the province of a distant kingdom, and its princes into vassals. This is the very theme for the writer of romance; it provides him in abundance with all the contrasts of condition and character, all the miraculous changes, which his purposes require. We think the author has shown no less judgment in selecting, than taste in combining it with those portions of his narrative, for which he is indebted to his fancy; he has not attempted to invest it with a moral grandeur, to which it can advance no claim, among those who do not sympathize with the fortunes of a rude invader; the moral interest of his work is drawn from other sources; with what success, our readers may perhaps form some opinion, by the sketch, accompanied with extracts, which we proceed to give.

The action of the tale begins in the year 1520. On a bright morning in May, a little caravel, freighted with a motley array of adventurers, enters the harbor of St. Juan de Ulloa. One of the passengers is conspicuous above the rest, by his manly figure and noble bearing; this is Don Amador de Leste, a hidalgo of Spain, and a volunteer, but not sworn knight of the order of St. John of Jerusalem. The fortunes of this personage occupy a prominent place throughout the narrative; he visits the New World, in order to discover Don Gines Gabriel de Calavar, from whom the romance derives its name. The history of Calavar before this period is brief and melancholy; in youth, he was among the most affluent and honored of the nobles of Spain; but, stricken by some sudden and severe calamity, the nature of which is subsequently revealed, he forsakes his home and prospects, unites himself to the knights of Rhodes, and devotes himself to toil and sorrow, until he at

length becomes a victim of insanity, the offspring of his secret grief. He survives the destruction of Rhodes, in which so many of the flower of knighthood perished; and immediately after, enters with zeal into a crusade against the Moors of Barbary, which is projected, but soon abandoned by the Spanish king, in consequence of the brilliant prospects held out by American discovery. Don Amador, his kinsman and esquire, goes forth to procure recruits to fight beneath his banner; but forgets the obligations of his commission, and suffers certain worldly allurements, in his own phrase, to step between himself and his duty. In the meantime, Calavar, on ascertaining the abandonment of his holy enterprise, sails for Mexico. Thither Don Amador, awaking from his lethargy, makes haste to follow him, with letters from the Grand-Master of his order, urging his return; and is supposed to have just reached the shores of the New World, at the opening of the tale.

In the harbor of St. Juan de Ulloa lies a Spanish squadron, under the command of the Admiral Cavallero, a relative of De Leste. At the invitation of the admiral, the knight repairs on board his vessel, and is for the first time made acquainted with the situation of affairs, in the country he is about to enter. Cortes, who had been commissioned to subdue it by Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, had been recalled, while in the full career of conquest, by the same chief, from a jealousy of his growing influence and fame; but, irritated by the indignity, and sustained by the united approbation of his followers, he refused obedience to the order of recall, and declared himself independent of Velasquez. The governor, incensed by this defiance, despatched against him a second army of a thousand men, under the command of Panfilo de Narvaez, with instructions to take him captive; and the fleet, at anchor in the harbor, is the same by which this force had been transported to the shores of Mexico. In the meantime, Cortes, with his little army of five hundred men, had penetrated to the capital, and made himself its master. Calavar was with him. On learning the expedition of Narvaez, he hastened back to meet him. Narvaez had reached the city of Zempoala, at a little distance from the coast, and Cortes, with his hardy veterans, was already in his neighborhood, waiting for an opportunity to spring upon his foe. Such is the situation of the hostile forces. The admiral attempts to dissuade his relative from joining the army of Cortes; he can reach it only by passing through the army

of Narvaez, whose consent is not likely to be very readily obtained; but Don Amador, whose discretion is somewhat less conspicuous than his zeal, expresses his determination to abide the consequences, and only asks to be furnished with a guide. Reinforcements are about to march to Zempoala, and the admiral proposes to the knight to accompany them.

At this moment, several persons are brought before the admiral, in the presence of Don Amador. Among them is a Moor, of striking deportment and wild attire, accompanied by a delicate youth, whom he calls his son. The rest of the party are the master and crew of an armed vessel, by whom the Moor had been captured after a desperate engagement. In reply to the questions of the Admiral, the Moor describes himself as a Morisco of the Alpujarras, and a descendant of the Almogavars of Granada; he left his country after its subjugation by the Spaniards; but, weary at length of exile, and wishing to save his son from the contagion of heathenism, he embarked on board a Sallee trader to return; on the way the vessel was driven from its course by a violent storm, and was captured by the men of the Canaries, his own life and that of his son only being preserved. The master of the vessel which captured him, states with what difficulty this was accomplished, owing to the skill and desperate valor of the Moor, and concludes by claiming both the prisoners as his slaves; but the Moor insists, that being Christians, they are not liable to be sold into bondage; and the admiral resolves at last, to send the Moor to the army of Narvaez, to be employed as a cannonier, with permission to his son to accompany him. These personages will be seen to exercise an important influence upon the action of the narrative.

We pass hastily over the relation of the journey of Don Amador to Zempoala, in company with the reinforcements designed for the army of Narvaez; though there are several passages on which we would gladly dwell, and which indicate a superior descriptive power. On the way, he receives the Moor's warm expressions of gratitude, for protecting his son, Jacinto, from the effects of the anger of the captain of the band, Salvatierra. At Zempoala, he is at first courteously received by Narvaez. While in company with him, a fantastic personage, combining the different characters of astrologer and harlequin, and belonging to the band of Cortes, is taken prisoner, and brought before the general. This man is named Bo-

tello. He excites the towering wrath of Narvaez, by indulging himself in some predictions of serious disaster to the invading army; in the course of his communications he chances to mention the penitent knight; when Don Amador, overjoyed at finding himself in the immediate neighborhood of Calavar, forthwith asks permission to pass the lines of Narvaez, in order to join him. The exasperated general not only refuses his consent, but throws him and the astrologer into prison. He is, however, released the same night by Duero, the Secretary of Velasquez, who accompanies Narvaez as the agent of the governor, but is at heart the friend of Cortes; and, accompanied by Botello, who appears to have escaped from durance in a similar manner, sets out in quest of the army of Cortes, which lay about a league distant, on the banks of the river of Canoes. After making various circuitous windings to escape detection, they reach the river, which is swelled by a sudden storm; on passing it, Don Amador is in danger of being swept away by the tide, but is directed to a secure landing-place, and aided by a cavalier from the opposite bank.

'Not till his charge was on dry land, did the stranger relax his hand; and then perhaps the sooner, that Don Amador seized it with a most cordial gripe, and while he held it, said, fervently,—

'"I swear to thee, cavalier! I believe thou hast saved me from a great danger, if thou hast not absolutely preserved my life; for which good deed, besides giving thee my most unfeigned present thanks, I avow myself, till the day of my death, enslaved under the necessity to requite thee with any honorable risk thou canst hereafter impose."

'While Don Amador spoke, he perused the countenance and surveyed the figure of his deliverer. He was a man in the prime and midway of life, tall and long-limbed, but with a breadth of shoulders, and development of muscle that proved him, as did the grasp with which he assisted the war-horse from the flood, to possess great bodily strength. His face was handsome and manly, though with rather delicate features; and a very lofty and capacious forehead shone among thin black locks, and under a velvet cap worn in a negligent manner, with a medal of a saint draggling loosely from it. His beard was black and thin, like his hair, and Amador plainly perceived through it the scar of a sword cut between the chin and mouth. His garments were of a fine and dark cloth, without much ornament; but his *fanfarrona*, as it was called in the language of the cavaliers, was a gold chain of at least thrice the weight and bigness of the neophyte's, linked

round his neck, and supporting a pendant of Christ and the Virgin; and in addition, Don Amador saw on a finger of the hand he grasped, a diamond ring of goodly size and lustre. Such was the valiant gentleman, who won the friendship of the neophyte not less by his ready good will than by his excellent appearance; although this last qualification was perhaps not displayed to advantage, inasmuch as his whole attire and equipments, as well as the skin and armor of his horse, were dripping with wet, as if both had been lately plunged into the river or exposed to all the rigor of the storm. He replied to Don Amador's courtesies with a frank and open countenance, and a laugh of good humor, as if entirely unconscious of any discomfort from his reeking condition, or of any merit in the service he had rendered.

'"I accept thy offers of friendship," he said, "and very heartily, señor. But I vow to thee, when I helped thee out of the stream, I thought I should have had to give thee battle the next moment, as a sworn friend of Don Panfilo, the Biscayan."

'"How little justice there was in that suspicion," said Amador, "you will know when I tell you, that, at this moment, next to the satisfaction of finding some opportunity to requite your true service, I know of no greater pleasure the saints could send me than a fair opportunity to cross swords with this ill-mannered general, in serious and mortal arbitrement. Know, señor, I am at this moment a captive escaped out of the hands of that most dishonorable and unworthy person, seeking my way, with my followers, under guidance of a certain conjuror called Botello, to the camp of the valiant señor Don Hernan Cortes; and I rejoice in this rencounter the more, because I am persuaded you are yourself a true friend of that much-respected commander."

'"Ay, by my conscience! you may say so," cried the blithe cavalier; "and I would to heaven Cortes had many more friends that love him so well as myself. But come, señor; you are hard by his head-quarters. — Yet, under favor, let us, before seeking them, say a word to Botello, who, with your people, I perceive, has crossed the river."

'A few steps of their horses brought the two cavaliers into contact with the travellers, with whom Don Amador beheld some half-a-dozen strangers, all of hidalgo appearance, on horseback, and dripping with wet like his new friend, but, unlike him, armed to the teeth with helm, mail, and buckler.

'"How now, Botello, *mi querido?*" he cried, as he rode in among the party; "what news from my brother Narvaez? and what conjuration wert thou enacting, while he was scampering away before the bad weather?"

'"Nothing but good, señor!" said Botello, baring his head, and bending it to the saddle.

'The neophyte was surprised at this mark of homage in the enchanter, whom he had found, though neither rude nor presumptuous, not over-burthened with servility. Looking round to the other hidalgos, he discovered that they all kept their eyes upon his companion with looks of the deepest respect. At the same moment, and as the truth entered his mind, he caught the eye of his deliverer, and perceived at once, in this stately though unarmed cavalier, the person of the renowned Cortes himself. For a moment, it seemed as if the general were disposed to meet the disclosure with a grave and lofty deportment suitable to his rank; but as Don Amador raised his hand to his casque with a gesture of reverence, a smile crept over his visage, which was instantly succeeded by a good-humored and familiar laugh.

'"Thou seest, señor!" he cried, "we will be masking at times, even without much regard either for our enemies or the weather. But trust me, caballero, you are welcome; and doubtless not only to myself, but to these worthier gentlemen, my friends." And here the general pronounced the names of Sandoval, of De Morla, of De Leon, De Olid, and others, — all, as was afterwards proved, men of great note among the invaders of Mexico. The neophyte saluted them with courtesy, and then, turning to the general, said: —

'"I am myself called Amador de Leste, a poor hidalgo of Cuenza, a novice of the order of St. John of the Holy Hospital, and kinsman of the knight Gines Gabriel de Calavar, to seek whom am I come to this land of Mexico, and to the tents of your excellency."

'All bowed with great respect at this annunciation; and Cortes himself, half raising his drooping cap, said: —

'"I doubly welcome the cavalier De Leste; and whether he come to honor me with the aid of his good sword, or to rob me of the true friendship of the knight Calavar, still am I most glad to see him: and glad am I that heaven has sent us a kinsman to watch by the side of the good knight. Señor," continued the general, anticipating the questions of the neophyte, "if you will moderate your impatience a little, until I fulfil my duties with my mad friend here, the astrologer, I will be rejoiced in person to conduct you to your kinsman."

'The courteous manners of Hernan Cortes did more to mollify the ardor of the novice, than could any degree of stateliness. He smothered his impatience, though it was burning with a stronger and an increasing flame; while the general proceeded to confer with the magician.'

From the intelligence communicated by Botello, Cortes is induced to make preparations for an attack on the same night. The party enter the camp, where

'Under the shadow of a tall tree, remote from the rest, and attended only by a single armed follower, — on a coal-black horse, heavily harnessed, which stood under his weight with a tranquillity as marble-like as his own, sat the knight of Calavar. He was in full armor, but the iron plates were rusted on his body, and in many places shattered. The plumes were broken and disordered on his helmet; the spear lay at the feet of his steed; his buckler was in the hands of his attendant; and instead of the red tabard which was worn in a season of war by the brothers of his order, the black mantle of peace, with its great white cross, hung or drooped heavily from his shoulders. His beaver was up, and his countenance, wan and even ghastly, was fully revealed. The ravages of an untimely age were imprinted upon his aspect; yet, notwithstanding the hollow cheeks and grizzled beard, the brow furrowed with a thousand wrinkles, the lips colorless and contracted into an expression of deep pain, he presented the appearance of a ruin, majestic in its decay. His hands were clasped, and lay on the pommel of the saddle, and, together with his whole attitude and air, indicated a state of the most profound and sorrowful abstraction. In truth, he seemed the prey of thoughts, many and deep; and it scarcely needed the simple and touching legend, *Miserere mei, Deus!* which usurped the place of a scutcheon or other device on his shield, to know that if fame sat on his saddle, sorrow rested under his bosom.

'No sooner had the neophyte beheld this gloomy apparition, than, with a loud cry, he threw himself from his horse; and, rushing forward, he seized the relaxed hand of the figure, and pressed it to his lips with reverence and affection. But the knight, not yet roused from his reverie, or struggling vainly with imperfect recollections, looked only into his face with a wistful stare.

'"Patron and cousin! my friend and my father!" cried the novice, passionately, "do you not know me? I am Amador!"

'"Amador!" muttered the knight, with a troubled look and a tone of perplexity. "Very well, — to-morrow — to-morrow?"

'"He will not understand you now," said the general. "He is often in these trances."

'"Mi padre! mi amigo!" cried the youth, vehemently, without regarding the interruption of the commander, "will you not know me? I am Amador! Look, — here is Baltasar, old Baltasar! your servant and favorite, that has been at your side ever from the days of the Alpujarras to the fall of Rhodes."

'"The Alpujarras!" echoed the knight, with a deep sigh. "Wo is me! — miserere mei, Deus!"

'"He will recollect us *now*," said Baltasar, who had also descended, and who testified his fidelity by a tear that glittered in

his ancient eye. "I never knew that word fail to call him out of his mood, though I have often known it fling him into one. — Master! I am Baltasar; and here is your honor's kinsman, Don Amador!"

'"Ay! is it so indeed? I thought I was dreaming," said the knight: "Art thou here indeed, my son Amador? Give me thy brows, for I am rejoiced to find thee in the world again." And stooping and flinging his arms round his neck, he kissed the forehead of the neophyte, with a parental affection.

'"This, my masters," said Cortes, in an under voice, "is not a spectacle for us. Let us pass on, and arrange proceedings for the attack." And, with his suite, he instantly departed.'

Calavar expresses his determination to take no part in the assault, alleging that no follower of St. John can contend with a Christian, except in self-defence; and Amador, though burning to march by the side of Cortes, is reluctantly compelled to abide by the orders of the knight. They, however, follow their companions, but mistaking the path, enter Zempoala just as the assault commences in another part of the city; and reach the great square near the temple, in season to preserve the Moor and his son from the swords of the enraged assailants. After a desperate resistance, Narvaez is overcome, and his followers are glad to join the ranks of the conqueror, who resolves to employ the Moor in his own service, and permits him to confide his son to the protection of Calavar. In the very moment of victory, intelligence arrives, that Alvarado, who had been left in charge of the capital, is besieged in the palace by the Mexicans, where, unless assistance is speedily afforded him, he must perish by famine or the sword. The order to return is instantly issued, and the army is on its march to Tlascala, which occupies a month, owing to the difficulty of transporting the ordnance through such a rugged country. While in Tlascala, as Amador is standing at night on one of its pyramids of earth, he perceives Jacinto in tears,

'"But besides, señor," said the page, "when Don Francisco made me sad, I looked at the moon, and I thought how it was rising on my country!"

'"It is now the very noon of night, both in thy land and mine," said the neophyte, touched by the simple expression, and leading the boy where the planet could be seen without obstruction; —"it is now midnight over Fez, as well as Castile; and, perhaps, some of our friends, in both lands, are regarding this luminary, at this moment, and thinking of *us*."

'The page sighed deeply and painfully;

'"I have no friends, — no, neither in Fez nor in Spain," he said; "and, save my father, my master, and my good lord, none here. There is none of my people left, but my father; and we are alone together!"

'"Say not, alone," said Amador, with still more kindness, — for as Jacinto made this confession of his destitute condition, the tears fell fast and bitterly from his eyes. "Say not, alone; for, I repeat to thee, I have come, I know not by what fascination, to love thee as well as if thou wert my own little brother; and there shall no wrong come to thee, or thy father, while I live to be thy friend."

'Jacinto kissed the hand of the cavalier, and said, —

'"I did not cry for sorrow, but only for thinking of my country."

'"Thou shouldst think no more of Fez; for its people are infidels, and thou a Christian."

'"I thought of Granada, — for that is the land of Christians; and I longed to be among the mountains where my mother was born."

'"Thou shalt live there yet, if God be merciful to us," said the cavalier: "for when there is peace in this barbarous clime, I will take thee thither for a playmate to Rosario. But now that we are here alone, let us sit by the tower, and while I grow melancholy, bethinking me of that same land of Granada, which I very much love, I will have thee sing me some other pretty ballad of the love of a Christian knight for a Moorish lady; — or I care not if thou repeat the romance of the Cid; I like it well — 'Me acuerdo de ti' — 'me acuerdo de ti' — " And the neophyte seemed, while he murmured over the burthen, as if about to imitate the pensiveness of De Morla.

'"If my lord choose," said the page, "I would rather tell him a story of Granada, which is about a Christian cavalier, very noble and brave, and a Christian Morisca, that loved him."

'"A Christian Morisca!" said Amador; "and she loved the cavalier? — I will hear that story. And it happened in Granada too?"

'"In one of the Moorish towns, but not in the royal city. — It was in the town Almeria."

'"In the town Almeria;" echoed Amador, eagerly. "Thou canst tell me nothing of Almeria, that will not give me both pain and pleasure, for therein — But pho! a word doth fill the brain with memories! — Is it an ancient story?"

'"Not very ancient, please my lord: it happened since the fall of Granada."

'"It is strange that I never heard it, then; for I dwelt full

two months in this same town; and 'tis not yet forty years since the siege."

'"Perhaps it is not *true*," said the stripling, innocently; "and, at the best, 'tis not remarkable enough to have many repeaters. 'Tis a very foolish story."

'"Nevertheless, I am impatient to hear it."

'"There lived in that town," said Jacinto, "a Moorish orphan —"

'"A girl?" demanded the neophyte.

'"A Moorish maiden, — of so obscure a birth, that she knew not even the name that had been borne by her parents; but nevertheless, señor, her parents, as was afterwards found out, were of the noblest blood of Granada. She was protected and reared in the family of a benevolent lady, who, being descended of a Moorish parent, looked with pity on the poor orphan of the race of her mother. When this maiden was yet in her very early youth, there came a noble cavalier of Castile, —"

'"A Castilian!" demanded Don Amador, with extraordinary vivacity, — "Art thou a conjuror? — What was his name?"

'"I know not," said Jacinto.

'"Thou learnest thy stories, then, only by the half," said the neophyte, with a degree of displeasure that amazed the youth. "And, doubtless, thou wert forgetful also to acquire the name of the Moorish orphan?"

'"Señor," said the page, discomposed at the heated manner of his patron, "the Moorish maiden was called Leila."

'"Leila!" cried the neophyte, starting to his feet, and seizing Jacinto by the arm, — "Canst thou tell me aught of Leila?"

'"Señor!" murmured Jacinto, in affright.

"Leila, the Morisca, in the house of the señora Doña Maria de Montefuerte!" exclaimed Don Amador, wildly. "Dost thou know of her fate? Did she sleep under the surges of the bay? Was she ravished away by those exile dogs of the mountains? — Now, by heaven, if thou canst tell me anything of that Moorish maid, I will make thee richer than the richest Moor of Granada!"

The Moor, instigated by his hereditary enmity to the Spaniards, has secretly joined the Mexicans. The army continues its march to Cholula, the holy city, then filled with the monuments of barbaric splendor, but now forsaken and desolate. There, Cortes receives intelligence of the meditated treason of the Moor. As Calavar is wandering by night among the ruins, his insanity is revived by witnessing what he imagines to be the spectre of one, intimately connected with his tale of guilt and wo; he swoons, and on the return of sense, finds himself

supported by Jacinto, to whom he thus reveals the secret of his crime.

"'Long years have passed; many days of peril and disaster have come and gone; and yet I have not forgotten the Alpujarras!" cried Calavar, shivering as he uttered the word; "for there did joy smile, and hope sicken, and fury give me to clouds and darkness forever. Those hills were the haunts of thy forefathers, Jacinto; and there, after the royal city had fallen, and Granada was ruled by the monarchs of Spain, they fled for refuge, all those noble Moriscos, who were resolute to die in their own mistaken faith, as well, — in after years, — as many others, who had truly embraced the religion of Christ, but were suspected by the bigoted of our people, and persecuted with rigor. How many wars were declared against those unhappy fugitives, — now to break down the last strong hold of the infidel, and now to punish the suspected Christian, — thou must know, if thy sire be a true Moor of Granada. In mine early youth, and in one of the later crusades, that were proclaimed against those misguided mountaineers, went I, to win the name and the laurels of a cavalier. Would that I had never won them, or that they had come to me dead on the battle-field! Know, then, Jacinto, that my nineteenth summer had not yet fled from me, when I first drew my sword in conflict with men; but if I won my reputation, at that green age, it was because heaven was minded to show me, that shame and sorrow could come as early. In those days, the royal and noble blood of Granada had not been drawn from every vein; many of the princely descendants of the Abencerrages, the Aliatars, the Ganzuls, and the Zegris, still dwelt among the mountains; and, forgetting their hereditary feuds, united together in common resistance against the Spaniards. With such men for enemies, respected alike for their birth and their valor, the war was not always a history of rapine and barbarity; and sometimes there happened such passages of courtesy and magnanimity between the Christian and Moorish cavaliers, as recalled the memory of the days of chivalry and honor. Among others, who made experience of the heroic greatness of mind of the infidel princes, was I myself; for, in a battle, wherein the Moors prevailed against us, I was left wounded and unhorsed, on the field, to perish, or to remain a prisoner in their hands. In that melancholy condition, while I commended my soul to God, as not thinking I could escape from death, a Moorish warrior of majestic appearance and a soul still more lofty, approached, and had pity on my helplessness, instead of slaying me outright, as I truly expected. "Thou art noble," said he, "for I have seen thy deeds; and though, this day, thou hast shed the blood of a Zegri, thou shalt not perish like a

dog. Mount my horse and fly, lest the approaching squadrons destroy thee; and in memory of this deed, be thou sometimes merciful to the people of Alharef." Then knew I, that this was Alharef-ben-Ismail, the most noble of the Zegris, — a youth famous, even among the Spaniards, for his courage and humanity; and in gratitude and love, for he was a Christian proselyte, I pledged him my faith, and swore with him the vows of a true friendship. "How I have kept mine oath, Alharef!" he cried, lifting his eyes to the spangled heaven, "thou knowest; — for sometimes *thou* art with my punisher!"

'The knight paused an instant, in sorrowful emotion, while Jacinto, borne by curiosity beyond the bounds of fear, bent his head to listen; then making the sign of the cross, and repeating his brief prayer, the cavalier resumed his narrative.

'"As my ingratitude was greater than that of other men, so is my sin; for another act of benevolence shall weigh against me forever! — Why did I not die with my people, when the smiles of perfidy conducted us to the hills, and the sword was drawn upon us sleeping? That night, there was but one escaped the cruel and bloody stratagem; and I, again, owed my life to the virtues of a Moor. Pity me, heaven! for thou didst send me an angel, and I repaid thy mercy with the thankfulness of a fiend! — Know, then, Jacinto, that, in the village wherein was devised and accomplished the murder of my unsuspecting companions, dwelt one that now liveth in heaven. Miserere mei! miserere mei! for she was noble and fair, and wept at the baseness of her kindred! — She covered the bleeding cavalier with her mantle, concealed him from the fury that was unrelenting; and when she had healed his wounds, guided him, in secret, from the den of devils, and dismissed him in safety near to the camp of his countrymen. Know thou now, boy, that this maiden was Zayda, the flower of all those hills, and the star that made them dearer to me than the heaven that was above them; and more thought I of those green peaks and shady valleys that encompassed my love, than the castle of my sire, or the church wherein rested the bones of my mother. Miserere mei! miserere mei! for the faith that was pledged was broken! my lady slept in the arms of Alharef, and my heart was turned to blackness! — Now thou shalt hear me, and pray for me," continued Don Gabriel, with a look of the wildest and intensest despair, "for my sin is greater than I can bear! Now shalt thou hear how I cursed those whom I had sworn to love; how I sharpened my sword, and with vengeance and fury, went against the village of my betrayers. Oh God! how thou didst harden our hearts, when we gave their houses to the flames, and their old men and children to swords and spears! when we looked not at misery, and listened not to supplication, but slew! slew!

slew! as though we struck at beasts, and not at human creatures! 'Thou sworest an oath!' cried Alharef. I laughed; for I knew I should drink his blood! 'Be merciful to my people!' he cried, — and I struck him with my sabre. Oho!" continued the knight, springing to his feet, wringing the page's hands, and glaring at him with the countenance of a demon, "when he fled from me bleeding, my heart was full of joy, and I followed him with yells of transport! — *This* is the day, I tell thee! this is the day, and the hour! for night could not hide him! — And Zayda! ay, Zayda! Zayda! — when she shielded him with her bosom, when she threw herself before him, — Miserere mei, Deus! miserere mei, Deus!" —

'"And Zayda?" cried the page, meeting his gaze with looks scarcely less expressive of wildness.

'"Curse me, or pray for me," said the knight, — "for I slew her!"

'The boy recoiled; Don Gabriel fell on his knees, and, with a voice husky and feeble as a child's, cried,

'"I know, now, that thou cursest me, for thou lookest on me with horror! The innocent will not pray for the guilty! the pure and holy have no pity for devils. Curse me then, for her kindred vanished from the earth, and she with them! — curse me, for I left not a drop of her blood flowing in human veins, and none in her's! — curse me, for I am her murderer, and I have not forgot it! — curse me, for God has forsaken me, and nightly her pale face glitters on me with reproach! — curse me, for I am miserable!"'

They are interrupted by a party, who had been sent from the camp in pursuit of the Moor. At the same time, Don Amador is rescued by the Moor from a party of Indian warriors, which he encounters while wandering in quest of Calavar, and learns from his preserver that he has deserted the ranks of his ancient foes; but that he is separated from Jacinto, who in his flight, tarried to assist the knight, as he lay senseless among the ruins. He however extorts from Amador an oath to protect the boy from danger. The army continues the march, till, on descending the mountain ridge which separated them from the capital, its valley is spread out in all its beauty before the cavalier.

'There came from the van of the army, very far in the distance, a shout of joy, that was caught up by those who toiled in his neighborhood, and continued by the squadrons that brought up the rear, until finally lost among the echoes of remote cliffs. He pressed forward with the animation shared by his companions,

and, still leading Jacinto, arrived, at last, at a place where the mountain dipped downwards with so sudden and so precipitous a declivity, as to interpose no obstacle to the vision. The mists were rolling away from his feet in huge wreaths, which gradually, as they became thinner, received and transmitted the rays of an evening sun, and were lighted up with a golden and crimson radiance, glorious to behold, and increasing every moment in splendor. As this superb curtain was parted from before him, as if by cords that went up to heaven, and surged voluminously aside, he looked over the heads of those that thronged the side of the mountain beneath, and saw, stretching away like a picture touched by the hands of angels, the fair valley imbosomed among those romantic hills, whose shadows were stealing visibly over its western slopes, but leaving all the eastern portion dyed with the tints of sunset. The green plains studded with yet greener woodlands; the little mountains raising their fairy-like crests; the lovely lakes, now gleaming like floods of molten silver, where they stretched into the sunshine, and now vanishing away, in a shadowy expanse, under the gloom of the growing twilight; the structures that rose, vaguely and obscurely, here from their verdant margins, and there from their very bosom, as if floating on their placid waters, seeming at one time to present the image of a city crowned with towers and pinnacles, and then again broken by some agitation of the element, or confused by some vapor swimming through the atmosphere, into the mere fragments and phantasms of edifices, — these, seen in that uncertain and fading light, and at that misty and enchanting distance, unfolded such a spectacle of beauty and peace, as plunged the neophyte into a reverie of rapture. The trembling of the page's hand, a deep sigh that breathed from his lips, recalled him to consciousness, without however dispelling his delight.'

As the long files wind through the streets of the stately city, no voice of hostility or welcome rises from its countless multitudes; a silence, like that of the elements before they gather in their wrath, reigns around, and oppresses their hearts with a foreboding of the fate impending over hundreds of their devoted band. The humbled emperor, Montezuma, awaits them at the palace gate, with the words of welcome, but is imprudently spurned by Cortes with repeated insult. In the midst of the confusion, Jacinto disappears from the side of Amador, and does not return. They enter the palace, but the next morning reveals to them the secret of their danger; hosts of the infuriated Mexicans, roused to a sense of the degradation of their monarch, are gathering in the streets, and advancing to attack the palace;

and a series of sanguinary conflicts begins, which have hardly a parallel in the diabolical history of warfare. We have no space to enter into these details: they are set forth by the author, as far as his narrative requires, with great spirit and power; day after day fresh hosts pour down in vengeance on the exhausted Spaniards; Don Amador is more than once confounded by observing, in a religious procession of the Mexicans, the face and form of his lost Leila. In one of the conflicts, he is himself, when separated from his companions, struck down by the friendly hand of the Moor, and borne senseless away from the battle. There seems no longer any hope for Cortes, except in the influence of the captive Montezuma; who, on the pledge of the Spaniard that he will depart, assures the Mexicans that he is a prisoner by choice, and is at the same moment wounded by the arrows of his indignant people.

Amador, on recovering his senses, finds himself beneath the roof of the Moor, and watched by Jacinto. He had been beaten down by Abdalla, in order to remove him from the vengeance of the Mexicans. The Moor explains to him, that he is no Almogavar, but a Zegri of Granada; 'one whose fathers have given kings to the Alhambra, but who hath lived to see his child a menial in the house of his foe, and both child and father leagued with, and lost among the infidels of a strange land, in a world unknown.' He had to choose between indignity and revenge, and he chose the part, which would remove him farthest from the Spaniards. While Amador, wounded and exhausted, is confined beneath his dwelling, the Moor, by his influence with the Mexicans, rescues Calavar from a similar fate. On the following day, Jacinto learns that his father has fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, and that his only remaining hope is to go forthwith to the palace; he assumes the disguise of a Mexican prophetess, and, accompanied by Amador in that of a native chief, who sees with astonishment the crowds give way with reverence at the approach of his companion, reaches the palace yard, just in season for the cavalier to cut the cord with which the executioner has bound the neck of the Moor; who, thus released, flies and is lost among the combatants. They enter the palace, and rush to the apartment of Calavar; but he is gone, and

'The captive monarch lay on the bed of death. Around the low couch knelt his children, and behind were the princes of the empire, gazing with looks of awe on the king. In front were

several Spanish cavaliers, unhelmed and silent; and Cortes himself, bare-headed and kneeling, gazed with a countenance of remorse on his victim; while the priest Olmedo stood hard by, vainly offering, through the medium of Doña Marina and the cavalier De Morla, the consolations of religion.

'The king struggled in a kind of low delirium, in the arms of a man of singular and most barbarous appearance. This was a Mexican of gigantic stature, robed in a hooded mantle of black; but the cowl had fallen from his head, and his hair, many feet in length, plaited and twisted with thick cords, fell like cables over his person and that of the dying king. This was the high-priest of Mexico, taken prisoner at the battle of the temple.

'The countenance of Montezuma was changed by suffering and the death-throe; and yet, from their hollow depths, his eyes shot forth beams of extraordinary lustre. As he struggled, he muttered; and his broken exclamations, being interpreted, were found to be the lamentations of a crushed spirit and a broken heart.

'"Bid the Teuctli depart," were some of the words which Don Amador caught, as rendered by the lips of Marina: "before he came, I was a king in Mexico. — But the son of the gods," he went on, with a hoarse and rattling laugh, "shall find that there are gods in Mexico, who shall devour the betrayer! They roar in the heavens, they thunder among the mountains,"—(the continued peals of artillery, shaking the fabric of the palace, mingled with his dreams, and gave a color to them) — "they speak under the earth, and it trembles at their shouting. Ometeuctli, that dwelleth in the city of heaven, Tlaloc, that swimmeth on the great dark waters, Tonatricli and Meztli, the kings of day and night, and Mictlanteuctli, the ruler of hell, — all of them speak to their people; they look upon the strangers that destroy in their lands, and they say to me, 'Thou art the king, and they shall perish!' — Wo! wo! wo!" he continued, with an abrupt transition to abasement and grief; "they look upon me and laugh, for I have no people! In the face of all, I was made a slave; and, when they had spit upon me, they struck me as they strike the slave; so struck my people. Come, then, thou that dwellest among the rivers of night; for, among the rivers, with those who die the death of shame, shall I inhabit. Did not Mexico strike me and shout for joy? Wo, wo! for my people have deserted me! and, in their eyes, the king is a slave!"'

'The person of De Leste, whom, in their fixed attention to Montezuma, none of them had yet perceived, was brought into the view of the monarch. His glittering eye fell upon the penacho, which the cavalier had not yet thought to remove from his

helmet, and which yet drooped, with its badges of rank, over his forehead. A laugh, that had in it much of the simple exultation of childhood, burst from the king's lips; and, raising himself on the couch, he pointed at the ruddy symbols of distinction. The cavaliers, following the gesture with their eyes, beheld with great agitation, their liberated companion; and even Cortes, himself, started to his feet, with an invocation to his saint, when his eye fell upon the apparition.

'The words of Amador, — "Fear me not, for I live," — though not lost, were unanswered; for, notwithstanding that many of the cavaliers immediately seized upon his hands, to express their joy, they instantly cast their regards again upon Montezuma, as not having the power to withdraw them for a moment from him.

'"Say what they will," muttered the king, still eyeing the penacho with delight, "I, also, am of the House of Darts; and in Tlascala and Michoacan, and among the Otomies of the hills, have I won me the tassels of renown. Before I was a king, I was a soldier: so will I gather on me the armor of a general, and drive the Teuctli from my kingdom. Ho then! what ho! Cuitlahuatzin! and thou, son of my brother, Quauhtimotzin! that are greater in war than the sons of my body, get ye forth your armies, and sound the horns of battle! Call upon the gods, and smite! On Mexitli the terrible, on Painalton the swift! Call them, that they may see ye strike, and behold your valor! Call them, for Montezuma will fight at your side, and they shall know that he is valiant!"

'The struggles of the king, as he poured forth these wild exclamations, were like convulsions. But suddenly, and while the Spaniards thought he was about to expire in his fury, the contortions passed from his countenance, his lips fell, his eyes grew dim, and his voice was turned to a whisper of lamentation.

'"I sold my people for the smile of the Teuctli; I bartered my crown for the favor of the christian; I gave up my fame for the bonds of a stranger; and now what am I? I betrayed my children, — and what are they? Let it not be written in the books of history, — blot the name of Montezuma from the list of kings; let it not be taught to them that are to follow. — Tlaloc, I come! — Let it be forgotten." —

'Suddenly, as he concluded, and as if the fiend of the world of waters he had invoked, had clutched upon him, he was seized with a dreadful convulsion, and as his limbs writhed about in the agony, his eyes, dilating with each struggle, were fixed with a stony and basilisk glare upon those of Cortes; and thus, — his gaze fixed to the last on his destroyer, — he expired.

'When the neophyte beheld the last quiver cease in the body, and knew by the loud wail of the Mexicans, that Montezuma

was no more, he looked round for Don Hernan; but the general had stolen from the apartment. — The visage of Cortes revealed not the workings of his mind; but his heart spoke to his conscience, and his soul recorded the confession; — "I have wronged thee, pagan king; — but thy vengeance cometh!" '

There is no longer any hope for the Spaniards, but in retreat; the Mexicans, gathering for a new attack, retire in sorrow as the funeral procession goes forth from the court-yard of the palace, bearing the remains of the departed monarch; and the hasty preparations for retiring from the city are immediately made. The hour of midnight is selected for this purpose; then, sheltered by the darkness, the army of Cortes moves slowly and silently forth towards the dike of Tacuba. This dike is intersected by three ditches, from all of which the bridges are removed; a temporary bridge, prepared by the providence of the commander, is thrown over the first chasm, and the army begins to traverse it. At this moment, the trumpet of the gods sends its wild and melancholy note far over field and flood; from the great temple of the city shoots suddenly upward a vast pyramid of fire; innumerable hosts of canoes, filled with armed men, are seen by its fatal light gathering and ready to rush upon the retreating foes; a wild cry is sent forth, that the bridge is sunk into the first chasm by the weight of the artillery, so deeply that no human strength can remove it; and here, on a section of the narrow dike, without power to advance, the Spaniards await the attack of their triumphant enemy. Amador, accompanied by Jacinto, performs well the duty of a soldier in this scene of horror; at the cry of a friend for aid, he withdraws for a moment from Jacinto's side, leaving him in charge of a faithful henchman; when he returns, Jacinto has disappeared, and the light of the distant flame reveals the cross of rubies, which he had given years before to Leila, sparkling in the grasp of his dead servant. The secret of the identity of the boy and Leila, bursts upon him at the moment, when she appears to be lost to him forever. We will not pursue the details of this scene of misery, which has been known to succeeding times by the just title of the Melancholy Night; five hundred Spaniards, and four thousand Tlascalans, their faithful allies, were buried beneath the lake; princes and nobles, the sons and daughters of Montezuma, with five tributary kings, their prisoners, met a similar fate. With the broken remnant of his forces, worn and weary, Cortes sets forth on his way to Tlascala.

On one of the mountains through which they are to take their way, a wasted form is seen, reposing at the entrance of a cavern of the rock: the armor of a knight is lying near him, and a noble war-horse is grazing at a little distance. He is startled from his slumbers by the approach of Jacinto, who was preserved by the Moor in the night when he had seemed to perish, and who communicates to Calavar, for it is he who has found his way to this wild retreat, the uncertainty which he supposes to rest upon the fate of Amador. Meantime, the object of their solicitude, unknown to them, is pursuing his way with the retreating soldiery to Tlascala. The knight determines to go forth and seek his friend; the sudden blast of a trumpet, sounding for a charge, is heard; and Jacinto, who had accompanied the Moor with the hosts of Mexico, marching forth to crush the Spanish force, and had been ordered to wait in the mountain until the battle should be over, relates to him the situation of the army of Cortes. His numberless foes, confident of victory, await his approach in the valley of Otumba. Calavar reaches the field, armed and mounted on his war-horse, when the battle is begun; his sudden appearance induces the Spaniards to believe that St. James has descended to their rescue, and they at last overthrow the sacred Mexican banner, and thus secure the victory. Another armed warrior, meantime, has appeared on the side of the Mexicans, who encounters Calavar, dashes off his helmet by the shock, and receives in return, a mortal wound. Both are thrown to the earth.

'Just at that moment, the knight opened his eyes, and rolled them on his kinsman, — but his kinsman regarded him not. A low moaning voice of one never to be forgotten, fell on the ear of the novice, as he gazed on his friend; and starting up, he beheld, hard by, the page Jacinto, lying on the body of Abdalla, from whose head he had torn the helm, and now strove, with feeble fingers, to remove the broken and blood-stained corslet.

'"Jacinto! — Leila!" cried Amador, with a voice of rapture, flinging himself at her side, (for now, though the garments of escaupil still concealed the figure of the Moorish maid, the disguise could be continued no longer.) The joy of the cavalier vanished, for the maiden replied only with lamentations; while the Zegri fixed upon him an eye, in which the stony hardness of death was mingled with the fires of human passion.

'"Place my head upon thine arm, cavalier!" said Abdalla, faintly, "and let me look upon him who has slain me."

'"Oh, my father! my father!" cried the Moorish girl.

'"God forbid that thou shouldst die, even for the sake of the maiden I love," exclaimed Amador, eagerly supporting his head. "Thou art a Wali, a Christian, and the father of her that dwells in my heart. Live, therefore; for though thou hast neither land nor people, neither home nor friends, neither brother nor champion, yet am I all to thee; for I crave the love of thy daughter."

'The maiden sobbed, and heard not the words of the cavalier; but the dying Moor eyed her with a look of joy, and then turning his gaze upon Amador, said,—

'"God be thy judge, as thou dealest truly with her, who, although the offspring of kings, is yet an orphan, landless, homeless, and friendless on the earth."—

'"I swear to thee," said the novice,—"and I protest——"

'"Protest me nothing: hearken to my words, for they are few; the angel of death calls me to come, and my moments fly from me like the blood-drops," said the Zegri. "Until the day, when I dreamed thou wert slumbering in the lake, I knew not of this that hath passed between ye. Had it been known to me, perhaps this death that comes to me, might not have come; for, what I did, I did for the honor and weal of my child, knowing that, in the hands of Spaniards, she was in the power of oppressors and villains. That I have struck for revenge, is true; I have shed the blood of Castilians and rejoiced, for therein I reckoned me the vengeance of Granada. Yet, had it been apparent to me, that the feeble maid, who, besides myself, knew no other protector of innocence in the world, could have claimed the love of an honorable cavalier, and enjoyed it without the shame of disguise and menial occupation, then had I submitted to my fate, and locked up in the darkness of my heart, the memory of the Alpujarras."

'"Who speaks of the Alpujarras!" cried the knight of Rhodes, staring wildly around; "who speaks of the Alpujarras?"

'"*I!*" said the Moor, with a firm voice, bending his eye on Don Gabriel, and striving, though in vain, for his nether limbs were paralyzed, to turn his body likewise; "*I*, Gabriel of Calavar, *I* speak of the Alpujarras; and good reason have I to speak, and thou to listen; for I was of the mourning, and thou of the destroyers."

'"Pity me heaven!" cried the knight, staring on the Moor, in the greatest disorder. "I have seen thee, and yet I know thee not."

'"Rememberest thou not the field of Zugar, and the oath sworn on the cross of a blood-stained sword, by the river-side?"

'"Ha!" cried Don Gabriel; "dost thou speak of mine oath?—mine oath to Alharef?"

'"And the town of Bucares, among the hills?" continued the

Zegri, loudly, and with a frown made still more ghastly by approaching death; "dost thou remember the false and felon blow that smote the friend of Zugar, — and that, still falser and fouler, which shed the blood of Zayda, the beloved of the Alpujarras?"

'As the Wali spoke, the knight, as if uplifted by some supernatural power, rose to his feet, and approached the speaker, staring at him with eyes of horror. At the name of Zayda, he dropt on his knees, crying, —

'"Miserere mei, Deus! and thou that art Alharef, though struck down by the same sword, yet livest thou again to upbraid me!"

'"Struck down by thy steel, yet not then, but now!" exclaimed the Moor. "I live again, but not to upbraid thee, — I am Alharef-ben-Ismail, and I forgive thee."

'At this name, already made of such painful interest to the novice, his astonishment was so great, that, as he started, he had nearly suffered the dying prince (for such were the Walis of Moorish Spain,) to fall to the earth. He caught him again in his arms, and turned his amazed eye from him to Don Gabriel, who, trembling in every limb, still stared with a distracted countenance on that of his ancient preserver.

'"I am Alharef, and, though dying, yet do I live," went on the Zegri, interrupted as much by the wails of his daughter, as by his own increasing agonies. "The sword wounded but it slew not, — it slew not *all*, — Zayda fell, yet live I, to tell thee, thou art forgiven. Rash man! rash and most unhappy! thine anger was unjust; and therefore didst thou shed the blood of the good, the pure, the loving and the beautiful, and thereby cover thyself, and him that was thy true friend, with misery. When thou soughtest the love of Zayda, she was the betrothed of Alharef. Miserable art thou, Gabriel of Calavar! and therefore have I forgiven thee; miserable art thou, for I have watched thee by night, and looked upon thee by day, and seen that the asp was at work in thy bosom, and that the fire did not slumber. Great was thy sin, but greater is thy grief; and therefore doth Zayda, who is in heaven, forgive thee."

'"She pardons me not," murmured Don Gabriel, not a moment relaxing the stedfast eagerness of his stare. "At the pyramid of Cholula, on the anniversary of her death, she appeared to me in person, and, O God! with the beauty of her youth and innocence, yet robed in the blackness of anger!"

'"And have thine eyes been as dark as the looks of the lover?" cried Alharef. "Stand up, Zayda, the child of Zayda! or turn thy face upon Calavar, that his delusion may leave him."

'As he spoke, he lifted feebly the arm which embraced his child, removed the cap, and parted the thick clustering locks from her

forehead. Still however, did she look rather the effeminate boy, upon whom Calavar had been accustomed to gaze, than a woman; — for there is no effort of imagination stronger than that required to transform, in the mind, the object which preserves an unchanging appearance to the eye. Nevertheless, though such a transformation could not be imagined by Don Gabriel, there came, as he wistfully surveyed the pallid features of the maiden, strange visions and memories, which, every moment, associated a stronger resemblance between the living and the dead. He trembled still more violently, heavy dew-drops started from his brow, and he gazed upon the weeping girl as upon a basilisk.

'"Wherefore,' continued the Zegri, speaking rapidly, but with broken accents, — "when I had resolved to fly to the pagans, as being men whom, I thought, God had commissioned me to defend from rapine and slavery, I resolved to take such advantage of their credulity, as might best enable me to befriend them, — I say, wherefore I resolved this, I need not speak. I protected my child, by recommending her to their superstition; and had I fallen dead in the streets, still did I know, that reverence and fear would wait upon the steps of one whom I delivered to them as a messenger from heaven. In this light, I revealed her to the princes at the temple, when ———'"

"It is enough!" muttered Don Gabriel, with the deep and agitated tones of sorrow; "I wake from a dream. — God forgive me! and thou art of the blood of Zayda? the child of her whom I slew? — Alharef forgives me; he says, that Zayda forgives me; but thou that art her child, dost *thou* forgive me?"'

'"Father! dear father, she doth!" cried Amador, gazing with awe on the altered countenance of Alharef, and listening with grief to the moans of Zayda. "O holy father!" he exclaimed, perceiving the priest Olmedo rising, at a little distance, from the side of a man, to whom he had been offering the last consolations of religion, — "Hither, father, for the love of heaven, and absolve the soul of a dying Christian!"

'"Is there a priest at my side?" said the Zegri, reviving from what seemed the lethargy of approaching dissolution, and looking eagerly into the face of the good Olmedo. Then, turning to Amador, he said solemnly, though with broken words, "thou lovest the orphan Zayda?"

'"Heaven be my help, as I do," replied the cavalier.

'"And thou, Gabriel, that wert my friend, and standest in the light of this young man's parent, — dost thou consent that he shall espouse the daughter of Zayda, saved, while a piteous infant, by Christian men, from out the house of death?"

'The knight bowed his head on his breast, and strove to answer, but, in his agitation, could not speak a word.

'"Quick, father! for heaven's sake, quick!" cried Alharef,

eagerly; "let me, ere I die, know that my child rests on the bosom of a husband. Quick! for the sand runs fast; and there is that in my bosom, which tells me of death. Love and honor thy bride; for thou hast the last and noblest relic of Granada. Take her! — thou wert her protector from harsh words and the violence of blows. Quick, father, quick! quick, for mine eyes are glazing!"

'The strangely timed and hurried ceremony was hastened by the exclamations of Alharef; and the words of nuptial benediction were, at last, hurriedly pronounced.'

With the death of Calavar, and the return of Amador to Spain, the novel closes.

From the cursory sketch which we have given, and the extracts which illustrate it, the reader will be able to form some idea of the general merit of this work, and of the skill and power of its author. It is something, to select the historical ground-work well; but imagination and talent must be exerted to invest the barren outline with a deeper interest than its own; such outlines are little more than the mouldering bones of the valley, before they are quickened into newness of life, and clothed upon with the animation and beauty of the living frame. There is a chemical process, by which the representation of a wintry scene is at once covered with the glow and verdure of summer; and the power of the historical novelist must be analogous to this; he must bring his scenery before the eye, with the distinctness of our own autumnal landscape; he must arrange his incidents, so as almost to delude us into the belief, that we ourselves are witnessing their development; he must present his characters, in the fulness of reality and truth, moving and having their being as we daily meet them in the walks of life. The readers of Scott will be at no loss to determine what is meant by this; his romantic works are full of illustrations of all these qualities; and in that particularly which relates to character, who could ask any other, than the comparison of the James I. of Nigel, with the James I. of the best of English historians will afford him? The one is the living individual; the other, a picture merely, richly wrought indeed and colored with consummate skill, but aiming to be nothing more.

In the construction of the plot, though the interest of the narrative is well sustained, this work is perhaps most open to objection. We are not disposed to quarrel with improbabilities,

because we know full well that many of the events of ordinary life are quite as strange, as any that occur in the regions of romance; but they are not, therefore, to be employed with freedom in fictitious narrative. The clouds sometimes assume an aspect, which it would be quite indiscreet for the painter to attempt to imitate; and the novelist, in like manner, should be slow to introduce his incidents, or connect them, in such a manner as to alarm the doubts, or repel the sympathies of readers. We know not, whether the explanation of the voyage of the Moor to Mexico can be regarded as entirely satisfactory; and this personage acts throughout so much the part of a friend in need, as to awaken the suspicion of a poverty of invention on the part of the author. He rescues Amador from the Indians at Tlascala, and again from the Mexicans, during the conflicts at the capital; he redeems Calavar from a similar fate, and is at hand, during the melancholy night, to preserve Jacinto, when he is separated, apparently forever, from Don Amador. On the other hand, Don Amador is not backward to perform a similar work of mercy, and he requites this civility on more than one urgent occasion, particularly when the Moor is in the hands of the Spaniards, and the rope of their executioner is already round his neck. This is imposing upon the two rather an unusual burden of humanity; and we are tempted to wish, for the sake of probability, that a portion of the task had been transferred to other hands. The sudden reappearance of Calavar, too, after he seems to have perished in the capital, is rather at variance with the ordinary rules of romantic probability. Some other imperfections of a similar character, might be pointed out; but it is hardly worth while to examine them too closely. They are more than redeemed by the general excellence of the story, which is sustained with undiminished interest to the close, and is combined with the passages of real history with a judgment and skill, indicating no small degree of spirit and inventive power.

But it is the description of character, to which we are to look for the highest exhibition of the power of the writer of romance; and in this respect, as in the other, the faults of the author are overbalanced by his excellencies. Calavar, from whom the novel derives its name, is the victim of insanity, created by remorse; he exhibits occasionally many noble and imposing qualities, but on the whole is nothing more than the ruin of a once superior mind. He has less influence on the

action of the story, than the name would lead the reader to anticipate; and he scarcely ever escapes from the shades of his mysterious sorrow, even for a moment. There is something almost repulsive in his deep and wasting melancholy. Don Amador, who is apparently designed to be the real hero of the tale, is entitled to the name in all respects but one; he is the very soul of chivalry and honor, and something above his age in his notions of morality; but these high qualities are partially obscured by rather an unusual measure of superstition, which is, perhaps, in sufficient keeping with the spirit and feelings of his time, but is so much more developed in him than in the other personages, as to give him sometimes the appearance of simplicity. This is the more unfortunate, because there is nothing which requires that he should thus be represented. Leila is a shadowy, but most engaging picture; preserving under all circumstances the tenderness and delicacy of her character, even while testing the strength of the affection of her former lover, in conversations full of interest and beauty. But the Moor is entitled to the highest place among the wholly fictitious characters; his course throughout is entirely natural, and in strict conformity with the circumstances of his situation; in his most abject condition, he is still the father of Leila, and the prince among the princes of Granada; his hereditary enmity to the Spaniards is beautifully contrasted with the better feelings, which serve to chasten it; and, dark as he is, and stern as is his bearing, he never loses the remembrance of what he was. The only character which strikes us as an entire failure, is that of Botello, who is evidently designed to inspire a mysterious awe, but on the contrary gives the impression of an audacious, and not very artful juggler; it might be supposed, that this was owing to the present disbelief of the notions of astrology, had not Scott more than once shown, that enough of superstition yet survives, to give them some ascendency over every mind; at least, when they are set before us by his peculiar and miraculous power. We can, however, make no such remark, of the personages drawn from real history; the portraits of Cortes and his stern followers, and of Montezuma, are faithful to the life; that of Cortes, in particular, is drawn and developed with entire regard to historical truth, and with abundant grace and skill; and we see nothing in it at all liable to objection, excepting the unseasonable jest and sarcasm, with which he is made to address his soldiery in

the hour of battle. Some of the conversations, in which portions of the plot are revealed, are wanting in ease and animation; but those, in which Leila bears a part, in her assumed character of Jacinto, awaken all the author's powers, and show a high degree of talent in this most important department of his art. They present the delightful recollections of Granada in imposing contrast with the character and circumstances of the country, in which the scene of the romance is laid.

We shall advert to another particular, and only one, in connexion with the qualifications of the writer for the task on which he has adventured; we allude to the power of description, without which all the others are quite inadequate to the creation of a perfect romance; the power of seizing on the prominent features of a scene, and of thus giving a picture of the whole, with all the accuracy of outline, and a thousand times the grace of a Chinese copy. Those who recollect the words of King Duncan as he enters the castle of Macbeth, will require no explanation of our meaning; if any other example were wanting, a finer one could not readily be found, than is given in Rob Roy, when the party, commanded by the English officer leave the little inn of Aberfoil, and behold the mountain lake and hills beneath the kindling glories of the morning sun. There is no elaborate enumeration of particulars; by a few happy touches, the scene comes out, visible and distinct, before us. Calavar abounds in evidences of a similar power; perhaps the finest portions of the work are the descriptions of the romantic scenery of Mexico. We have given an example of these, in the description of the distant view of the capital, when it is approached by the invading army. We wish that our limits permitted us to extend these extracts. They are free from an imperfection, by which the effect of some other passages is essentially impaired; that of an artificial and elaborate style, of which however we have no reason to complain, when the interest of the story increases, and the heart of the writer is in his work.

Upon the whole, we consider this romance as a production of decided talent: valuable and interesting in itself, and affording much promise of better things hereafter. It is said that the author has heretofore confined himself principally to dramatic efforts. These demand in many respects the same qualities, as the department on which he has now for the first time entered with spirit and success; and we trust that he will go forward in the

field, to which he is directed alike by talent and experience. Others have adventured in it triumphantly before him; but the harvest is yet large enough for every laborer. If there be anything, which can animate to higher effort, — any reward, to which honorable ambition can aspire; — it is that of doing, for our own hemisphere and our own country, what the mighty minstrel and novelist of Scotland has accomplished for his own; of engraving his name on its rocks and mountains, to last as long as they endure; of attracting thitherward the footsteps of the literary pilgrims of all other lands, to visit the places rendered holy by his genius.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXXVII.

APRIL, 1835.

ART. I. — *Politics of Europe.*

Words of a Believer. — Translated from the French of F. DE LA MENNAIS. New York. Charles de Behr. 1834.

WE are glad to find that a good translation has been made of the *Paroles d'un Croyant.* It is a work of great power and interest. Its character is chiefly political, and it relates particularly to the present state of things in France. It is written in the style of the Hebrew prophets, and in the form of visions contains the most violent denunciations of kings. An uncommon dignity is conferred upon the work by the sentiments of deep religious faith with which it abounds, and which would seem to place it far above the common standard of democratic writings in Europe.

Much doubt, however, has been expressed with regard to the sincerity of the author. In 1829, the Abbé de la Mennais was called, in the English periodicals, 'the Apostle of Royalism.' He was the firm adherent of the Bourbons, and seemed to entertain a degree of reverence for abstract royalism. He appeared to be filled with that sentiment which is called loyalty, and which is little understood here; — a blind attachment to the person and family of the sovereign, existing perhaps as strongly in many who have never even seen him,

as in those who have been bred in his presence, — a feeling originating in a high quality of the mind, but leading not unfrequently to disastrous consequences. Thus we judge the Abbé de la Mennais to have felt, and thus he was described by the liberal journals, during the reign of Charles X. And now, in 1833, only four years after being distinguished as the apostle of royalism, he publishes a work of the most inflammatory nature, instigating his countrymen to declare perpetual war against kings, and tracing to the wickedness of monarchs all the ills with which the land is filled, and under which Europe is groaning.

Whether he be sincere or not, we do not pretend to judge; loyalty is generally too deep a feeling to be speedily changed. Yet we are of opinion that enough has occurred in France and throughout the continent, since the commencement of 1830, fairly to account for many changes in men's sentiments; and we are ready enough to believe, that the feelings expressed in this work have flowed from an honest mind. A cry of indignation and anguish comes wafted on the chilling blast from Siberia; a voice rises from the flames of Poland, from the dungeons of Austria, from the tombs of the slaughtered citizens of France, and repeats in awful tones the lesson, 'Put not your trust in Princes;' and all men of free and noble minds will catch the sound and repeat its echoes.

It matters little to us, however, whether the work in question be the result of disappointed ambition or of generous and manly feeling; there is enough in the present condition of France, to account for the appearance of such a book, without looking farther for the motives of the author. It is chiefly interesting to us who dwell at a distance, as one of the most remarkable signs of the times. Such books are not the result of ordinary circumstances; they never appear in times of tranquillity, of peaceful subjection or established freedom. It is only when the battle is to be fought between oppression and liberty, when principles are unsettled, when rights are claimed but unacknowledged, and the colossal shadow of power is advancing with its blighting influences, that these dark signs and omens are displayed, announcing times of confusion and war, and 'with fear of change perplexing monarchs.'

Such is the present state of things in France. Though the government is strong, and the king sits perhaps as firmly on his throne as any monarch in Christendom, there is still going

on in that country a mighty revolution, which commenced at least a century ago, and will not perhaps be finished for a century to come; a revolution in the mind and character of the people. Historians commit a great error in giving us the results of a revolution, for the revolution itself. A civil war, a change of dynasty, or even of the form of a government, the elevation of one prince, or the death or banishment of another, do not constitute a revolution: they are only its results; its origin and existence are in the mind of the people at large, and it continues as long as the change is there taking place. To the philosophical observer the revolution of France commenced as early as the reign of Louis XIV.; and it has proceeded with unimpeded step through the successive years to the present time. The tragic reign of Louis XVI., the horrors of the republic, the romantic career of Napoleon, the restoration, the exploits of July, the *émeutes* of the reign of Louis Philippe, are but different events in a great revolution, which, finding its origin in the character of the people, will not cease till the stormy elements of that character shall have subsided into harmony and peace. This is the only view of the French revolution, which can console us for the horrors by which it has been signalized.

In the minds of many, there is nothing to expiate its crimes, — no ray of light falls upon the dark picture of cruelty and suffering it discloses, — all is black with oppression and despair; and the time is regarded as an awful chasm in the history of man, cut off alike from the past and the future, teaching no lesson but the wickedness of our nature, the strength of the people wasted by its own violence, and the nation recovering at last from the delirium, like the raving Hercules, only to sit down and weep over its slaughtered children. These views are natural to men who witnessed the fearful days of the reign of terror; and we have deep sympathy and respect for the feelings of those who have uttered, in loud and indignant tones, their detestation of deeds which seemed to be the work of fiends rather than mortals; but we still have some doubt whether such persons are the best fitted to judge of the effects of these deeds. Few are disposed, at the moment when the tornado is passing over them, destroying their dwellings and ruining their harvest, to speculate upon the healthy atmosphere that will ensue, the increased fertility of their flooded fields, or

the fair edifices which will rise from the ruins around them. All thought is absorbed in the terror of the moment. So it is with those who have lived in the midst of the hurricane of revolution ; another generation must grow up before its good effects can be comprehended. But the time has now come, when it is beginning to be acknowledged that much good has been accomplished.

The American traveller, who for the first time passes over from England into France, is impressed with the fact, that a greater degree of personal freedom exists in the latter country. In France, the mighty families of olden time have been cut off; the peerage is a shadow ; vast estates have been broken up and divided among independent landholders, republican simplicity has taken the place of aristocratic wealth. This is the work of the early revolution. Nor was it a work of time ; the fetters were suddenly burst, and the people found themselves free ; the doors of the dungeon were opened and the captive walked forth unrestrained, the whole earth before him, and none to direct or govern. To the nation it was apparent, when they first paused from their deeds of violence, that a mighty object was already accomplished. Their oppressors had vanished, their freedom was achieved. A vast gulf, never to be repassed, in whose wreck-strewed waves lay weltering staff and mitre, sceptre and diadem, now rolled between them and their bondage, and, like the emancipated people of old, they boldly sounded forth the anthem of liberty, though a wilderness of confusion and anarchy was before them.

The vast efforts which characterized the first revolution of France were not wasted. Even under the iron despotism of Napoleon, we can still discern their effects in the energies which bore him on to conquest. The tide of revolution was never rolled back upon itself ; Napoleon had the genius to direct its course, and it wafted him onward to universal sway, but to check it was beyond his power. It was never to be checked ; and France at his downfall, conquered and humbled, with the stranger encamped in her capital, and his legions polluting her soil, was still free ; free through the blood that had been poured out in her early struggles ; free because the spirit which had given rise to them was enshrined in the hearts of her children, and could never be quelled.

Much has been done by the French towards the establish-

ment of free institutions; but much still remains for them to do. The events of the present reign indicate but too plainly, that attempts may be successfully made to diminish their liberties; that they have yet much to learn in the great lesson of constitutional freedom; and that years must roll away, before their rights will be so fully appreciated and understood by them, as to leave no danger of their being usurped by their rulers.

A glance at the system of policy pursued since the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne, will throw some light upon the causes of that bitterness of feeling, displayed by the Abbé de la Mennais in his visions of the characters of kings. In judging of this system, we are not blind to the difficulties which await us. Never was a course of policy more ably and honestly defended; yet never was there an opposition, which enlisted in its ranks men of greater political experience and sagacity, or of purer patriotism. The system has been successful in accomplishing its objects; it has triumphed over all obstacles and restored tranquillity to France, while it has preserved the peace of Europe. The very circumstance of its triumph gives a prepossession in its favor. The sufferings and outraged feelings of the defeated party, the price of the victory, the good that has been left undone, the high hopes that are crushed, the ardent aspirations that are turned to sickness of heart, are forgotten in the splendor of the power which now holds almost undisputed sway over the destinies of France. On the other hand, the event of the system advocated by the opposition party is doubtful. In the opinion of many, the horrors of civil contention, arising from the attempts of the Carlists to restore the fallen dynasty, the flames of war spreading over the whole continent, accompanied by a series of bloody revolutions, and resulting a second time perhaps in the defeat of the French armies, the humiliating sight of the allied despots in the capital, and the still more humiliating restoration of the thrice ejected race, might have been the consequences of the course of policy which Lafayette would have adopted. The memory of the disasters which befel the republic is still fresh in the minds of many of the active men of the day; they recollect that the honor of France was only saved by one man; and that the same genius, which enabled him to rescue his country from the dangers which impended, afterwards placed him in the undisputed and unlimited control of her des-

tinies, and gave him the power to trample on her liberties; they remember the tears of patriots shed over the defeat of their dearest hopes, the groans of the aged from whom their last child had been torn to be murdered on the battle-field, the return of that branded and degraded family, forced back upon the revolting country which had purchased their exile in vain by forty years of bloodshed; and they beheld France in 1830, after the revolution, in much the same relation with regard to the other nations of Europe, that she held when Napoleon was first called to the command of her armies. The course advocated by the opposition, would, in their opinion, lead to very similar results, — a different system must be adopted, they would say, and this is precisely the one which has been followed, — the *juste milieu* between the exploded principles of legitimacy and the bold and hazardous career of Napoleon.

We shall endeavor, in the course of our article, to show that these apprehensions were ill-founded. But we would first ask, has the *juste milieu* system responded to the intentions of those who placed its authors in power? Has it answered the expectations of those noble spirits through whom the last revolution was achieved? Has it advanced the cause of liberty in France? Has it redeemed the solemn pledges which were given to the lovers of freedom throughout Europe, and over the whole world? In a word, have those who originated this system, fulfilled the destinies which were entrusted to them? If they have not, the system is a bad one and ought to be held up to reprobation. We are desirous that the course of policy, both internal and external, pursued in France, since the revolution of July, should be viewed as it deserves: the consideration of it involves some of the principles which are of vital importance to our own liberties, and we shall be pardoned, we trust, if we devote a few pages to the effort to place it in a proper point of view.

In the first place, then, it seems important to determine with whom the system originated. It was the general opinion after M. Casimir Perier was called to the presidency of the council, and up to the time of his death, that the *juste milieu* policy had been conceived and maintained by his talents; and not a few were expecting some marked change in the system upon the event of his death. To their surprise, however, the same course was continued with equal energy and success; and it soon became apparent to all reflecting persons, that the

system had emanated from a higher source than the distinguished prime minister; that it had been devised and commenced previously to his appointment, and that a more skilful hand than his had held the reins of government. Nor was it long before the master-spirit was revealed. There was one, whose earlier days had been nurtured in the stern school of adversity; to whom the camp and the battle-field were as the routine of daily life; whom more than twenty years of exile, not passed like those of the banished monarchy, in the midst of the pomp and parade and flattery of pretended regal state, but in the realities of penury, flight, and concealment, had hardened into determined and adventurous manhood; who, hunted from land to land, wandering from the mountains of Switzerland to the dreary wastes of Lapland, and the northernmost cape of Europe, and finding no resting-place in the old world, had crossed the ocean, to be again schooled in the lessons of poverty and suffering in the new; and who, in his sojournings in many a foreign land, had acquired a profound insight into national character, an experience in judging of systems of government and anticipating great political events scarcely equalled, a calmness, perseverance, and courage in prosecuting his objects, which might have been the envy of the greatest statesmen that have lived; and who, anxious rather to conceal, than display, the extent of his political influence and sagacity, had been content with seeing his measures pursued, while the odium or the glory they created were alike indifferent to him. The death of Perier began to open the eyes of men to the true author of a system, which had been attributed solely to him. And a short time afterwards, when the bloody days of June had effected the final, decisive triumph of the administration, the smoke of the battle rolled away from the blood-stained streets of the metropolis, and with it, like a mist, rolled away the curtain which had hitherto veiled the throne, and revealed to astonished and baffled speculators the true founder of the *juste milieu* system, in the person of the king.

There were many, however, to whom this revelation afforded no surprise. To keen and experienced observers, it was obvious that the system had been struck out and adopted, before Perier was called to the ministry. A statesman such as Louis Philippe has proved himself, (and he is now generally allowed to be one of the first of the age,) was not to be influenced in

his projects, intentions, or policy by a change of ministers; he was not a man to be governed by circumstances. With experience and talent enough to discover, almost at a glance, the whole situation of his country at the moment of his accession to the throne, and with decision and courage enough to fix upon a plan which appeared to him suited to the state of things, it was not to be expected that he should yield himself to the advice and direction of ministers, accordingly as one party or the other should gain the ascendency. He saw at once, that his only safety depended upon the resolute adoption of some clearly defined system of policy, not to be abandoned till necessity should compel him. It is by no means improbable, that the course to be pursued in the event of his accession to the throne, had been decided upon by Louis Philippe even before the revolution. It must have been obvious to him, that a change was approaching, and might take place at any convenient moment; and though the folly and madness of the king, which immediately caused the revolution of July, could not, perhaps, have been anticipated, still it was not difficult to perceive that the retrograde policy of the monarch must be finally checked, and that the reaction would be powerful in proportion to the obstinacy with which this policy was continued. It was obvious that Louis Philippe was likely to be called to the head of the government in the event of a revolution, or at least, that this event was not improbable; and the omission on the part of the fallen dynasty to secure his person, is spoken of by political writers as one of the numerous proofs of that extraordinary blindness, with which the administration appeared to be struck on this momentous occasion.

Could a new Chamber of Deputies have been elected immediately after the events of July, it is very likely a different policy might have been adopted. In the enthusiasm of the moment, it is not improbable that there would have been returns from nearly all France, of men who would have united in one great party, at the head of which would have been Lafayette, Dupont de l'Eure, Lafitte, Odillon Barrot, and others of that stamp, whose measures it would have been vain for the Duke of Orleans, even if he had been called to the throne, to oppose or attempt to direct. But the Chamber had been already elected but a short time before the close of the reign of Charles; and though composed of a large majority of men liberal for the time, it was still not prepared for the opin-

ions of the liberal party, which made its appearance at the moment of the revolution. They were men who, if the reign of Charles had continued, would have constituted a powerful, honest, and independent opposition, or more probably they would have gained the ascendency, and a ministry would have been selected from their number; but after the revolution, they were not ready to meet the bold views of Lafayette and his party. They were completely *juste milieu* men, and the king whom they had made, manifested his sagacity in devising a system which, while it was adapted to the views of a majority in the Chamber, and would be likely to receive their support, was the one which appeared the safest for himself and the best suited to his capacities. We do not mean, however, to convey the idea, that if the king had determined to follow the counsels of the more liberal party, he would have been opposed by this Chamber. They were in a complete state of doubt and uncertainty; they wanted equally the decided views of those, who now eagerly looked forward to the emancipation of all Europe as the result of their own glorious struggle, and as the great work which was before them to do, and the fixed partialities, on the other hand, of those who were still desirous of restoring the fallen dynasty. They would probably have been ready to give their support to a much bolder policy than that actually adopted by the king, but they were not likely to originate any system of themselves. With such a Chamber, it was easy for the king to choose that course which seemed best to himself; and he alone, therefore, must be considered responsible for the one which was adopted.

His first object was to employ every means to fix himself firmly on the throne. He accordingly, in the letters which he addressed to the different sovereigns announcing his accession, assumed a style more becoming a suppliant tributary than the monarch of a first-rate power. The passionate impotence of the Duke of Modena, who returned his letter unopened, could be received with a smile; yet that smile, had it rested on the lip of Napoleon, might have cost the duke his principality. But the cringing letter of Louis Philippe to the Emperor of Austria, in which he speaks of the glorious revolution of July as a catastrophe, and the haughty reply of the autocrat, were alike degrading to the national honor of France, and insulting to the feelings of freemen throughout the world.

The next act which disgraced the administration was the

abandonment of the Spanish refugees. Several hundreds of them, after the revolution of July, flocked into France, where they received money and passports for Spain. Two of the ministers, MM. Guizot and Montalivet, had personal interviews with some of them, the result of which was that they resolved again to attempt the recovery of their liberties. And what was the consequence? They were abandoned to the mercy of a monarch, who refused to recognise the revolution of July, and the king whom it had placed upon the throne, "and whose prime-minister (says M. Sarrans in his Life of Lafayette) had addressed a circular to all the authorities of the kingdom, most insulting to Louis Philippe and hostile to the principles of July." "The brother of the unhappy Riego expelled from Paris, Torrijos, the old Lope de Calderon, the noble Pinto, and fifty others, martyrs of liberty, forced into the snare and assassinated without trial on the part of Spain, without remonstrance on the part of France, who had placed arms in their hands." Such were the consequences of the trust, which these victims reposed in the good faith of the government of the barricades.

The first cabinet was of short duration; it quailed before the fierce spirits of Paris, and retired from office, not daring, as is supposed, to incur the responsibilities attendant upon the impending trial of the ex-ministers. The new cabinet enlisted, however, several of the same members, with Lafitte for its president. It was during his administration that the system adopted by the king began to show a decisive character, though it was still concealed from the public. Before the expiration of five months, the patriotic and generous prime-minister, the long-tried friend of the king, who had sacrificed a princely fortune for the good of his country, discovered that he was no longer in the confidence of the king and the other members of the cabinet. His honest views were thwarted, his plans countermined, his measures palsied. Lafayette and Dupont de l'Eure had already been driven to resign, by the action of a system utterly opposed to their views. "And the result of these two resignations," says M. Pepin, one of the most zealous defenders of Louis Philippe, "was to cause the moderate element, (that is the *juste milieu*,) to triumph in the cabinet as it had triumphed in the Chamber." The immediate cause of Lafitte's resignation is said to have been this. On the 5th of March, a courier arrived at the hotel of M. Sebas-

tiani, minister of foreign affairs, with a despatch from Marshal Maison, the ambassador of France at the court of Vienna. The despatch contained these remarkable words. "I am now convinced, that in order to avert the dangers which threaten France, it is necessary without delay, and before the levies of Austria can be organized, to take the first step in the war, and throw an army into Piedmont." This important communication was withheld from the president of the council for two days after its arrival; and it was only upon his urgent demand, when he had accidentally heard of its having come to hand, that he was permitted to read it. This want of confidence on the part of the king and the minister of foreign affairs, showed Lafitte that it was time for him to withdraw from the cabinet; and he immediately sent in his resignation. It was evident, that the king or his cabinet had adopted already a system opposed to his own and to that of the friends of freedom, who had ranged themselves under the banners of Lafayette. And even at this time a name was not wanting to the system. The king, in his reply to a deputation from Gaillac, in January, had used the following words. "We will endeavor to keep ourselves in a just medium *(juste milieu)* equally distant from the abuses of royal power and from the excesses of popular power." "And in those words," says M. Pepin, "was unfolded an entire system in which the king prides himself."

Casimir Perier was now called to the presidency of the council, and the system in which the king prided himself, was at once openly avowed and vindicated. A powerful opposition appeared against it, but unequal to its supporters in numbers. At the head of this party were the Lafayettes, Odillon Barrot, Dupont de l'Eure, Lamarque and others, whose names are identified with liberty over the whole earth. The *juste milieu* however prevailed. The elective franchise was tampered with, and finally so established, that the thirty-two millions who people the soil of France, afford at the highest estimate but about two hundred thousand voters. The Belgian revolution had already broken out, and the troops of Holland were driven from every hold in the country except the citadel of Antwerp, from which their cannon threatened destruction to the fairest city in Belgium. An armistice succeeded, while the cunning Talleyrand was wasting his time at the conference of London, in endeavoring to arrange by articles and protocols, an affair that was becoming ridiculous by its long

continuance, and which a single word from the king of France might have settled. But the *juste milieu* system must be persevered in. The Duke of Nemours was refused to the Belgians for their king, and it was not till more than a year afterwards, when the great powers had evinced in the clearest manner possible, that nothing could drive them to a war, that a *quasi* pledge of support was given to Belgium in the person of a princess of France, and the French cannon turned against the citadel of Antwerp, from whose walls the nation had so long been mocked by the troops of the king of Holland.

Meantime, the revolution burst out in Poland, and that fine people were left to fight their battles unaided, against the overwhelming power of Russia. It is needless to recall the brilliant exploits, the dazzling victories, the sad defeats, and the ruin and desolation which ensued in that unhappy war. No helping hand was extended by France; no voice of encouragement was offered. The struggle was at length over, and the stillness of death succeeded. And then the French minister of foreign affairs dared to insult the nation by the formal declaration, that "*order reigns in Warsaw.*" Yes! the order that reigns over the blackened and smoking ruin, — the order of the tomb and the charnel house, — the order of death.

The insurrections in Italy were not more successful nor better sustained by the aid of France. A few troops were thrown into Ancona, only to elicit the enthusiasm of the people at the sight of their tri-colored flag, — to show that Austria was unwilling to be drawn into a war on any condition, — to be insulted by the pope and ignominiously withdrawn; while not an arm was raised to check the operation of that bloody edict of Cardinal Albani. Thus ended the last struggle for liberty in Europe; and the monarch of France sat smiling on his throne, while tyranny was triumphantly striding over the continent, and the victims of its cruelty were stretching forth their hands in vain to him whose duty it was to rescue them.

The strength of the government was now increasing; eleven millions of francs per annum were voted by the obsequious Chambers for the civil list, to that citizen king who had solemnly promised to dispense with any such provision. The insurrections at Lyons, Grenoble and other cities in the south of France, were quelled by the standing army; and the national guard, that early object of jealousy and terror, was disbanded throughout a large portion of the kingdom. Finally,

came the battles of the 5th and 6th of June 1832, to establish beyond a question the power of the administration. Up to this time, some outrage in Paris had marked every month of Louis Philippe's reign. But the battles of June were more than a common *émeute*. Had the insurgents succeeded, the affair might, perhaps, have been called another glorious revolution; as it resulted, it is characterized, and probably with justice, as a mad rebellion. We shall not attempt to offer any excuse for those who were in arms against the government on this occasion. We hold in abhorrence this hasty appeal to arms, which characterizes the inhabitants of Paris; and we believe that although it was provoked by the jealous severity of the police, it was still unjustifiable on every ground. But we reflect with sorrow and indignation upon the vindictive measures of the government, upon that occasion. When we think of the bloody victory that was gained, — of that awful tragedy in the parish of St. Méry, where two hundred young men from the schools of Paris had entrenched themselves in a house, upon which the veteran Soult, commanding in person, was pouring the cross fire of artillery from two streets; when we remember their desperate resistance, their cries of liberty or death as they met the invading troops, or threw themselves in reckless despair from the windows upon the bristling bayonets beneath; when we think of how much was lost to their country in this profitless warfare; when our imagination turns to their homes, over which a blight has come forever, to the tears of their mothers, to the gray hairs which have been brought down in sorrow to the grave, and when we remember who was the author of this bloody drama, we can feel some sympathy with the denunciations of the Abbé de la Mennais.

The victory of St. Méry was followed up by military law established in the capital, crowds swept away to the prisons to linger unheard of for months, trials instituted without number, schools broken up; the finest portion of the national guard disbanded, and a despotic police pervading the city, breaking into the printing-offices, and violating domestic retirement. Despotism never used a more effective tool than Louis Philippe found in his prefect of police, Gisquet. Deceitful, cowardly, vindictive, he was the proper person to persecute the vanquished, to render their imprisonment wretched, to trample the populace still lower. "Your husband is one of those wretches whom I will exterminate," was his answer to a poor

woman far advanced in pregnancy, who had come to the office of the police to inquire for her husband, who had been hurried with the crowd into the indiscriminate prison.

Thus was the power of the government established. Many months elapsed before any serious disturbances took place in Paris, — and these, together with the renewed insurrections in Lyons, were readily quelled. The capture of the Duchess of Berri in la Vendeé, put an end to the war in that province; and the circumstances which occurred during her imprisonment, threw such ridicule upon herself and the whole party, that they have never seriously disturbed the peace of the country since that time. The opposition generally has been declining. The last returns to the Chambers gave an overwhelming majority in favor of the administration; and the few patriots, who still gathered round the standard of French liberty, were left to mourn in silence over their fallen hopes, or to offer their unavailing resistance to the encroachments of arbitrary power.

At this moment of humiliation and sorrow to all true lovers of freedom, it pleased the Almighty arbiter of human destinies to call to himself that distinguished patriot and hero, whose name has been the watchword of liberty in two worlds for the last half century. We shall not venture, in this place, to offer any eulogy upon Lafayette. The record of his noble deeds, his dazzling career, his stern integrity, his invincible fortitude, is engraved in ineffaceable characters on the heart of every true American. His noblest triumph was the heartfelt welcome of a nation; his highest eulogy its universal mourning. He has been called away when the measure of his destiny was full; and the work assigned him to do on the earth was accomplished. He has been removed from a scene, which would have harrowed up his feelings and embittered his life, and where his efforts would have been without avail, to the land of peace. But, alas, for the suffering country he has left! she has lost the best friend of her liberties, — the steadiest foe of her tyrants. Alas, for the exiles from every land, who felt that while Lafayette lived, they still had a home; they are again scattered, and wanderers on the face of the earth, — their friend, their protector, their father is gone, — and the cup of their bereavement is full.

We have thus endeavored to set forth in a hasty sketch, the principal features of the *juste milieu* system, and to show that its real author is the king.

Still it will be said that this system, though odious and deplorable, is, on the whole, the best that could have been devised for the actual state of the country. The usual arguments in favor of the system are, 1st. That it has saved Europe from a series of the most disastrous wars and frightful revolutions, while it has maintained tranquillity at home, strengthened the government, destroyed the hopes of the exiled party, and prevented the recurrence of that frightful licentiousness which blackened the cause of the early revolution. 2d. That no pledge of assistance had been given to Poland or any other nation in Europe, which should attempt to assert its rights.

As to the first of these reasons, it appears by no means certain, that a bolder policy on the part of France would have led to a general war in Europe. The position of the country with regard to the other powers of the continent was very different from what it had been when war was declared by Louis XVI. The despots of Russia, Austria and Prussia, had then much to learn, — and the lesson was taught them in a manner never to be forgotten. They had then, for the first time, to experience what efforts the awakened liberties of a people can make ; how vain is the attempt to conquer them, how impossible it is to roll back the tide of freedom when it comes on in its power. They then vainly hoped that the old order of things might be restored ; that a conquering army could bend back the minds of an enfranchised people to the yoke ; that the *fiat* of an emperor could conjure up the departed form of despotism, or breathe the breath of life into its mangled remains. They had yet to learn that when a great nation has become inspired with the love of liberty, all the power on earth cannot force it back to subjection ; it may be conquered, annihilated, but not enslaved. The people of Europe, also, had then a great lesson to learn from the French nation. They were to be taught that they have rights which no man may violate, — that it is their duty to assert these rights, — that their condition in the scale of being may be raised above the rank to which it has been forced down, — that freedom is not the dream of antiquity, a school-boy's tale, but a living, enkindling, exalting reality, which it belongs to them to grasp. All these things had been learned by the nations of Europe before the revolution of July. The humbled monarchs had yielded and fled before the idol of a *people* mad with liberty ; — they had seen that Europe could not bound their energies and their ambition ;

they had felt their power, and they well knew that, had not the idol of a conquering *people* betrayed his enthusiastic worshippers, they would never have been overcome. They had indeed been conquered, but not till they had propagated the doctrines of *freedom* throughout the continent. That name, which it was impiety to utter when it was first heard, had now become the sacred watch-word of patriots; it had been wafted to the distant regions of Poland and Lithuania, it had penetrated to Sweden and Norway, spread itself over the vast extent of Germany, and revived with more than classic ardor on the hallowed soil of Italy. The Austrian trembled on his throne at its portentous sound, and the Russian autocrat was not deaf to it in the capital of his forefathers. Still the French people has been finally conquered; the ancient dynasty had been forced back upon them, and the old order of things did, in some sort, appear to be restored. Europe was slumbering in tranquillity, when the calm was broken as by a peal of thunder. The revolution of July came not merely to vindicate the assaulted rights of a people; it had a higher destiny than this; it exalted the very character of liberty itself; it showed that this divine principle has a power of life which is beyond the reach of tyrants; that it cannot be destroyed; that although it may seem for a time to be extinguished, it will blaze forth with tenfold power at some moment when it may least be expected.

It would be difficult to describe the amazement and consternation, which seized the various governments of Europe at the news of this ominous event. Their terror was manifest to the most careless observer; the very hirelings of tyranny, the lowest menials of legitimacy reflected, in their pallid countenances, the panic which filled the hearts of their masters. Then it was seen how futile are congresses of monarchs and intrigues of cabinets, how powerless are paper treaties, how like the merest cobweb are the cunning contrivances of diplomatists, when compared with the power of a people who have once known what it is to be free.

In this state of general consternation, we are of opinion that, had France assumed a menacing attitude, Russia would gladly have compounded for her own tranquillity, by complying with the long neglected articles of the treaty of Vienna in respect to the independence of Poland, and that Austria would have removed some portion, at least, of the intolerable burden im-

posed upon Lombardy and the Papal states. We do not believe that a war would have ensued, had France insisted strenuously on the recognition of the rights of these two countries, for, as the event has proved, there never was a time when the great powers evinced a stronger reluctance to a war, than since the last French revolution. Notwithstanding the pacific disposition of France, there have been since, July, 1830, so many occasions which might have led to a war, and fifty years before would have done so, and which nevertheless have been suffered to pass unnoticed, or have been adjusted by diplomacy, that the skill of politicians in predicting the future has been completely baffled. That the Emperor of Russia should have remained at rest, while his kinsman of Holland was driven step by step from Belgium, till not a foot of earth was left in that province which he could call his own, that Austria should have put up tamely with the defiance at Ancona, that the northern powers should have looked on quietly while one strong-hold of legitimacy was destroyed in Portugal, and that they should have suffered the constitutional cause to make head in Spain, without raising an arm to arrest its progress, are facts for which no precedent, we believe, can be found in the past history of Europe.

That the great powers had reason to be alarmed, and that a war would have been almost ruinous to them, there can be no reason to doubt. They were well aware that liberal principles had been disseminated throughout the continent; that a restless spirit was at work and that the mass of the people was moved by it; they felt that the doctrines of legitimacy had been undermined, and that their thrones rested upon a hollow foundation. Their apprehensions were well-grounded; in a few days after they received the tidings of the French revolution, the flames burst forth in Belgium, and again with redoubled fury in Poland. A war with France, they well knew, would only extend the mischief. A series of revolutions would have ensued, the most fearful, perhaps, that the earth ever witnessed; the continent would have been deluged with blood, and empires and kingdoms, states and principalities, confounded in one common ruin. The consequences of such a war, it appears to us, were vastly more to be dreaded by the three great powers, than by France.

It is a common argument against such a course of policy, that a war would have led inevitably to insurrection at home,

which in all probability would have resulted in the overthrow of the government. These fears we believe to be without sufficient foundation. Upon the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne, the nation was divided into three great parties. The first of these was represented by Lafayette, and was foremost in the cause of liberal principles. Their watch-word was non-intervention, and their great principle was, that no power should be allowed to interfere with the spread of the cause of freedom. That Austria, for instance, should not be suffered to interpose between the Pope and his subjects in the northern legations, who were struggling for their rights. Their motives were pure and their designs benevolent and noble. They had none of the ambition, the grasping of power, and the love of conquest which characterized Napoleon. They never desired war, save in behalf of a people suffering from tyranny, and struggling to be free; nor did they wish to interfere till this struggle had actually begun. They offered nothing but their own splendid example, to induce any nation to throw off the yoke; they deprecated as much as any one the effects of a war, but they believed that there were considerations of a higher import than the maintenance of peace.

The next party, if indeed it can be so named, consisted of the *juste milieu* men. They were represented in the Chamber by those men whom we have already described, as decidedly liberal, had the reign of Charles continued, but who still were not ready to join heartily with the more liberal party which the revolution formed. They would not have offered any resistance had the king decided upon a bolder policy; but they, with equal or greater readiness, fell in with the prudent measures which he actually adopted. This party was probably the largest in the kingdom; yet this circumstance is of smaller consequence from the consideration, that the decision of the king would have carried with it large numbers, and the policy which he should have adopted, would, undoubtedly, have had the support of a majority from among this party.

The third great party consisted of the Carlists, the declared partisans of the fallen dynasty. This party enlisted in its ranks a large number of removed office-holders, who, having lost their support, were ready to do anything to restore the former state of things. Besides these, were numbers who adhered to the Bourbons from true loyalty, and finally, a few miserable

slaves, whom fifty years' experience had taught nothing of freedom, and who, now hugging the links of their broken chains, were longing for servitude again.

Much was apprehended from this party in case of a war. But the event seems to have proved that these apprehensions were groundless. When we remember the total want of enthusiasm with which the Duchess of Berri was received in the southern provinces, and in every part of France which she traversed, except the province of La Vendée, the very trifling effect which the war in that quarter produced, especially when compared with the outrages of the opposite party in Paris and Lyons, and which were occasioned by the *juste milieu* system, and when we recollect that in the end, this dreaded party was rendered powerless by the shame which a silly woman had cast upon it, we cannot but believe that the Carlist party was too contemptible to have been taken into consideration in deciding upon the policy to be pursued by the cabinet of Louis Philippe. In choosing a bolder system, the government at any rate would have only had to encounter the violence of this party; whereas the *juste milieu* system ensured the opposition of two different parties, the Liberals and the Carlists; and on one occasion, one deplorable occasion, was witnessed the unholy coalition of the two, in arms against the government. In the event then of a war, we firmly believe that the administration would have had less opposition to contend with at home, than the *juste milieu* system actually encountered. It will perhaps be objected to this argument, that we have made no mention of the republican party from which the government had more to fear than from any other; that this party, which has been the terror of the king, which undoubtedly produced the great disturbances in Paris, and the southern cities of France, and was only repressed by a powerful armed force, would have proved too strong for the government, if the army had been employed in foreign service. We reply to these remarks, that republicanism, as a party, hardly existed in France at the commencement of the present reign. Lafayette, the foremost of the liberal party, was convinced that the time was not yet come for a republic in France; and nearly the whole of his party agreed with him in this opinion. The name of republicanism was full of terror to a large portion of the best citizens of France, and was only popular with a few. The liberal party were completely satisfied, all but an inconsiderable

number of reckless spirits, with a constitutional monarchy. But the contemptible policy of the *juste milieu* actually formed a republican party, by no means insignificant for numbers or talent. Wearied with the exhibition of king-craft, sick with deferred hopes and maddened with oppression, thousands, who would have formed the noblest support of a true citizen king, and a throne based upon constitutional principles, were driven into the ranks of ultra-opposition, and became the dread and scourge of the administration. Had the system of Lafayette been adopted, the republicans, as a party, would have had no considerable power, and the king would have received the support of two parties, embracing by far the greatest portion of the talent and wealth, as well as the physical power of the kingdom. When we take into account, also, the number of paupers to whom a war would have given employment, and the amount of industry which it would have put into operation, we feel confident that domestic troubles would have been very trifling in the event of a general war. The allied powers feared nothing, then, so much as war; and with good reason; while on the other hand, they were reasonably expecting and dreading a commencement of hostilities on the part of France.

The position of France, at the moment immediately succeeding the revolution of July, is undoubtedly one of the most brilliant in her history. With the finest army in Europe, completely equipped, a flourishing commerce, the treasury enriched by the spoils of recent conquest, standing foremost in the cause of freedom and rejoicing in recovered liberty, we behold her occupying a more exalted condition, than when Napoleon had led her on to the plenitude of dominion. We reflect with heartfelt emotion upon the glorious power which she then might have exerted. She had but to speak the word, and the dungeons, where the martyrs of liberty were pining, would have been thrown open; at the touch of her hand, the chains would have fallen from the captive. Freedom and happiness awaited her footsteps, and emancipated nations would have shouted her name in accents of enthusiastic gratitude. These were the splendid destinies for which she was apparently reserved. But they have not been fulfilled.

The second argument in defence of the *juste milieu* is, that no pledges had been given by the government to support Poland or Italy. Whether official promises had been sent, or not, we cannot pretend to decide. The fact was confidently

asserted by the opposition, though strongly denied by the administration. But we believe that pledges of a higher nature than written declarations or treaties had been given, not only to Poland and Italy, but to the lovers of freedom throughout Europe. The revolution of July was the most solemn pledge that could have been offered; it came, not from a king and a cabinet, but a whole nation offered with their shouts of triumph, and sealed by their blood, not the result of diplomatic skill, but of ardent and elevated enthusiasm, the outpouring of unalloyed and noble sentiment. And thus it was received by the nations of Europe. They saw that it was for the interest of the liberal cause to do everything to increase itself; that the friends of liberty have a common cause; that the ordinary principles of national safety would make such a combination desirable to France, and not comprehending the possibility of such a system as the *juste milieu*, two nations fearlessly rose up in arms to assert their rights. They were disappointed in their expectations, though they reasoned upon just grounds; they knew by what sort of men the revolution of July had been achieved; they were familiar with their sentiments and principles, and well knew what to expect from them. That the king whom they had raised to the throne, and the cabinet which proceeded from their numbers, should betray the principles which they were called to support, and the party to which they owed their political existence, was beyond the reach of human foresight to predict. The pledge might not have been written on parchment, and signed with the king's hand, — but it was written in characters never to be obliterated, on the enduring page of history, and solemnly ratified by the blood of the revolution.

Having witnessed the deplorable policy of the present king of France, and looking with horror upon the new and awful crimes which have stained the thrones of Europe within the past three years, the Abbé de la Mennais seems to have exerted his utmost powers, to represent in the most hideous form the characters of monarchs and their conspiracies against the rights of man, and to incite the people to rise in rebellion against them. He gives a picture of the first establishment of monarchies, in the third chapter of his work.

"And I was transported in spirit to the times of old, and the earth was beautiful, and rich, and fertile, and her inhabitants were happy, because they lived like brethren.

"And I saw the serpent glide into the midst of them, he fixed upon some his fascinating glance, and their souls were troubled, and they drew near, and the serpent whispered unto them.

"And when they had heard the words of the serpent they rose up and said, 'We are kings.'

"And the sun turned pale; and the earth wore a mournful hue, like the shroud which envelopes the dead.

"And a low murmur was heard, a long moan, and each one trembled in his heart.

"Verily, I say unto you it was as in the day, when the depths were broken up, and the deluge of great waters overflowed.

"Fear went from cottage to cottage, for there were then no palaces; and she told to each one dreadful secret, which made him shudder.

"And those who had said, 'We are kings,' took a sword and followed fear from cottage to cottage.

"And mysterious deeds were acted there; there were chains, and tears, and blood.

"And the men affrighted, cried out, 'murder hath re-appeared on the earth.' That cry was all, for fear had transfixed their souls and paralyzed their arms.

"And they suffered themselves to be loaded with irons; they, and their wives, and their little ones. And those who had said, 'We are kings,' excavated as it were a great cavern, and they there shut up the whole human family, as beasts are shut up in a stall.

"And the tempest drove the clouds, and the thunder rolled, and I heard a voice which said, 'The serpent hath conquered a second time, but not forever.'

"After that, I heard nothing but confused voices, laughter, sobbings, and blasphemies.

"And I understood that there was to be a reign of Satan, before the reign of God. And I wept, and I hoped.

"And the vision which I saw was true; for the reign of Satan is accomplished, and the reign of God will be accomplished; and those who have said, 'We are kings,' shall be in their turn shut up in the cavern with the serpent, and the human race shall come forth, and it shall be for them like another birth, like the passage from death unto life. So may it be."

In the thirteenth chapter, which contains one of the most frightful of his visions, he seems to signify the formation of the Holy Alliance. We cite the whole chapter, though a long one, because it appears to embody more of the spirit of the whole work than any other.

"It was a night of darkness. A starless night hung heavily over the earth, like a covering of black marble over a tomb.

"And nothing broke the stillness of that night, but a strange noise, as of the light rustling of wings, which at times is heard over the country and the city.

"And then the darkness thickened, and every one felt his soul shrink within him, and a shudder run through his veins.

"And in a hall hung with black, and lighted by the dull red glimmer of a single lamp, seven men, clothed in purple, with crowns upon their heads, were sitting upon seven seats of iron.

"And in the middle of the hall was raised a throne composed of bones, and at the foot of the throne, in place of a footstool, there was a crucifix overturned; and before the throne a table of ebony, and upon the table a vessel filled with blood, red and foaming, and a human skull.

"And these seven men with crowns, seemed pensive and sad; and from the depths of their sunken sockets, their eyes, from time to time, shot forth sparks of livid fire.

"And one of them raising himself, approached the throne with a tottering step, and placed his foot upon the crucifix.

"At that moment his limbs trembled, and he seemed about to faint. The rest looked on him motionless; they made not the slightest movement, but an indescribable expression passed over their features, and an unearthly smile contracted their lips.

"And he who had seemed about to faint, stretched forth his hand, and seized the vessel filled with blood, and poured it out into the skull and drank of it.

"And the draught seemed to strengthen him.

"And raising his head, this cry came forth from his breast, like the sound of the dull death-rattle.

"'Cursed be Christ, who hath restored liberty to the earth!' And the other six crowned men raised themselves together, and together sent forth the same cry: 'Cursed be Christ, who hath restored liberty to the earth!'

"After which, sitting down again upon their seats of iron, the first said: 'My brethren, what shall we do to stifle liberty? For our reign is finished if her's commences. Our cause is the same; let each one, therefore, propose that which shall seem good unto him.'

"Hearken then! this is my counsel. 'Before Christ came, who was able to stand before us? It is his religion which hath ruined us Let us abolish the religion of Christ.'

"And they all answered; 'it is true, let us abolish the religion of Christ.'

"And the second advanced toward the throne and took the human skull, poured blood into it, drank it, and spake as follows:

" ' It is not religion alone which should be abolished, but learning and thought also; for learning will discover that which it is not for our interest the world should know; and thought is always ready to contend against force.'

" And all answered, ' it is true; let us contend against learning and thought.'

" And after having done as the first two had done, a third spake;

" ' When we shall have again plunged men into their stupidity, by taking from them religion, and learning, and thought, we shall have done much, but there will still remain something more for us to do.

" The brute possesseth instinct and dangerous sympathies. It is necessary that one nation should not hear the cry of another people, lest if the one should murmur and rise, the other may be tempted to imitate. Let then, no murmuring from without penetrate our kingdoms.

" And all answered; ' it is true, let no murmuring from without penetrate our kingdoms.'

" And a fourth said; ' We have our interest and the people have theirs opposed to ours; if they unite to defend that interest against us, how shall we resist them?'

" ' Divide and conquer. Let us make in every province, in every town, in every hamlet, an interest opposed to that of other hamlets, of other towns, and of other provinces.'

" ' In this way, all will hate each other, and they will not think of uniting against us.'

" And all answered; ' it is true, divide and conquer; concord would ruin us.'

" And a fifth having twice filled with blood, and twice emptied the skull, said: ' I approve of all these measures; they are good, but insufficient. Make men brutes, it is well; but frighten the brutes, strike terror into them by an inexorable justice, if you would not, sooner or latter, be devoured by them. The executioner is the prime-minister of a good prince.'

" And all answered: ' It is true, the executioner is the prime-minister of a good prince.

" And a sixth said: ' I acknowledge the advantage of prompt, terrible, and inevitable punishments. Still, there are heroic and desperate spirits who brave punishment.'

" Would you govern men easily, make them effeminate by voluptuousness. Virtue will avail us nothing, she nourisheth strength; rather let us exhaust them by corruption.

" And all answered, ' it is true; let us exhaust strength, and energy, and courage, by corruption.'

" Then the seventh, having like the others, drank from the human skull, spake after this manner, his feet on the crucifix.

"'Down with Christ! there is a war of extermination, eternal war betwixt him and us.

"'But how shall we detach the people from him? It is a vain endeavor. What then shall be done? Hearken unto me, — it is necessary to gain the priests of Christ with riches, with honors, and with power.

"'And they will command the people in the name of Christ, to be subject to us in all that we may do, in all that we may order.

"'And the people will believe them, and obey them for conscience' sake; and our power will be firmer than before.'

"And all answered, 'it is true; let us gain the priests of Christ.'

"And suddenly the lamp which lighted the hall went out, and the seven men vanished in the darkness.

"And it was said to a righteous man, who at that moment watched and prayed before the cross; my day approacheth, adore and fear nothing."

Nothing can be better adapted to take a strong hold upon the minds of the people of France, and especially the Parisians, than a work of this kind. It has met, we are told by the translator, with an immense sale, and its influence has been so great, that the government has thought it necessary to cause a book to be written in reply to it, in the same style.

The work is remarkable for its independence; while it shows the strong features of several parties in politics, it belongs strictly to none. In the views it presents of the character of kings, and the ferocity which it exhibits when denouncing them, the book goes to the utmost length of the violent republicans of the metropolis; but again, in the highly religious sentiments it contains, it is widely removed from the creed of the liberal party. As a whole, this party may be said to have abandoned religion; and to such a length do they carry their contempt for its sentiments, that when Silvio Pellico's account of his imprisonment, (a work which, in its apostolic gentleness and humble devotion, we consider the most powerful and touching appeal against tyranny ever made,) was first published in France, the journals of the liberal party utterly refused to notice it on account of its religious character. With this party, therefore, the Abbé could not expect any sympathy whatever, in the love of God and of Christ which is enforced in every chapter of the work. Religion exists in no party in France, unless it be that of the friends of legitimacy; and with these it is only valued in its connection with the state. As for the king's party, the *juste milieu* men, they are

ready for religion or infidelity, just as the one or the other will best help their purposes. In the reply to the Abbé's book, which is called Words of a Seer, *Paroles d'un Voyant*, they take the revolting side of atheism; and the work commences in these words: "In the name of imperishable humanity, our God."

We doubt not, however, that there may be found in the kingdom of France numbers, who, like our author, ranging under no particular party, may still entertain sentiments of the most sincere religion, united with a love of freedom and of their country, and who will receive this work, almost as the words of an evangelist. There is, moreover, a power and beauty in the style, and an earnestness in the sentiments of liberty, which cannot fail to recommend it to all but the blind advocates of legitimacy.

While we sympathize in many respects most heartily with the author, and while we cannot withhold our admiration for the doctrines of liberty and religion which the work contains, we still have very strong doubts whether the book, if it have any effect at all, can operate for good, especially with the people of France. The Abbé de la Mennais has come boldly forward as a teacher of the people; but he has taught them the wrong lesson; has directed their energies to the wrong object, and excited their feelings in a wrong cause. That they have a great lesson to learn, there can be no doubt; that they are yet ignorant of the true basis upon which their liberties ought to be founded, is but too obvious, even to a careless observer; and we grieve to find that the author, with all his power, has done but little to help them to this knowledge.

His great mistake is in endeavoring to excite the animosity and vengeance of the people against the persons of kings, instead of cultivating in them a love for constitutional rights, which, when once breathed into a community, and existing as a lively principle in the minds of the people, will place it beyond the power of a monarch to become a tyrant. The people of France, since the first dawn of freedom among them, have ever been too ready to fly to arms as a relief from their troubles; from the time of the execution, (we had almost said the murder) of Louis XVI., down to the attempt to assassinate Louis Philippe and his family in the Tuilleries, they have evinced little enough reverence for the person of the monarch. Towards the present king, we verily believe not an individual

bosom beats with a sentiment of loyalty; and the monarch of France would now be judged in all cases nearly as a private citizen. There is little need of exciting the feelings of the populace against him, from any danger that may arise in a feeling of personal attachment. But there is great danger in exciting this lively and high-spirited people to acts of violence. The *émeutes* of the metropolis have been its disgrace and its curse; and the scenes of blood which it has witnessed have done more, perhaps, than any other thing, to retard the progress of liberty, both in France, and on the continent generally. The liberties of France are in danger, no doubt; and in danger from the monarch personally; he has done much to turn back the tide of freedom, — he has abandoned the principles which placed him upon the throne, — he has lawlessly imprisoned his innocent subjects, — he has checked the liberty of the press, — he has violated the charter in the most open and tyrannical manner; and after all this, he remains more firmly than ever on the throne. How is it that tyranny has been thus triumphant? How has a people, so nobly distinguished for their unquenchable love of freedom, so fearless in war, so lately triumphant over the legions of an oppressor, while the laurels won in the hallowed conflict were yet unfaded, how has this people again suffered itself to be trampled upon? We answer, that although the monarch has betrayed the nation, still the great fault is in the people themselves; they have been wanting to their own rights, — they have, by acts of lawless violence, in a measure compelled the king to become a tyrant, — they have mistaken the meaning of liberty and disgraced its name, — they have been wanting, finally, in that reverence towards their constitution, without which no nation can be free.

Here, then, was the great truth which the Abbé de la Mennais ought to have urged; the love and respect for constitutional rights; he ought to have represented, with all his eloquence, the majesty and sanctity of civil law and the sacred nature of the constitution; he should have demonstrated that this is the key-stone of liberty, that it binds the monarch no less than the people, and that, if he violates it, he aims the deadliest blow at their rights. The French people have yet to learn a sufficient degree of reverence for law; and in this respect consists the great difference between the liberty of France and that of England. We have already remarked that

a greater degree of personal freedom pervades all classes of people in the former country than in the latter; but, on the other hand, with the reverence which exists in England for monarch and state dignitaries, for church establishment and titled men, there exists at the same time a respect for law, which has effectually prevented the liberties of the people from retrograding, and has with slow, but unvarying progress, been advancing their rights for centuries. There is no country in the old world, where the law holds a more undisputed sway than in England. The constitution has come down from the days of Magna Charta with the accumulated dignity of ages upon it, and the Englishman regards with a feeling of unmingled horror any attempt to violate its articles. In France this is not so; the people have not yet learned to revere their constitution; the generation that is now passing away, is older than the charter of their rights, and the younger portion of the people have witnessed too many revolutions to have been brought up in the idea of the permanence of any government or laws; they have not yet had time, since their emancipation, to acquire that feeling of sanctity which the law ought to inspire among every free people. The vital principle of every constitution is its durability, and the difficulty with which any change is made in it, — and it will readily be comprehended how little opportunity the French people have possessed for acquiring just views with regard to the inviolability of constitutions, when the reflection is made, that since the adoption of the federal constitution in this country, the form of government in France has been changed oftener than the Presidents of the United States. There has been nothing in that country to give an idea of stability in government; the constitution has been changed, violated, trampled upon again and again; and it is impossible, under such circumstances, that the sacredness of its character should be understood. True, the revolution of July was the result of the most flagrant violation of constitutional rights; but it was excited by wrongs which touched most directly the personal comfort of a large class, — hundreds of workingmen were thrown out of employ, and were deprived of their daily bread by the ordinances of Charles X. In 1832, when the present king had no less openly violated the constitution, by establishing martial law in the capital, the enormity was tamely submitted to. The populace, who from behind the barricades, and with arms in their hands, could at one moment

cry *à bas le roi*, and the instant after, by a slight exhibition of personal courage, be made to throw down their arms and cry *vive le roi*, have yet much to learn in the book of freedom. In teaching this great lesson, our author is utterly deficient.

In one respect, however, he is undoubtedly in advance of ordinary political writers; this is in holding up, as the surest means of acquiring and preserving liberty, the sincere worship of God, and the serving no master but Christ. His principle is correct, though his application of it is wrong; nothing can be less in accordance with Christianity, than the feelings of exasperation and vengeance which he excites. His views, however, of the influence of religion upon the liberties of a people are bold, and appear to us just. The connection between religion and politics is a very different thing from the connection between church and state. The latter is only a vulgar, but powerful support to government, founded on the ignorance of a people, and degrading Christianity to a system of little more value than the pagan rites of Rome. The other elevates the science of government to the high rank it naturally occupies, breathes into it the pure spirit of life, gives it a singleness of purpose and energy of action, and causes it to operate with the sole view to the happiness of a people; it nerves the arm of the patriot, and assures him that the God of battles is his defender; it cheers the prisoner in his dungeon, and upholds the martyr on the scaffold; and tyrants tremble and fall before its irresistible power.

The religious sentiments of the author pervade the whole work; as a specimen of them, we cite portions of the twenty-second chapter.

"Understand well, how to become free;

"To be free, it is necessary to love God above every thing, for if ye love God, ye will do his will; and the will of God is justice and love, without which there is no liberty.

"Love God above all things, and thy neighbor as thyself, and bondage would disappear from the earth.

"Liberty is like the kingdom of heaven; it suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. But the violence which shall place you in the possession of liberty, is not the ferocious violence of thieves and robbers, oppression, vengeance, and cruelty; but a will, strong and inflexible; a courage, calm and generous.

"The most holy cause becomes most impious and execrable, when crime is employed to sustain it. The man of crime from a slave may become a tyrant, but never will he become free."

We had intended to say something upon the present state of literature and religion in France, of which the work in question is no less a sign, than of the political condition of the country; but our article has already been too far protracted, and we hasten to conclude.

The views we have taken of the present condition of that interesting country, have a momentous bearing on our own. Are not our liberties in danger, and from the same cause that seems to retard the progress of freedom in France? Have we not, like the people of France, evinced that we are not enough aware of the sanctity of the charter of our rights? Have not we, like them, been dazzled and blinded by personal courage and military glory? Have we not been too ready to take up arms to avenge our real or fancied wrongs? Have there not been acted among us, within the last year, scenes more disgraceful to a people, and to human nature, than the *émeutes* under Louis Philippe, or even than the mad carnage of the old revolution? We much fear that the respect for order, the submission to law, the majestic calmness and moderation which distinguished our fathers, and which alone could have called forth the fair form of our republic from the chaos of revolution, are passing away from their descendants. Like the French, we are in danger of abandoning the feeling of reverence for all institutions; and like them, so surely as we do this, we shall be trodden under foot by a tyrant; it matters little whether he be called king or president.

In this hour of darkness and danger, it behoves all good men to combine together for the preservation of good institutions, by expressing, in tones of reproach and indignation, their abhorrence of deeds of violence, and above all, by holding up to just infamy the more cunning instigators of such crimes; and by endeavoring to cultivate among the people a more elevated morality, more sincere religion, and higher views of the sacred and inviolable character of laws.

ART. II. — *Coleridge.*

The Friend: a Series of Essays to aid in the Formation of fixed Principles in Politics, Morals and Religion; with Literary Amusements interspersed. By S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1818.

WE regard as a peculiar privilege, the opportunity to express our admiration of the genius, character, and writings of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It is rarely, indeed, that God has placed such a mind as his in an earthly mould, to shed its splendor on a world in ruins. We regard him with feelings of veneration and love, which we have paid to few other names in English Literature. Nor does the obloquy, by which he was pursued through life, in the least degree lessen that veneration. It was the inevitable accompaniment of his greatness. It was the appropriate testimony of an age of littleness and superficiality, towards one, who towered in such grandeur beyond the measure of all his contemporaries. "It was not only in the Roman customs," said Burke, with indignant feeling of the wrongs that had been heaped upon him, "it was not only in the Roman customs, but it is in the nature and constitution of things, that calumny and abuse are essential parts of triumph."

The idea of Coleridge's mind rises in the world of intellect, like the "MONARCH OF MOUNTAINS" in the world of nature, a shape of severe and awful grandeur, arresting the gaze of the soul, and awing it with sublimity and mystery. He was of that class of men, "whose mind is affected by *thoughts* rather than *things*; and only then feels the requisite interest, even for the most important events and accidents, when, by means of meditation, they have passed into thoughts." His sublime apostrophe to Milton, we find it difficult to read, without applying its descriptive character, in part at least, to himself. "My mind is not capable of forming a more august conception, than arises from the contemplation of this great man in his latter days; poor, sick, old, blind, slandered, persecuted,

"Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,"

in an age, in which he was as little understood by the party *for* whom, as by that *against* whom, he had contended; and

among men, *before whom he strode so far, as to dwarf himself by the distance*, yet still listening to the music of his own thoughts, or if additionally cheered, yet cheered only by the prophetic faith of two or three solitary individuals, he did nevertheless

> ——— "Argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope; but still bore up, and steered
> Right onward."

For himself Coleridge never desired notoriety, and indeed was averse from it. In how admirable a manner does he speak of the fatal influence of the passion for distinction, — "the desire of *distinguishing* yourself *from* other men in order to be distinguished *by* them. Hoc reverâ est *inter te* et veritatem. This interest does indeed stand between thee and truth. I might add, between thee and thy own soul. It is scarcely more at variance with the love of truth, than it is unfriendly to the attainment that deserves that name. By your own act, you have appointed the many as your judges and appraisers; for the anxiety to be admired is a loveless passion, ever strongest with regard to those by whom we are least known and least cared for, loud on the Hustings, gay in the Ball-room, mute and sullen at the family Fireside."

There are some minds of so noble an order, that we would almost say humility seems natural to them. Burke's was such a mind. Kindred in its character was that of Coleridge. To intellectual he added true christian humility. He never affected greatness; it was inseparable from the exercise of such an intellect as God had given him. He was chargeable indeed, with a "too careless indifference to public opinion, and to the attacks of those who influence it;" praise and admiration being little desirable to him, except as marks of sympathy. It is truly affecting to peruse his own remarks on this subject, at the close of the chapter in the Biographia Literaria, on the supposed irritability of men of genius, and the causes, occasions, and injustice of the charge; a chapter worthy of meditative study and admiration. "Indignation at literary wrongs," says he, "I leave to men born under happier stars, I cannot *afford* it. . . . . I have laid too many eggs in the hot sands of this wilderness, the world, with ostrich carelessness and ostrich oblivion. The greater part, indeed, have been trodden under

foot and are forgotten ; but yet no small number have crept forth into life, some to furnish feathers for the caps of others, and still more to plume the shafts in the quivers of my enemies ; of them that, unprovoked, have lain in wait against my soul."

" Sic vos, non vobis mellificatis, apes ! "

We earnestly hope that some one of his friends in England may collect these scattered and neglected fruits of his mind, together with the essays published in the Morning Post and Courier, and give them to the world.

It is now, less than formerly, the lot of such minds to be criticised by men, " whose intellectual claims to the guardianship of the muses seem, from the greater part, analogous to the physical qualifications, which adapt their oriental brethren for the superintendence of the harem." Few have had more to endure, or borne it with humbler patience of endurance, than this great man, from the sciolism, the impudence, and the malice of anonymous criticism. With a severity the more powerful, because so calm and lofty, he has cauterized the then prevailing style of quackery in criticism in the third chapter of the Biographia Literaria, in which he has vindicated Southey's " fixed and well-earned fame," from the abuse and indefatigable hostility of his anonymous critics, and recorded his own admiration of his friend, in a tribute of beautiful and heartfelt praise, only to be equalled for its sweetness, good sense, and power of discrimination, by his own more elaborate and detailed criticism upon the poet Wordsworth. What he said of Southey in the closing sentence of this chapter, might be applied with equal felicity to himself, " that quacks in education, quacks in politics, and quacks in criticism were his only enemies."

One of the noblest traits in the character of Coleridge was his delight to discover, and readiness to acknowledge ability and excellence in others. This feature was combined at the same time with that humility in the appreciation of his own powers, which led him to underrate himself in the comparison. In how noble a manner does he speak of Paley's excellence of language and simplicity of style, and of his own unwillingness to write the severe criticism, which yet a sense of justice demanded, upon Paley's erroneous system. " O, if I were fond and ambitious of literary honor, of public applause, how well

content should I be to excite but one third of the admiration, which, in my inmost being, I feel for the head and heart of Paley! And how gladly would I surrender all hope of contemporary praise, could I even approach to the incomparable grace, propriety, and persuasive facility of his writings! But on this very account I believe myself bound in conscience to throw the whole force of my intellect in the way of this triumphal car, on which the tutelary genius of modern idolatry is borne, even at the risk of being crushed under the wheels!"

The tenth chapter of the Biographia Literaria, (a work to which we always recur with renewed benefit and delight) is full of autobiographical interest. For mingled humor, and pathos, wit, good sense, and nobleness, and affectionateness of feeling, it is unsurpassed in the annals of biography. It contains a humorous history of his sufferings at the outset of his authorship, when, though a poor man, he was, as he expresses himself, "so completely hag-ridden by the fear of being influenced by selfish motives, that to know a mode of conduct to be the dictate of *prudence* was a sort of presumptive proof to my feelings, that the contrary was the dictate of *duty*." He gives the most amusing account of his campaign for subscribers to the "Watchman," and it is one of the greatest curiosities in the history of genius. He says, in concluding the account of the periodical, "I should have been inevitably thrown into jail by my British printer, who refused to wait, even for a month, for a sum between eighty and ninety pounds, if the money had not been paid for me by a man by no means affluent, a dear friend, who attached himself to me from my first arrival at Bristol, who has continued my friend with a fidelity unconquered by time, or even by my own apparent neglect; a friend, from whom I never received an advice that was not wise, or a remonstrance that was not gentle and affectionate."

During his retirement in Somersetshire, his mind seems to have experienced a mighty revolution on the great subjects of religion and philosophy. To the foundations of religion and morals he devoted his thoughts and studies; but, in his own expression, "found himself all afloat. Doubts rushed in; broke upon me *from the fountains of the great deep*, and fell *from the windows of heaven*. The fontal truths of natural religion, and the books of Revelation, alike contributed to the flood; and it was long ere my ark touched on an Ararat, and

rested." When it did rest, it was first in a speculative, but afterwards a heartfelt, experimental faith, in the doctrines of the gospel, and a spiritual philosophy shining in its light.

"While my mind was thus perplexed," he says, "by a gracious providence, for which I can never be sufficiently grateful, the generous and munificent patronage of Mr. Josiah, and Mr. Thomas Wedgewood, enabled me to finish my education in Germany. I made the best use of my time and means; and there is, therefore, no period of my life, on which I can look back with such unmingled satisfaction." He gives a noble outline of his almost Encyclopedic studies in that country of hard students and learned men.

This instructive and interesting chapter concludes with a strain of wounded but noble feelings in reference to the charge of idleness. "My severest critics have not pretended to have found, in my compositions, triviality, or traces of a mind that shrunk from the toil of thinking. No one has charged me with tricking out in other words the thoughts of others, or with hashing up anew the *crambe jam decies coctam* of English literature or philosophy. Seldom have I written that in a day, the acquisition or investigation of which had not cost me the previous labor of a month."

It may be remarked as a great proof of genius, when the productions of the mind are impressed with the character of the author. A man of the highest genius, in communicating his thoughts, communicates himself; opens his heart; leaves the impress of his *feelings* in his works. Observe this beautiful trait in Burke. The best biographer in the world could scarcely, by the happiest or most minute delineation, give us a more perfect idea of Burke's character as a whole, than we can gain by the perusal of his own volumes. It is this trait that gives a deeper interest, (and far more precious, for it is a moral interest,) than the highest degree of mere intellectual power can confer. It links the being of the reader not merely in admiration, but in fervent attachment to the genius of the author. Thus it is that Coleridge's sweet, affectionate, and noble feelings, always encircling and mingling with the movements of his great mind, (even as the melody of music in a majestic anthem pervades the soul of the poetry, and heightens and completes its power,) have won for him, as a man, a fervor of attachment unexampled, in the hearts of those who most admire the productions of his genius.

And yet, we cannot contemplate his character, nor read a page of his works without a melancholy feeling. It is a melancholy not unlike that which we experience, in perusing those portions of the works of Burke, that were written after the death of his beloved son. The sorrows of a father's almost broken heart have tinged every line; the pages are hallowed with the sacredness of his affliction. The sorrows of Coleridge were both from inward and outward sources, but more from inward; a noble mind preying on itself. He was a being, whose extraordinary qualities of intellect and heart, the evil times on which he had fallen could not appreciate. Moreover, his sensibilities were all too keen for the body in which he was imprisoned, and the world by which he was surrounded. Years of pain, bodily and mental, were his to endure, aggravated, with bitterness inexpressible, by the sense of inability to realize the ideals of intellectual performance he was always contemplating; a feeling of regret, it may be of remorse, in the conviction of the vast disproportion between his great powers of mind, and any image of them in his actual works; besides, a constant struggle to bear up against the mechanical and material spirit of the age; disappointment, not of ambition, but of a wounded spirit; sickness of heart for the hollowness of friendly profession; straitened circumstances, and perhaps more than all, domestic affliction, compelling him, it may be, to take refuge from too bitter a sense of it, by "delving in the unwholesome mines of metaphysic depths." "I have sought a refuge," says he, "from bodily pain and mismanaged sensibility, in abstruse researches, which exercised the strength and subtlety of the understanding, without awakening the feelings of the heart." He bore all his sorrows, and especially the anguish of the last months of life, with sweetness of address and tranquillity of spirit. Would that those, who have spoken and written so freely against him, had power to appreciate, and nobleness of disposition to acknowledge, the moral worth of his feelings and his labors!

His own language, in his own poetry, can alone describe his feelings. The following passage is from his Ode on Dejection.

> "There was a time when, though my path was rough,
> This joy within me dallied with distress,
> And all misfortunes were but as the stuff,
> Whence fancy made me dreams of happiness:
> For hope grew round me like the twining vine,

And fruits and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth,
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth. —
But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination.
For not to *think* of what I needs must *feel*,
But to be still and patient, all I can;
And haply by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man,
This was my sole resource, my only plan;
Till that, which suits a part, infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul."

How affecting is this expression of his own sense of the influence which metaphysical employments, long pursued, had exerted over his poetical genius. If, however, we might judge from his latest poetry, his metaphysical studies through life must have rather increased than lessened the power of his imagination.

The recitation of Wordsworth's Poem on the growth of an individual mind, of which gift to his race we possess as yet a portion only, in the volume entitled The Excursion, (that portion in itself a noble whole,) seems to have wakened up in Coleridge's being a powerful consciousness of what he himself also was capable of, and strong yearnings after its realization. Evening after evening, that great poet, amidst a circle of dear friends, a "happy vision of beloved faces," poured forth, in the deep and solemn voice with which he recites his own poetry, that "long sustained song." Coleridge describes it with unequalled power of beauty.

"Eve following eve,
Dear, tranquil time, when the sweet sense of Home
Is sweetest! moments for their own sake hailed,
And more desired, more precious for thy song,
In silence listening, like a devout child,
My soul lay passive, by the various strain
Driven, as in surges now beneath the stars,
With momentary stars of my own birth,
Fair, constellated foam, still darting off
Into the darkness; now a tranquil sea,
Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the moon."

The night after the close of this recitation, he composed (addressing it to Wordsworth) one of the finest among his

own "Meditative Poems," from which the passage extracted above is taken. In it there occur the following lines, in which he gave utterance to "the voice of moaning" over his own long silent genius. They express not only his own feelings, weeping over himself, in the consciousness of what perhaps he ought to have performed, permanent, and of ever-enduring influence; but the feelings of others for him, beholding, in all that he has accomplished, so vivid proofs of that, far greater, which yet he might have realized, and placed "among the archives of mankind."

> "Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn,
> The pulses of my being beat anew;
> And even as life returns upon the drown'd,
> Life's joy, rekindling, roused a throng of pains, —
> Keen pangs of love, awakening as a babe
> Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
> And fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of Hope;
> And Hope, that scarce would know itself from Fear;
> Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
> And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
> And all which I had culled in woodwalks wild,
> And all which patient toil had reared, and all,
> Commune with *thee* had opened out, — but flowers,
> Strew'd on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
> In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!"

We have spoken of his sorrows, and of the manner in which he endured them. His heart was full of tenderness to those who loved him, and forgiveness to those, who, without provocation, (unless kindness and good deeds be such,) were his enemies; nor could there be found, anywhere in English literature, expressions of nobler feeling towards his slanderers, or of truer gratitude to his friends. For the reputation of these, he sought with the earnestness of self-oblivion; a generosity sometimes painfully returned by passiveness on their part, when his own character was at stake. "Think only," says he, "what your feelings would be, if you heard a wretch deliberately perjure himself in support of an infamous accusation, so remote from all fact, so smooth and homogeneous in its untruth, such a *round robin* of mere lies, that you knew not which to begin with? What could you do, but look round with horror and astonishment, pleading silently to human nature itself, — and, perhaps, *(as hath really been the case with me,)*

forget both the slanderer and his slander, in the anguish inflicted by the passiveness of your many professed friends, whose characters you had ever been as eager to clear from the least stain of reproach, as if a coal of fire had been on your own skin?"

To the delineation of Wordsworth's excellencies, he devoted the greater part of the second volume of the Biographia Literaria, in an essay, which will remain a master-piece of philosophical criticism, coeval with the English language. Of another friend and benefactor, he has given a character in one of the essays in the first volume of The Friend, written in all the beauty of eloquence, from the inmost heart of the poet and philosopher. He speaks of his virtues, "themes for the energies of solitude, for the awfulness of prayer! — virtues, exercised in the barrenness and desolation of his animal being; while he thirsted, with the full stream at his lips, and yet with unwearied goodness poured out to all around him, like the master of a feast among his kindred, in the day of his own gladness! Were it but for the remembrance of him alone, and of his lot here below, the disbelief of a future state would sadden the earth around me, and blight the very grass in the field." Again, in one of the letters of his "Literary Correspondence," having alluded to the sufferings of his friend, and the scientific meditations to which he was led while enduring them, he dwells in a passage, exquisite for its beauty, not less than for its profound philosophic thought, upon the influence of ill-health and pain in eliciting genius. We extract the following sentences, as a specimen of his power of illustrating truth from scientific phenomena. "The cutting and irritating grain of sand, which by accident or incaution has got within the shell, incites the living inmate to secrete from its own resources, the means of coating the intrusive substance. And is it not, or may it not be, even so, with the irregularities and unevenness of health and fortune in our own case? We too may turn diseases into pearls. The means and materials are within ourselves; and the process is easily understood." "That this source of consolation and support may be equally in your power as in mine, but that you may never have occasion to *feel* equally grateful for it, *as I have and do, in body and estate,* is the fervent wish of your affectionate

S. T. Coleridge"

The volumes of The Friend, (published as one in this coun-

try,) are every way worthy of Coleridge's great intellect; whether for the development of important principles in political, ethical, psychological science; or for eloquence of feeling, sentiment, and thought; or for philosophic and poetic beauty of style and illustration. The work is a FRIEND indeed, and to the young above all others; venerable, yet familiar; thoughtful, and of kindest, noblest feelings; teaching wisdom for meditation, and alluring to habits of meditation, by presenting to the mind, not amusement merely, but

——— Flowers
Of sober tint, and herbs of medicinal powers;

admonitory of dangerous influences, and alluring to the love of every thing good and honorable; taking the reader affectionately by the hand, and with most happy and instructive conversation to beguile the weariness of the way, leading him gradually upward to the very highest principles of speculative science.

Were we to point out the essays most worthy to be earnestly and profoundly studied, it would be those in the third volume, on the "Principles of Method common to all Investigations; presented as the basis of his future philosophical and theological writings, and as the necessary introduction to the same." We do not believe, that in the whole compass of English, French, or German literature, there is to be witnessed so profound an exhibition of the ultimate principles of universal science; the principles, by which alone "philosophy becomes scientific, and the sciences philosophical." As a work, The Friend abounds likewise with passages of great descriptive beauty, exquisite delineations of character, and striking truths, such as are scattered, indeed, through all his pages, obtained from the thoughtful study of human nature and human life. Aphoristic sentences, that condense volumes of meaning, arrest the attention of the contemplative reader, as fixed stars in his hemisphere of moral truth. The remark on page twenty-eighth, of the American edition, respecting the disproportion of human passions to their ordinary objects, being among the strongest internal evidences of our future destination, is a principle on which a mind like Bishop Butler's, might erect a work analogous to the ANALOGY. Another remark, a little farther onward, contains in itself the history of the corruptions of Christianity. So with the following remark on the same

page, in regard to the sacrifice of truth and expediency. "The duties which we owe to our own moral being, are the ground and condition of all other duties; and to set our nature at strife with itself for a good purpose, implies the same sort of prudence, as a priest of Diana would have manifested, who should have proposed to dig up the celebrated charcoal foundations of the mighty temple of Ephesus, in order to furnish fuel for the burnt offerings on its altars." As an instance of great conciseness and comprehension in one and the same thought, embodying truth from history, take the following. "The Christian world was for centuries divided into the many, that did not think at all, and the few, who did nothing but *think*, — both alike *unreflecting*, the one from defect of the *act*, the other from the absence of an *object*." How truly magnificent is the following sentence in regard to the Bible: "It is God every where; and all creatures conform to his decrees, the righteous by performance of the law, the disobedient by the sufferance of the penalty." His power of definition is not less remarkable for the characteristics of comprehension in conciseness, and accuracy in universality.

The political essays in The Friend, (though not possessing the general interest of those, for instance, which contain his delightful sketches of the character of Luther, and his explanation, on psychological principles, of Luther's satanic apparition, in the place of his imprisonment at the Warteburg,) are yet replete with wisdom. Here, too, principles give value and permanence to facts, and history is adduced to illustrate principles; and over all are thrown the light and warmth of moral purity and nobleness of feeling. In one of these pages he makes a remark, (which we have heard quoted as a proof of want of common sense and judgment,) viz. that as to England's "political strength and circumstantial prosperity, it is the national debt, which has wedded in indissoluble union all the interests of the state, the landed with the commercial, and the man of independent fortune with the stirring tradesman, and reposing annuitant." We have no doubt of the main truth of this remark; his own reasoning makes it clear; though he promises afterwards to develope, with the same boldness, the injurious effects of the system on the literature, morals, and religious principles of the people. Paradoxical as it may seem, to assert that in any case debt is benefit and strength, we believe that the national debt of England, in

its amazing pressure of the kingdom, whose interests it nevertheless unites and consolidates by that pressure, may be compared to the key-stone of an immense arch, itself supported by those sides of the arch, which yet themselves would fall to pieces, but for the pressure of the weight they are required to sustain.

Mr. Coleridge's aim, in all movements of his mind, was towards general principles. In regard to The Friend, he says, "To refer men's opinions to their absolute principles, and thence their feelings to their appropriate objects, and in their due degrees; and finally, to apply the principles thus ascertained, to the formation of stedfast convictions, concerning the most important questions of politics, morality, and religion, — these are to be the objects and contents of this work." These, it may be said, are the objects and contents of all his works, and of all his philosophy; "having myself, (he says,) experienced, that no delight, either in kind or degree, was equal to that which accompanies the distinct perception of a fundamental truth, relative to our moral being; having, long after the completion of what is ordinarily called a learned education, discovered a new world of intellectual profit opening on me; not from any new opinions, but lying, as it were, at the roots of those, which I had been taught from childhood, in my catechism and spelling-book."

It is to principles, that he always directs us, without which, our knowledge, though varied as the forms of the visible and invisible creation, is little better than chaos; "the depthless abstractions of fleeting phenomena, the shadows of sailing vapors, the colorless repetitions of rainbows;" without which, "experience itself is but a Cyclops, walking backwards, under the fascination of the past," — "without which, the fleeting chaos of facts would no more form experience, than the dust of the grave can of itself make a living man;" without which history is fable, philosophy a formless kaleidoscope, poetry without life, and books without permanence.

It is to the presence of these, that the works of Edmund Burke owe their endurance and amazing power. "He possessed," says Coleridge, "and had sedulously sharpened, that eye which sees all things, actions, and events, in relation to the laws that determine their existence, and circumscribe their possibility. He referred habitually to *principles*. He was a *scientific* statesman; and, therefore, a *seer*. For every *prin-*

ciple contains in itself the germs of a prophecy; and as the prophetic power is the essential privilege of science, so the fulfilment of its oracles supplies the outward, and, to men in general, the *only* test of its claim to the title." Of Burke, he made a remark, which we cannot but quote; that, "in his public character he found himself, as it were, in a Noah's ark, with a very few men, and a great many beasts."

It is to the pursuit of principle, instead of temporary notions and fancies, (that have their birth in every age, from the changing humors and movements of society, and in every age attract and waste the intellectual and moral strength of multitudes,) that the scholars and great men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries owe the perpetuity of their fame, and the fact that *their works do follow them.* And it is to be greatly feared, that, for want of an excitement produced by the presence and pursuit of ultimate principles, the character of our own age will become more and more superficial, money-making, and self-complacent; and that, even "amidst the vicessant intellectual activity of the race, the intellectual power of individual minds may be falling off; and amidst accumulating knowledge, lofty science may disappear."

"We are fond, (says Mr. Coleridge) of styling our own the *enlightened* age; though, as Jortin, I think, has wittily remarked, the *golden* age would be more appropriate." And are we not proud of our very defects, and yet not willing to acknowledge them? Ours is an age, it is true, of useful inventions; of steam-engines, and rail-roads, and libraries of useful and entertaining knowledge. But wisdom has sadly gone out of fashion; and ours is an age of sense, in opposition to an age of spirit; an age of *common* sense, in which all things and knowledges are *sensualized* to all. The speculative reason is forgotten in the enthronement of the practical understanding of man; and where this is the case, there is neither insight, nor veneration for things venerable, nor fixed opinions, nor stedfast thought, nor spiritual yearnings, nor deep consciousness, nor humble acknowledgment of spiritual wants. The employments that occupy man as a creature of the mere understanding, are multiplied, and the world is a vast hive of buzzing intelligences as busy as the bees, and as intent upon external or physical pursuits as they, to the exclusion of all spiritual concernments.

Criticism, with Coleridge, was a great science, and perhaps he is the first English critic, who has scientifically pursued it. Possessing a philosophic power of discernment in the observance of mental laws, and in the application of those laws to the productions of genius, and connecting the science of the beautiful in all its forms with those psychological and moral principles, of which in truth it is but the expression, he pours a placid light around him, as different from the undiscriminating glimmer of common criticism as the calm and solemn sunlight of noonday, revealing all things as they are, is different from the flickering torch-light. He tells us, himself, that he "labored at a solid foundation, on which permanently to ground his opinions in the component faculties of the human mind itself, and their comparative dignity and importance." He has stated the two following critical aphorisms, abstracted from his reading and meditation at an early age, and certainly important; "first, that not the poem which we have *read*, but that to which we *return*, with the greatest pleasure, possesses the genuine power, and claims the name of *essential poetry*. Second, that whatever lines can be translated into other words of the same language, without diminution of their significance, either in sense or association, or in any worthy feeling, are so far vicious in their diction."

In expressing his judgment on any work, he was guided by great integrity of moral principle. "It is hardly possible (he says) for a man of ingenuous mind to act under the fear that he shall be suspected, by honest men, of the vileness of praising a work to the public, merely because he happens to be personally acquainted with the author. I judge of all works indifferently, by certain fixed rules, previously formed in my mind, with all the power and vigilance of my judgment." We have referred, as an example of his power, to that grand critical essay upon Wordsworth, in the Biographia Literaria; nothing of so great excellence, or such a model in that department of literature, can be found in the language. There is likewise an essay in the second section of the third volume of The Friend, in which he illustrates his subject by quotations from Shakspeare, especially from Hamlet, in a strain of critical remark, so profoundly philosophical, so clear and vigorous, and producing in the mind so strong a sense of Shakspeare's judgment and intellectual greatness, as makes the reader earnestly wish that what is incidental illustration of scientific principles, tested by

application to the works of that great Poet, had been itself extended to a volume. The critical remarks, in the first chapter of the Biographia Literaria, on the writers of the last century, including Mr. Pope and his followers, (whom he characterizes, with great accuracy, as "the school of French poetry, condensed and invigorated by English understanding,") are equally admirable. He discloses the nature of the "painted mists that occasionally rise from the marshes at the foot of Parnassus." "Our genuine admiration of a great poet, is a continuous *undercurrent* of feeling; it is every where present, but seldom any where as a separate excitement." Again, he makes an observation, which we may apply to the poetry of Wordsworth, for illustration, that "it is peculiar to original genius to become less and less *striking*, in proportion to its success in improving the taste and judgment of its contemporaries."

Coleridge's power of illustration, in his prose writings, was such as might be expected in so great a poet, working with unlimited command of such inexhaustible materials of learning and science. All things actual and imaginable in the universe of knowledge, the sciences, natural and exact, the fine arts, and the common business of life, he lays under contribution, and yokes the spoils, in endless reach and variety, to his imagination, as to a triumphal car. Perhaps in no other created mind but Plato's, were the powers of imagination and abstraction ever united in so remarkable a degree. Images, the growth of his poetic genius, are seen, amidst abstrusest subtleties, springing lovelier than ever on the perilous, barren heights of metaphysical speculations; even as the flowers, that, sometimes of rarest beauty, and as it were, conscious and rejoicing in their place of danger, bend over the crags of a mighty waterfall, and wet their petals, and mingle their fragrance with the spray.

His imagination might be named omnipresent in all forms of his intellectual existence; there being no power, in whose exercise the influence of that divine faculty was not duly mingled. Thought, meditation, reasoning, argument, abstract definition and criticism, are all surrounded by that radiance. All things have grown in that light. His language is imbued with it. Even in metaphysical abstractions we are conscious of its power. Its influence on the medium of thought might be illustrated by the painted glass in old cathedrals. It is a religious

light, full of solemnity, and sombre magnificence. His very words are pictures.

Yet this sublime faculty, which, bestowed in such abundant measure, generally usurps possession of the mind, instead of being possessed by it, with him was under perfect control, moving obedient to the severest judgment, and as a ministering spirit to his strong reasoning powers. Hence his figures are always natural, however unusual. They are part and parcel of the thought itself, and the legitimate result of energetic action in the intellect; *rubor quidem nativus, et incalescentia genuina;* the glow of blood upon the cheek, produced by powerful, but healthy, excitement in the heart.

All the treasures of his immense knowledge were fused in the fire of his genius, and became transparencies, through which the light of his imagination shone, encompassing the figures with attractive splendor, and setting them in a fiery glow. In metaphysical researches it places the thought in such distinctness, that we think of the moon setting behind the trees, and putting every leaf and twig in a burning blaze of crimson and gold. But it is almost presumptuous to use an illustration, which has been consecrated, as it were, with glory, in Wordsworth's grandest, happiest manner. Let us read the passage, for it worthily describes the actings of Coleridge's imagination.

> "Within the soul a faculty abides,
> That with interpositions, which would hide
> And darken, so can deal, that they become
> Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
> Her native brightness. As the ample moon,
> In the deep stillness of a summer even,
> Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
> Burns like an unconsuming fire of light,
> In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides
> Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
> Into a substance glorious as her own,
> Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
> Capacious and serene."

It is truly surprising to witness, in many of Coleridge's illustrations, his accurate acquaintance with the exact and natural sciences. He loves especially to illustrate psychological by geometrical science. It is so with all the sciences. He is at home, and what is more, he dwells among the *principles* of each, worshipping, not in the porch, but in the inner sanctuary

of the temple. Open his works where you will, the mind cannot long remain there, without being aroused into admiration and excitement. There are great forms around it; countenances sublime and awful; inscriptions of dread import; furniture and imagery, that seem the work of supernatural presences for themselves.

The same may be said of his conversation, which might almost be called the world's wonder, so universally has the fame of its splendor spread. To have enjoyed a day's familiar intercourse with such a mind, would have been worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

It has been finely said of Dr. Payson's conversation, that "his thoughts flew from him in every possible variety of beauty and harmony, like birds from a South American Forest." This might describe the movements of the *fancy* in Coleridge's conversation, but would be an utterly inadequate image of its amazing richness, grandeur and philosophic and imaginative power. And yet it was the spontaneous overflow of the mind, without effort, without rest, poured out wherever he found a human ear to listen. To him it seemed quite indifferent who should be the recipient of so much intellectual richness; he talked not to display that richness, but to communicate thought, and to give play to a mind as restless in its thoughts, as the ocean in the movement of its tides.

His countenance, while engaged in thought, we have been told was the most vivid image of abstraction conceivable. It seemed as if the soul, the whole principle of life and intelligence had withdrawn, for the time, from the outer man, to a hidden world within; and the face would be a perfect blank, almost a picture of idiocy. Then, on opening his lips in conversation, suddenly the fire would leap back into his eye, and the soul into every feature. It was like a resurrection. It was like the sun, rising abruptly from beneath the sea, to shine upon the waste of waters. Nothing could be more diverse, than these two countenances of the visible and invisible soul.

His power of condensing a world of meaning in one word, and flashing it upon the hearer's sense, has been spoken of as possessed, if possible, to a greater degree in conversation than in writing. He once said, speaking of the difference between the two styles of architecture, that the Grecian architecture was a *thing*, — the Gothic an IDEA.

Both in speaking and writing, he was a consummate master

of language. No assertion could be more groundless, than the one, so oft repeated, of vagueness and mysticism in his style. The crude classification of his mind with that of Chalmers, by a writer in this country, is proof of the inaccurate and vague conceptions entertained in regard both to his genius and style, by those from whom a juster appreciation might have been expected. For no two authors could be more diverse, in their modes of thinking and expression, and in the whole character of their minds. If any qualities are distinctive in the intellect of Coleridge, they are, not only comprehensiveness, but acuteness and severity of thought, and accuracy and purity in the use of language. As his thoughts have no indistinctness, his language has no hiding-places. Here are neither mental waverings, nor half-meanings, nor indefinite phrases; neither are there iterations of familiar truth tricked out in the finery of words or epithets. He never resorts to such stratagems. His language is so severe and scientific, that nothing but original and strong thought can move in it. An indefinite mind would be in it as a blind child in the armor of invincible knights of old.

Sometimes he uses language with almost algebraic conciseness; so that his words and phrases partake so much of the condensation of his thoughts, that they appear like hieroglyphics. In general, it would be difficult for any one, the greatest master of English, to put any specified thought, which Mr. Coleridge has committed to writing, into smaller compass, with equal distinctness, or into broader space, without loss of power. Nor are the qualities of conciseness and accuracy inconsistent with that poetical richness, which distinguishes his style; the union of the imaginative and scientific, though very rare, being nevertheless but the natural union of poetry and philosophy.

He was not only accurate himself in the use of language; there is no writer, who so powerfully impresses on the reader's mind the importance of such accuracy, or awakes it to so watchful an examination both of the etymology and meaning of words. In many instances he has himself shown how much may be gained by this habit; it is giving to the mind a new thought; or rather re-linking the word to that thought, of which, in common use, it has ceased to be the exponent. It is like exchanging a worn-out coin, for one just struck from the mint. He has spoken, in one of his letters, of the remedy for confusion of thought, "to be provided by a dictionary, constructed on the one only philosophical principle, which re-

garding words as living growths, offsets, and organs of the human soul, seeks to trace each historically, through all the periods of its natural growth, and accidental modifications. A work which, executed for any one language, would yet be a benefaction to the world, and to the nation itself a source of immediate honor and of ultimate *weal*, beyond the power of victories to bestow, or the mines of Mexico to purchase. The realization of this scheme lies in the far distance; but in the meantime, it cannot but beseem every individual competent to its furtherance, to contribute a small portion of the materials for the future temple, — from a polished column to a hewn stone, or a plank for the scaffolding; and, as they come in, to erect with them sheds for the workmen, and temporary structures for present use."

His own essay on the philosophic import of the words *object* and *subject*, is a noble example of what may be done in this way. "There are cases (says he in one of his notes) in which more knowledge of more value may be conveyed by the history of a word, than by the history of a campaign. We have only to master the true origin and original import of any native and abiding word, to find in it, if not the *solution* of the facts expressed by it, yet a finger-mark, pointing to the road, on which this solution is to be sought for." He was himself an enthusiastic lover, and a profound master, of the greatest of all languages, the Greek; and not unfrequently does he throw a great light of illustration over his subject, from that particular language, as well as from the laws of universal grammar. Surely it would have been an anomaly, hard to be accounted for, if a mind, philosophic as his, and so disciplined, both in his school-days, and in all after life, had been loose or inaccurate in the use of his own mother tongue!

The clearness with which the thought lies in his own mind, he communicates in its expression, to all who will bestow the requisite attention; and so he does the fullness of conviction, almost inducing the acquiescence of his readers, by the mere force of united strength and integrity, with which he utters a proposition. However mysterious his language, (ourselves unaccustomed to the subjects, and for that reason finding mystery in the language,) we are evidently in the presence of a man, who is not beating the air; of a powerful intellect, that is not exerting itself among mists or absurdities, or walking

blind-fold over regions where he has never been before. Whatever subject he is investigating, he does it as one who knows every step of the ground, and is conscious of, and properly confident in his own strength. Moreover, we see from his tread that it is *solid* ground; the distant beholder may have thought it an unstable marsh, but he strides over it with the heavy tramp of a war-horse; moving neither irresolutely, nor uncertain of his end, but as to a definite point, which he sees full before him, and is vigorous enough to attain. Whatever may be said of Coleridge's difficulty to be understood by others, it is at least evident that he understands himself.

What then are the grounds of alleged obscurity? They lie partly in the difficulty of the subject, and its remoteness from common consciousness; but more, we believe, in the mind of the reader. Coleridge generally takes for granted a greater degree of knowledge in that mind, than is actually there. Consequently, he makes a demand upon it, himself supplying only the necessary links in the argument. Some, who find him obscure, do so, because they have not studied him, nor become accustomed, either to his scientific use of language, or his abstract manner of elucidating principles; others, because they are not willing, or have not leisure, to satisfy the demand for thought and fixed attention, which he makes upon the mind. Campbell has said of the poet Collins, that "a cloud of obscurity sometimes rests on his highest conceptions, arising from the fierceness of his associations, and the daring sweep of his allusions; but the shadow is transitory, and interferes very little with the light of his imagery, or the warmth of his feelings." Something analogous may be said of Coleridge's metaphysical speculations.

If any person from defect of mental discipline be unable, or from dislike of mental labor be unwilling, to take those steps, which the author has not taken for him, though it may be a *convenient* way to dispose of the difficulty, it is surely not the most *honorable* in the reader, to transfer what is the fault either of his own mind or heart, to the score of an alleged fault in the writer. A youthful student, at least, we should suppose, with the remembrance of Coleridge's venerable age and profound learning, would rather, if an opinion expressed must necessarily involve the assertion of unintelligibility, preserve a modest silence. A mind sufficiently disciplined to appreciate Coleridge's intellectual power, or sufficiently elevated

to enter into his nobleness of feeling; a mind that, amidst the scoffing habit of the age, has not lost all veneration for genius in another, or humility in view of limited attainment in itself, would rather not be found pronouncing the pages of such a man, confusion and absurdity. The very declaration involves an opinion, that the individual who makes it *understands his author's ignorance*. We would rather adopt the admirable language of Coleridge himself, in regard to those parts of Plato, to which, after long study, he confesses himself unable to attach any consistent meaning, and acknowledge, that instead of *understanding his ignorance*, we are IGNORANT OF HIS UNDERSTANDING.

"Metaphysical systems for the most part become popular, not for their truth, but in proportion as they attribute to causes a susceptibility of being *seen*, if only our visual organs were sufficiently powerful." This being the case, it is very natural that his own speculations should be branded as obscure, for his philosophy is at war with all that is sensual, and he is the great and venerable defender of that which is spiritual in man, in opposition to all materializing systems. From the empirical decisions of those who have ruled in the last age, he appeals continually to first principles, and reasons from them with the accuracy and power of geometrical science. And his illustrations of metaphysical truth are often so purely scientific, that, while nothing could be better adapted to make his meaning sensibly clear to a scientific mind, the illustrations themselves, in order to be fully comprehended, demand not a little discipline in the exact sciences. He has, in truth, occupied those heights in psychological science, which few have leisure, and still fewer the ability, and fewer still the patience, to scale. There, from that great elevation, which no other contemporary mind has reached, and in an intellectual atmosphere so thin and rarefied, that hardly another could sustain, he is occupied in the clear beholding of abstrusest truth. He describes the wondrous prospect, as it spreads out before his own soul, but with such exact language, and such discrimination, as few can follow, whose mental discipline has lain in an age of indistinctness and materiality; so that, although with the power of a strong imagination he vividly illustrates the abstractest principle, almost painting to the senses, what is difficult ever for the mind to hold in contemplation, there is but here and there an individual

who fully comprehends him, and very many are content to put away the subject with the assertion, that in fact he is unintelligible. Should the mass of readers, who are ignorant of the higher branches of the mathematics, reason thus of the Mécanique Céleste, (and perhaps some of Coleridge's metaphysical investigations occupy a position in psychological science, analogous to that which the work of La Place occupies in mathematical,) the contemptuous obstinacy of such ignorance would be noticeable only to be despised. It is not so much, however, the *ignorance* of this age on psychological subjects, of which a mind like Coleridge's has reason to complain, as it is the complacency of assumed wisdom, with which they deny the possibility of any truths in metaphysics, that transcend the intricacies of physical machinery, or lie beyond the comprehension of common sense.

Were it not that the reasonings of Lord Bacon and of Sir Isaac Newton are of the laws of the natural world, and have the advantage of physical, or at least sensible exponents, and thus make by no means so great a demand on the power of abstract contemplation as those of Coleridge, we believe the two former philosophers would as often enjoy the imputation of mystical and unintelligible obscurities as the latter. The psychological philosopher has difficulties to encounter, that are never found in the way of the natural philosopher. The sphere of investigation itself demands higher powers of mind; it is, indeed, the sphere of the pure reason; while that of the external physical sciences is the province of the understanding. It requires a power of continuous thought, without any positions or links of demonstration in external things to rest upon. The milestones on the road beguile the traveller of his weariness; there are none such in metaphysical investigations. In natural science, the mind is led onward, by laws that can be read in external nature; it does not lead, but is conducted by ideas realized, as it were, to the senses. There is a logical connection already marked in the successive steps, that has only to be followed with attention, the last indicating the next. In psychological science the mind must be its own guide; there is no physical world, where its laws are realized to the senses; the soul's being cannot be analyzed like a mineral, nor demonstrated like an algebraic formula, or a geometrical quantity. Upborne with indefatigable wings, the metaphysical philosopher, who does

not materialize his science, and thus place it out of the limits of psychology, must steer through regions of abstractions in the infinitude of being, where there are no external diagrams or resting-places, and where contemplation only can supply a guide.

Then, too, when we consider the amazing difficulties to be encountered in the absence of an adequate philosophical language; the sensualized condition of language itself, and its want of precision in subtle distinctions of abstract thought; it can be no longer wonderful, that when a writer undertakes to go back to the common consciousness of men on metaphysical subjects, they should turn from his speculations with dislike. Little reflection is needed to acquiesce in a system, which merely watches and reports the operation of the human faculties, but that which searches out the *grounds* of those operations, and ascends upward to principles, must of necessity be intricate and difficult to be pursued. Coleridge has given the following translation from Plato, of which he says, "the fidelity of the version may well atone for its harshness, in a passage, that deserves a meditation beyond the ministry of words." The passage is this. "One thing is the *hardness to be understood* of the Sophist, and then that of the philosopher. The former, retreating into the obscurity of *that which hath not true being*, and by long intercourse accustomed to the same, is hard to be known on account of the duskiness of the place. But the philosopher, by contemplation of pure reason, evermore approximating to the idea of true being, is by no means easy to be seen, on account of the splendor of that region. For the intellectual eyes of the many flit, and are incapable of looking fixedly toward the godlike."

Here, did our limits permit, we would call the attention of our readers to the deeply interesting fact, that so many of the ripest and most practical scholars, that ever lived, have been Platonists; and we may add, not a few of the holiest men. This fact might well make any student unwilling to yield himself to the fashionable current of ridicule about "Platonic jargon." Have deep scholarship (we may all ask) and habits of accurate investigation, a natural affinity with a vague, mystical, absurd system of philosophy? And is there legitimate relation between a piety like that of Leighton and Henry More, and useless and unintelligible speculation? We do not

believe it; when we read such an expression of the sentiment of a man like Coleridge, as is to be found in the opening of the twelfth chapter of his Biographia Literaria, we feel inclined to say, Let us return to Athens.

Coleridge's principles are clear, whatever of abstruseness there may be in educing them; nor does he ever fail to present some grand and practically important idea to the view; and though we may not be able perfectly to trace the steps by which it is evolved, nor recognise in it any resemblance to our previous mental consciousness, yet it fills the eye with its brightness, like a city on a distant hill, seen towards evening in the setting sun, while all the interspace is hid in shade and indistinctness. The city itself may be new and strange to the traveller, and he unacquainted even with its name; yet there it is, the habitation of many human beings; the hum of the crowded streets and suburbs floats on the still evening air, and the roofs of its palaces blaze in the parting sunlight, and its gilded spires rise solemnly to heaven. Take, for instance, the thrilling conclusion of the sixth chapter in the Biographia Literaria. "This fact, (and it would not be difficult to adduce several of the same kind,) contributes to make it even probable, that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable; and that, if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apportioned organization, *the body celestial* instead of *the body terrestrial*, to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence, and this, — this, perchance, is the dread book of judgment, in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded! yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act, a single thought, should be loosened or lost from that living chain of causes, to all whose links, conscious or unconscious, the free-will, our only absolute *self*, is co-extensive and co-present."

With what power and solemn grandeur do these thoughts, though but an incidental result of the preceding disquisition, rise upon the mind! Of a lower order, that is, from the nature of the subject not so magnificent, yet both beautiful and instructive, is the close of the seventh chapter in the same work.

Or take the conclusion of the work, sublime perhaps beyond anything which even Coleridge has written, and affecting in-

deed, when in connection with it we peruse that holy apostolic letter to his god-son, the last intellectual effort of his life, concluding as, with prophetic yearning, he had expressed the wish more than eighteen years before.

"O! that with this my personal, as well as my literary life might conclude! the unquenched desire, I mean, not without the consciousness of having earnestly endeavored to kindle young minds, and to guard them against the temptations of scorners, by showing that the scheme of Christianity, as taught in the Liturgy and Homilies of our church, though not discoverable by human reason, is yet in accordance with it; that link follows link by necessary consequence; that religion soars out of the ken of reason, only where the eye of reason has reached its own horizon; and that faith is then but its continuation; even as the day softens away into the sweet twilight, and twilight, hushed and breathless, steals into the darkness. It is night, sacred night! the upraised eye views only the starry heaven, which manifests itself alone; and the outward beholding is fixed on the sparks twinkling in the awful depth, though suns of other worlds, only to preserve the soul steady and collected in its pure *act* of inward adoration to the great I AM, and to the filial WORD, that re-affirmeth it from eternity to eternity, whose choral echo is the universe."

"ΘΕΩ ΜΟΝΩ ΔΟΞΑ."

In this manner does Coleridge's mind travel onward, throwing out its treasures, principles of overawing grandeur, and thoughts of interest and power, mingled perpetually with illustrations, that are, even in themselves, both thoughts and principles. It is a solemn triumphal procession all the way. The science of metaphysics loses its barrenness,

Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella;

abstract subtleties appear not as mere skeletons, but clad in attractive flesh, living and breathing. While you are endeavoring, with intensest thought, and in meditative mood, to follow him, as he "goes bounding on his dim and perilous way," and you suppose no powers at work, but reason with her severest countenance, suddenly the whole landscape is irradiated with the fire of the imagination, and for a time you almost forget the process of reasoning you are to trace, in the glow of delight at this unanticipated and beautiful vision.

There are objects and ideas, "which their very sublimity

renders indefinite, no less than their indefiniteness renders them sublime." Perhaps the very passages, which a critic of the old French school would complacently dispose of, as the thrice distilled essence of sublime nonsense, we should select as evidences of the unequalled power and beauty, with which Coleridge uses language and imagery in conveying the highest truths of philosophy. There is scarce any chapter in all his writings, more eloquent with the majesty of truth and the beauty of poetry, than that included in note C. in the Appendix to the Statesman's Manual. It contains a powerful description of the prurient, bustling, revolutionary spirit of French wisdom, then gone out over the civilized world, and become the spirit and character of the modern age. From the recommendation of the word of God, as the end and centre of all our studies and meditations, it passes to another book, likewise a revelation from God, the great book of his servant nature. And seldom in one and the same passage are to be witnessed such evidences of clear and profound insight, unlimited mastery over language, grandeur of imagination, and affectionate tenderness of heart.

The notion, that the true system of philosophy must necessarily be so simple, as to commend itself at first sight to the understanding of all men without dispute, or to preclude the necessity of study in the intervention of things hard to be understood, is contrary to all experience in analogy, besides being degrading in itself. It is not too much to say, that in the nature of things it must be impossible. The least approach to metaphysical *knowledge* demands such a degree of attention and study, as the multitude of men will not exercise; the *science* of metaphysics far more. If the soul be of another and a nobler nature than the body it inhabits, in just the same proportion will it require a superior degree of meditation and mental acuteness to behold or understand its laws. Men are compelled to study, even to understand the machinery of a steam-engine, with the whole connection of the parts open to sense. Is it to be supposed that psychological science can be more simple, in the common sense of the word, that is, easy to be understood, than physical science? Even if the soul were a machine, only nobler than the steam-engine, because more useful, from its application to a greater variety of purposes, it could not require *less* attention and study to understand its principles.

More simple the science of being certainly is, as the ground,

and containing the principles, of all other sciences; but for this very reason more difficult of insight, and to be *mastered* only by the highest intelligences, with longest and profoundest meditation. Can the system of the intellectual universe be imagined more easy of discovery or acquisition, than that of the physical universe? And does the true system of the latter, as evolved in the meditations and scientific investigations of Sir Isaac Newton, lie open and simple to the understandings of all men, without expense of study or profound attention? To behold the absolute ground or principle of any one phenomenon, either in the mental or physical world, is to have gained the key to the whole system. To know why an apple falls, was to have found the law of creation, as to the position of its parts. And to know why the mind *perceives* an apple, would doubtless be to discover a law of universal being. To understand law in either case, or follow it in its developments, supposes difficulties encountered and overcome by a degree of thoughtful study, for which mankind at large have neither leisure nor perseverance.

Law undiscovered, the ignorance is mystery, darkness, superstition. It is superstition in religion, materialism in philosophy, fanaticism in both. Galileo was condemned to the dungeons of the Inquisition, for asserting that the earth revolved on its axis. To him, to whom law is unknown, the movements of that dread Being who acts by it, and of the mind that acts under it, with reference to and in view of it, will inevitably appear unconnected, unintelligible; they will be misinterpreted by him, and perhaps, as ignorance is the parent of arrogance, they will be scoffed at as absurd. There are laws enunciated in the pages of Mr. Coleridge, and other pages, contemplating facts in the light of those laws, kindling with high eloquence, imparted from the meditative joy of the writer. Now, to one unacquainted with the principles, the passages produced by their influence, and translucent only in their light, would very naturally appear as destitute of meaning as the eloquent ravings of a madman. By such a one, the loftier the truth, and the nearer the source of all truth, the more mystical will it be judged. Especially, if in psychological science he has been accustomed only to the observation of phenomena, or of the operation of the faculties of the human mind, as they are enumerated in most of our books of philosophy.

Should an ignorant man enter some grand mineralogical cab-

inet, he would wonder at the folly of collecting such heaps of stones, and putting them on shelves and in glass cases with so much care; and were he to be present at some interesting lecture on the science, where the professor, surrounded by his pupils, is enunciating its laws and principles, and causing every particle of matter, from the diamond of Golconda to the common earth scooped up at the door-step, to shine in their light, with exciting interest, he would, as he beheld the enthusiasm of the teacher, and the attention of the scholar, pronounce them a set of strange beings, if not madmen. Such is the judgment of some men, whenever they contemplate a writer moving in a sphere of which they know nothing, even though he be confessedly a man of wisdom, learning, and genius!

"There is," says Mr. Coleridge, "a *philosophic* (and inasmuch as it is actualized by an effort of freedom, an artificial) consciousness, which lies beneath, or, as it were, *behind*, the spontaneous consciousness natural to all reflecting beings." —"A system, the first principle of which is to render the mind intuitive of the *spiritual* in man, (i. e. of that which lies *on the other side* of our natural consciousness,) must needs have a great obscurity for those who have never disciplined and strengthened this ulterior consciousness." The passage between these quotations, and the whole chapter from which they are taken, ought to be profoundly studied, by those who would find ultimate truth in philosophy, or know why the system, which contains it, cannot, in the common acceptation of the term, be a simple system."

The spiritual world is darkness to most minds, because of the glare and confusion, the gaudy, fantastic colors and flickering lights of the world of sense, to which the fallen soul has assimilated itself, (as certain insects turn into the color of the thing they feed on,) in a habit at war with all meditative, spiritual observation. Without remaining long, and waiting patiently, till the organs of sense cease to absorb the soul's whole activity, it will scarcely wake to the consciousness of the possession of spiritual organs, or powers of intuition for the spiritual world; much less be able to behold the countenance of truth. A man in a dark chamber must remain long before he can see anything; but gradually object after object will come into view, and the eye will have acquired a power of sight, which the full light of the sun does but diminish. In making

all things more sensible, it weakens the sensibility and power of the optic nerve. Thus Caspar Hauser for a long time possessed an accuteness of sense, which might have been deemed a supernatural marvel; but after he had become accustomed to the strong light of day, he lost this acuteness gradually and entirely. So the soul may be said to lose its power of beholding the world of spiritual reality, of which it is a part, from the long habit of communing through the senses solely with a world of sensible glare and shadow, of which it is but a transitory tenant. Its spiritual powers, through disuse, being no longer objects of its consciousness, are even denied to have possessed any separate existence. "Déjà la nuit (says Madame de Stael, and this remark is profound as a spiritual illustration) s'avance à mes regards; mais le ciel n'est-il pas plus beau pendant la nuit? Des milliers d'étoiles le décorent. Il n'est de jour qu'un désert. Ainsi les ombres éternelles reveillent d'innombrables pensées que l'éclat de la prospérité faisait oublier."

In the same spirit the author of The Confessions of an Opium Eater observes, that "a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil,— and that they are *waiting to be revealed, when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.*" Thus, alas! it is the obscuring daylight, in which merely we are satisfied to live, that conceals a world of pure glory, because a world of pure truth, wholly from our vision!

There is a sense, in which the true philosophy must be simple; it will simplify all knowledge. It will be to all science, what the law of gravitation, in its discovery and application, was to astronomical science; what the law of positive and negative electricity, or of the refrangibility of light was to other different branches of natural science; or what the discovery of the circulation of the blood was to medical science. Law discovered is science revealed, in fulness and unity; fulness without perplexity, unity without sameness. It is desultory phenomena, accounted for and brought together in intelligent relation; arranged and classified in the order, beauty, and in-

telligence, imparted by the presence of one comprehensive idea. It is as the vital sap, that, circulating through the branches, gives greenness to the bud, life and freshness to the leaves, beauty and fragrance to the flower, wholesomeness and delicious flavor to the fruit. The true philosophy, though difficult of attainment in itself, will be a simplifying system, giving order and intelligent symmetry to things heretofore hidden in a supervening solution of falsehood, or looked upon as unconnected and without meaning. And this is the effect, which Leibnitz himself, in a most instructive passage, describes as the criterion of a true philosophy; namely, that it would at once explain and collect the fragments of truth scattered through systems apparently the most incongruous."

Mr. Coleridge's system of philosophy is eminently a christian system. Its foundations, intellectual and moral, as well as its guiding and shaping principles, are in the word of God. He appeals to the scriptures with a veneration, on all occasions, that is truly delightful. It was his conviction that christianity, believed in the heart, is the perfection of human reason; not the production *of* reason, but of God *for* the reason. He uttered noble sentiments in regard to the intellectual grandeur of the Bible, and its power in the education of the intellect, as well as the sanctification of the soul. "To give the history of the Bible as a *book*, would be little less than to relate the origin, or first excitement, of all the literature and science, that we now possess." "Be assured, never yet did there exist a full faith in the divine word, (by whom not immortality alone, but *light* and immortality were brought into the world,) which did not expand the intellect, while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the mind, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions." "Religion is the poetry and philosophy of all mankind; unites in itself whatever is most excellent in either, and while it at one and the same time calls into action, and supplies with the noblest materials, both the imaginative and the intellective faculties, superadds the interests of the most substantial and home-felt reality to both, to the poetic vision, and the philosophic idea."

He drew principles from the Bible to apply, not only to the movements of individuals, but of nations; maintaining that that book is the best statesman's manual, as well as christian's guide; and that, without its light, the most prosperous people are but a "busy ant-hill in calm and sunshine," a revolutionary

cauldron in storm and tempest. His views in political economy were based upon it. "Men (he thought) ought to be weighed, not counted. Their *worth* ought to be the final estimate of their value." He held it, for all n authority, a more commanding requisite of their rank, to be acquainted with the principles of government in the word of God, than with the doings of human sovereigns and legislators in the history of the world.

The fact that the philosophic system of Coleridge is kindred in its spirit with the Bible, is an argument of great weight in its favor. It is its elevated spiritual character, not less than the grandeur of his imagination, that imparts such eloquence to his metaphysical disquisitions, raising his own mind and heart to such a height of enthusiasm, as few writers, on the most animating subjects, have been able to reach. Such strains of eloquence as are continually breaking forth upon the reader, could have been inspired, one is tempted to believe, only by the countenance of truth. His is a system, "that recognises a spiritual world to come, and a spiritual nature in man to move in it; spiritual presentiments and prefigurings; spiritual wants, and obligations, and principles; and grounds of conviction and action coeval with man's spiritual being. It recognises God the Creator, and man made in his image; but wilfully fallen, the subject of an evil nature.

It is not merely a history of the human understanding. It asserts the dignity of reason, as the mind's organ of inward sense, whereby it has "the power of acquainting itself with invisible realities or spiritual objects." It recognises "truths that are either absolutely certain, or necessarily true for the human mind from the laws and constitution of the mind itself." It recognises "spiritual truths, which must derive their evidence from within, which, whoever rejects, neither will he believe them, though a man were to rise from the dead to confirm them." It strongly asserts the evil of permitting the mere understanding to usurp the dominion of the pure reason. It exhibits the entire difference between the two faculties; "the legitimate exercise of the understanding, and its limitation to objects of sense; with the errors, both of unbelief and misbelief, that result from its extension beyond the sphere of possible experience. Wherever the forms of reasoning, appropriate only to the *natural* world, are applied to *spiritual* realities, it may be truly said, that the more strictly logical the reasoning is in all its *parts*, the more irrational it is as *a whole*."

It declares that "there is more in man than can be rationally referred to the life of nature. and the mechanism of organization; that he has a will, not included in this mechanism; and that the will is, in an especial and prëeminent sense, the spiritual part of our humanity." He demonstrates that "intelligence or self-consciousness is impossible, except by and in a will. The self-conscious spirit, therefore, is a will; and freedom must be assumed as a *ground* of philosophy, and can never be deduced from it." He contends that the will, in its very essence, must originate its own acts; and that "by an act to which it had determined itself, it has subjected itself to the determination of nature, (in the language of St. Paul, to the law of the flesh,) and consequently, is both corrupt and in bondage; "the freedom of a finite will being possible under this condition only, that it has become one with the will of God." He asserts the power of the Divine will to act in the human will; and "utterly disclaims the idea, that any *human* intelligence, with whatever power it might manifest itself, is *alone* adequate to the office of restoring health to the will." He asserts the reality of the law of conscience and the idea of God.

"God creates man in His own image. To be the image of his own eternity created He man! Of eternity and self-existence what other likeness is possible, in a finite being, but immortality, and moral self-determination? In addition to sensation, perception, and practical judgment (instinctive or acquirable) concerning the notices furnished by the organs of perception, all which, in *kind* at least, the dog possesses in common with his master; in *addition* to these God gave us REASON, and with reason he gave us reflective SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS; gave us PRINCIPLES, distinguished from the maxims and generalizations of outward experience, by their absolute and essential universality and necessity; and above all, by superadding to reason the mysterious faculty of free-will, and consequent personal amenability, he gave us CONSCIENCE." This passage, from the fifteenth essay in the first volume of The Friend, though "the mere annunciation of a magnificent theme," does yet constitute, with the eloquent sentences that follow, an epitome of the truths "demonstrated and developed, explained, illustrated, and exemplified," in all the philosophical works of Coleridge.

Now, putting aside the question, whether this system will bear, as in truth it invites and encourages, profound investiga-

tion, surely there is in it something so ennobling to the human being, so animating in the contemplation, that it arrests the soul at once in admiration; it is attractive, because it is composed of great and commanding realities; it makes man a being of an order so much superior to the rank, which any philosophy of the mere understanding attributes to his nature, that there is nothing more to be desired, by any sympathizing, elevated mind, than that it should be found true. It would at once make the science of psychology the most interesting and exciting of all sciences, the source of interest and the enlightening sun in all; comprehending in itself all that can permanently awaken the immortal mind, the relations of the soul to God and the spiritual world, as well as its connection with the world of sense, and the object and value of that connection. Well does the American editor of the Aids to Reflection (comparing its tenor with the ethics of Brown and Paley) declare, that the metaphysical views contained in this work, afford "materials for a moral system so much more rational and satisfying, so much more consistent with our moral feelings, and our idea of the Divine Being, as will go far to sustain the truth of these views themselves."

Whence is it, we are tempted to ask with astonishment, and why is it, that man should scoff at that alone in the science of being, which wears the aspect, the image of divinity, and rest content with that alone, which is akin to earth, flattering to the vanity of the mere understanding, and which has nothing godlike or supernatural, or demanding the exercise of self-conscious intelligence. or spiritual faith? Surely, an organ of intuitive vision of spiritual realities and truths, and a free-will, that is not nature, nor subject to the mechanism of cause and effect, are desirable possessions to the human soul. And because they are possessions that cannot come through the medium of the senses, is the idea of them therefore grossly absurd?

Yet such is man, that a system, which refers him to his own consciousness, and to the realities of his inward being, must, on that very account, prove ungrateful to his perverted feelings.

"Moving about in worlds not realized!"

Alive to the sensible, dead to the spiritual! Taking refuge in the hum and bustle of the outward, from the accusing silence

of the inward world! Alive to material, and in themselves, lifeless results, dead to their living principles! Shutting the eye of reason on the eternal forms of substance and reality, towards which it is turned, and looking through the understanding, to judge according to sense, the sensible shadows with which the world is filled. Living by sight, instead of faith, both in intellect and morals!

The same obliquity and darkness in the will, which leads man to forget, neglect, and disobey his God, makes him turn his back upon truth in its grounds and principles, forget the nature of spirit amidst phenomena and experiment, and give himself up to the guidance of the understanding instead of the reason. To suppose that the influence of his fall would not extend to his intellect would not be less absurd, than to imagine that the tides would ebb and flow with the same regularity were the moon hurled from her orbit. Man loves to busy himself about the temporal part of his being, instead of the eternal. Great truths would bring him to God; the soul of science would do the same; he must shut himself up to little truths, and feed on the husks of external knowledge, phenomenal, experimental, fragmentary, partial, unconnected. He *loves* to do this. It is depravity in the intellect. A meditative habit would, in the contemplation of truth and being, law and idea, inevitably lead to God.

The "importance of speculative meditation, even for the worldly interests of mankind," is a great and interesting topic, especially for an age, in which meditation is becoming rare, and contempt for old usages fashionable. In living *by* sense, man mistakes the true interest, even *of* sense. It was one of Mr. Coleridge's greatest remarks, that "by *celestial* observations alone can *terrestrial* charts be constructed scientifically." Even in natural science, no unity can be learned by mere experiment. Amazing discoveries of powers and affinities may be made, but no law discovered. Have great philosophers blundered upon law in experiment, or have they contemplated law in meditation, and then gone to experiment for the proof? The observation of phenomena may suggest solutions, or set the mind at work to find them; and among many guesses the truth may be hit; but it is only law that can prophecy phenomena. The result of experiment would seem to indicate so and so, is the language of the experimental philosopher, groping after external clues. If my reasoning be correct, such

and such phenomena must result, is the language of the meditative philosopher, contemplating principles.

"The knowledge of *spiritual* truth is of necessity immediate and intuitive; and the world, or natural man, possesses no higher intuitions, than those of the pure *sense*, which are the subjects of *mathematical* science." Now, it is the office of reason to behold absolute principles; and *spiritual* intuitions are its world of action, especially if it be at one with faith. It is the office of the understanding to behold those principles acting in sense, and to follow them thus developed. The face of reason is turned towards God and the spiritual world; the face of the understanding points to the senses, and the world of material existence. To the eye of reason there is a hemisphere of glory spread out, and orbs of light hanging in the infinite expanse. To the eye of the understanding there is earth only, and its dark shadows, irradiated by beams reflected from that world of substance and spiritual glory, towards which reason looks with the calmness of intuitive vision. Understanding follows the developments of the laws of mind in inert matter, but, if left to itself, judges those developments to be mere material power, and recognises nothing *but* matter, and constructs a philosophy in respect to all man's duties, interests, obligations, and belief, akin to the grovelling nature of materialism, and making him, in fact, but a higher order of animal. It can search out the powers of nature, so called; turn the world into a vast laboratory of experiments; and fill it with sagacious combinations, all tending to adorn man's earthly tabernacle with things that shall perish in the using, and to foster man's pride in what he deems the rapid advance of his own perfectibility. It goes thoughtlessly on, wherever the discovery of new appearances in nature leads it; and of itself would never dream that it had anything else to do but just to turn from everything inward, and examine and improve everything outward. It goes on, constructing new hives for the human bee to work in, where honey may be made in the smallest possible compass of space, and with the least possible expense of labor.

The mechanical philosophy, constructed under the guidance of such a faculty, becomes

> "A puppet motion,
> That goes with screws, the notion of a notion."

It reduces our intellectual and moral being, with all its operations, to a level with the compulsory movements of blind and dead matter, making the soul, as an independent being, a nonexistence, or nothing better than "the mere quicksilver plating behind a looking-glass," whose only office is to throw back the images passively received from the world of sensation. The glass is the senses, the quicksilver the soul!

Under the influence of such a faculty, and of a philosophy constructed by it, whether materialism be acknowledged or not, in potential essence it prevails. Common minds, and perhaps philosophic minds, unconsciously, reason and act under its influence;

> "——————— and themselves they cheat
> With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
> Their subtle fluids, imparts, essences,
> Self-working tools, uncaused effects, and all
> Those blink omniscients, those almighty slaves,
> Untenanting creation of its God!"

And all things, or rather, all products in the intellectual world, grow up in its unwholesome atmosphere, so stunted and dwarfed, that the commanding power over the soul, which belongs to the results of spiritual principles, is lost, nor does the mind, without difficulty, recognise in them its own birth-right. In that atmosphere, they are like the fungous mushroom plants, that have grown in the unwholesome shade of a tropical forest; or like the white and sickly aspect of cellar vegetation, compared with the healthy green, and vigorous, refreshing glow, of that nourished by nature in the open sun and air. The influence of false philosophy, when the falsehood leans towards materialism, is a *malaria* to the general intellect, a brooding fog over the whole mind of the age, scarce noticed but by some few, who have climbed up a great eminence where the air is pure, yet undermining the constitution, and diffusing everywhere a pestilential, stupifying power. Its influence on the religious character of the age is not less deleterious.

The same guidance of the mere mechanical understanding, which denies life, and strikes death through the philosophy of the human soul, unspiritualizes that sacred word, which is the source of life, and reduces its living principles to a dead letter. Scientific theology cannot exist under such an influence. Neither of God, nor of our true selves, were the philosophy real which denies intuitive principles, could we gain an idea. "The existence of

an infinite spirit, of an intelligent and holy will, must, on this system, be mere articulated motions of the air. For as the function of the human understanding is no other than merely (to appear to itself) to combine and to apply the phenomena of the universe; and as these derive all their reality from the primary sensations, and the sensations again all *their* reality from the impressions *ab extra;* a God not visible, audible, or tangible, can exist only in the sounds and letters, that form his name and attributes. If in ourselves there be no such faculties as those of the will and the scientific reason, we must either have an *innate* idea of them, which would overthrow the whole system, or we can have no idea at all."

Mr. Coleridge reduces "the paralogisms, by the magic of which such a faith could find admission into minds formed for a nobler creed, to one sophism as their common genus; the mistaking the *conditions* of a thing for its *causes* and *essence;* and the process, by which we arrive at the knowledge of a faculty, for the faculty itself. The air I breathe is the *condition* of my life, not its cause. We could never have learned that we had eyes but by the process of seeing; yet having seen, we know that the eyes must have pre-existed, in order to render the process of sight possible." Again, "we learn all things, indeed, by *occasion* of experience; but the very facts so learned, force us inward on the antecedents, that must be pre-supposed in order to render experience itself possible." Again, defining the speculative reason as "the *vis theoretica, et scientifica,* or the power by which we produce, or aim to produce unity, necessity, and universality in all our knowledge, by means of principles *a priori;*" he says, "by knowledge *a priori* we do not mean, that we can know anything previously to experience, which would be a contradiction in terms; but, that having once known it by occasion of experience, (i. e. something acting upon us from without,) we then know, that it must have pre-existed, or the experience itself would have been impossible." A similar explanation may be found in a note on page 152 of the American Edition of the Friend.

On page third of the Aids to Reflection, Coleridge beautifully remarks that our living soul, "in spite of the philosophy (falsely so called) which mistakes the causes, the conditions, and the occasions of our becoming *conscious* of certain truths and realities, for the truths and realities themselves, is a house *not built with hands* and gloriously furnished." Again,

"by a science, I here mean any chain of truths, that are either absolutely certain, or necessarily true for the human mind, from the laws and constitution of the mind itself. In neither case is our conviction derived, or capable of receiving any addition from outward experience or empirical data, — i. e. matter of fact *given* to us through the medium of our senses, — though these data *may have been the occasion, or may even be an indispensable condition, of our reflecting on the former, and thereby becoming conscious of the same.*"

Surely, these distinctions are clear, accurate and important. They reveal the wide difference between a system which supposes that we may learn all things by sensation, and reflection on sensation, that is, by an operation of the mere understanding, judging according to sense; and the infinitely nobler system, which asserts a world of intuitive principles, certain from the nature of being, and discoverable only by the pure reason; truths, to the knowledge of which mere sensation, or reflection on sensation, could never raise us, though it may awaken within us the *consciousness* of their existence, and lead us to the earnest, stedfast, and meditative application of our organs of inward sense to their examination. Sensation, and the reflective operations of the understanding on the same, are but as steps in a ladder, up which we ascend to the region of spiritual truth, the empire of reason; the steps are not themselves psychological truths, nor could reflection on them merely, reveal to us those truths; and even at the topmost rounds of the ladder, it is the foot still, which is placed upon them, while the eye looks abroad upon the truth's spiritual empyrean.

If the philosophy of Coleridge be true, the system of Locke is perhaps erroneous, not so much by what it teaches, as by what it denies; though indeed to deny truth is to teach error; and in regard to the moral coloring of his system, one of his admirers and editors has remarked that he went to work, "at the very entrance on his essay, pointing out the true origin of all our passions and affections, namely, *sensitive pleasure and pain*, and accordingly directing us to the proper principle and end of virtue, *private happiness in each individual.*" It is rightly named *of the understanding*, and as the history of the human understanding, as an analysis and classification of its powers, and its operations in regard to ideas furnished by pure reason, it is a master-piece of acuteness. But then, if the distinction between these two faculties, and the whole grand

fabric erected on it, be not an utter fable, it is a treatise only on a portion of the human being, and that portion the least elevated, — placing, moreover, that portion for the whole, and laboring to resolve all ideas, as well as facts and appearances, into the work of the faculty, judging according to sense. With such a philosophy, it is evident that, instead of raising the soul to the contemplation of heights not to be reached, and truths not to be understood by the mere understanding, his labor would be to bring all truths, spiritual and temporal, down to the level of the same faculty judging according to sense. And at the close of certain chapters in his great work, as if there were, even in his own mind, a lurking consciousness, that a knowledge of the subjects of which it treats could not but appear unattainable through mere sensation, he adds a section, specially advising the student that there is nothing here, but what might be known through sense. In regard to the powers of the mind, the labor of the work is not an elevating, but a depreciating one, and its influence over the feelings must inevitably be corresponsive. May not this be the reason, why the soul of the student, in the pursuit of such a system, is so little excited with admiration, or made to thrill with awe, as in the presence of sublime and transcendental truth? So far as we remember our experience in the study of it, we passed through it as on a dead uninteresting level of phenomena dissected, dried, and arranged, with all the skilfulness of anatomical knowledge, and reminding us all the while of Burke's celebrated saying, that nothing can be conceived more hard, than the heart of a thorough-bred metaphysician.

It is one of the most remarkable indications which way the truth lies, that even in the examination of sensible objects, philosophers are coming to conclusions above the power of the faculty judging according to sense. Physiology itself, in the acknowledgment of life in nature, is leading to a philosophy of life *above* nature, in the science of true being. Sensation itself, and the world of sense examined in the light of reason, or even questioned by the mere understanding, make answer that they have in themselves a mystery of life, which can never be understood or explained from itself, nor by reflection on the data given to the mind through sensation, be they facts or phenomena, but by a reference to the powers of the mind, and to truths discoverable by pure reason, and necessarily true from the constitution of the mind itself. Nothing but

meditation on the laws of life in the soul, can reveal to the soul the laws of life in sense.

What, indeed, is universal nature, but a world of external occasions, to awaken consciousness of the powers of the spiritual world within us? The connection of the soul with sense, of the spiritual with the material, is a great mystery. Matter, informed and enlivened by intellectual power, is as a tablet of wax, on which the soul reads the symbols of its own laws and intuitions. The world of sense, inscribed with these living characters, the result of spiritual powers in the observer, wears only a borrowed dignity, a dignity borrowed from the ideas of the soul. Now what can be said of that system, which contemplates the world of sensation as the origin of those ideas? It is as if the mind of Milton, passing into dotage after the production of Paradise Lost, had read that work as the result of a peculiar combination of various forms of matter, the ink, the paper, and the printer's types. Or as if, having forgotten it all, he had set himself to learn it, as the production of one *ab extra*, a power without himself. Even so, the soul has wandered from itself to the blind study of sensations, as if they were the *sources* of power and knowledge in the soul, instead of exhibitions of that power, and *occasions* of that knowledge. What in fact is but a reflection of our own being, has been supposed a property of the outward world; even as men, moving in the desert, imagine the reflection, or rather projection, of their own persons in the distant *mirage*, to be a company of other travellers.

Behold the fearfulness of this mistake! The heaven, reflected in the bosom of a quiet lake, is gazed on in the reflection only, and as if the water and the unfathomable image were all one, and the glory of the image the result of power residing in the water. Thenceforth, the *real* heaven is forgotten, the aspect of the beholder is only downward, astronomy itself is studied in the uncertain lake, and the science is as disturbed and void of unity, as the image of that reflected heaven is broken, when a pebble thrown in, or a breath of wind moving, ripples the surface of the water. Even so, the very laws of man's spiritual being are studied in uncertain sensations, which, themselves, are often deified, as the source of all his knowledge. The world of spiritual being and principles, of which the purest forms of matter, even the glory and the beauty of the external world, are but a dim, sombre, and dense reflection,

is forgotten, nay, its very separate existence is questioned or denied; the soul is shut up to sense, and man is left to grope for spiritual knowledge amidst its fantastic images and uncertainties, its unsteady shadowings forth or developments of the living power that informs it, where, if at any time the soul seems to recognise, among the broken fragments, glimpses of great principles, remembrances of the heaven which is their source, if still, amidst all the whirring of external machinery, it experiences those

> "Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized,
> High instincts, before which our mortal nature
> Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised!"

if it raises involuntarily those

> "——————— Obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things,"

that feeling of difficulty, and contradiction, and unfitness, which cannot be utterly repressed, and that faith in a higher life than nature, which even sense itself suggests, it is deemed guilty of transcendent mysticism, and visionary ravings. The yearnings after that, with which alone its immortal nature can be satisfied, the attempts to break its prison-house and soar away, are condemned as a reproach on the established condition of grovelling, and as indications of commencing insanity. Yet for all this,

> "Those shadowy recollections,
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
> Are yet a master-light of all our seeing,"

shall prevail. They cannot be concealed or darkened. They arrest attention,

> "Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal silence; truths, that wake
> To perish never;
> Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
> Nor man, nor boy,
> Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
> Can utterly abolish or destroy!"

amidst the warring of the various elements of materialism,

their voice is 'Peace! be still! Listen to the mandate of the power that controls you, and acknowledge God!'

It is a truth (or call it a hope or belief) which we should not suppose any elevated mind would feel willing to surrender, that there are intuitive principles and ideas, inseparably and immutably connected with, and growing out of, the original constitution of man's being. If this be so, it is asked, how happens it, that ideas, the idea of God, for instance, which are the common property and birth-right of mankind, should be obliterated, apparently, in such multitudes, and so indistinct in all. Here we might answer with the great apostle. "Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, but professing themselves to be wise *became fools, and changed the truth of God into a lie, and did not like to retain God in their knowledge.*" And this would be a just account of the difficulty; that mankind have so assimilated themselves to sense, that they have lost all *consciousness* of the existence of aught higher within them. But this is all they have lost. The ideas, though buried and forgotten, are there, and would be objects of consciousness, were this inner sense once awakened and sharpened by exercise; nor ought the absence of consciousness in regard to them, to be assumed as proof of their nonentity, nor the *occasions*, on the presentation of which they are drawn out into the consciousness by its own act, asserted as the external making known of truths from abroad. Amidst all the ruins, moral and intellectual, in which the greater part of mankind are lying, the features of those truths, though mutilated, are yet oftentimes to be distinguished; offering to the denier of aught of spiritual intuition in man, a more difficult problem for solution, than the supposition that they are a part of his constitution in the image of his Maker. When we see in a newly split rock the marks of animal or vegetable petrifactions, the image of a brake or a fish impressed in the substance of the stone, we attribute it at once to its right source; nor can the soul do otherwise than believe, that the presence and agency of life have been there. There are such *fossil remains* of godlike intuitions to be found in man, in his rudest and most ignorant condition. Images there are in his soul, of supernatural existences; impressions, that must have been made in the very constitution of his nature, *while the rock was forming*, and that, however faintly and hardly to be delineated,

indicate a supernatural origin, and point to spiritual reality and life, and argue the existence in the soul of an organ of intuitive discernment of principles.

The philosophical works of Coleridge, already published, profound as they are in themselves, were yet considered by their author as a mere preparation for the full development of his "system of philosophy for a christian man." For the appearance of that work many have been long watching with impatient interest. We have seen, as yet, but one or two of the glowing letters of this illuminated manuscript, though enough to know that it is a flood of spiritual light. We know not whether the work, said to be now in a course of publication, be the same referred to repeatedly by him, apparently under different titles. Some of these references our readers will be curious to see, were it only for the view they give of what the poet and philosopher expected to accomplish. In the eighth chapter of the Biographia Literaria, he observes; "I shall not dilate farther on this subject, because it will (if God grant health and permission) be treated of at large and systematically, in a work which I have been many years preparing, on the PRODUCTIVE LOGOS, human and divine; with, and as the introduction to, a full commentary on the gospel of St. John." Again, afterwards, in a note on the works of Saumarez, he says, "In the preface to the work, which I have already announced, on the *logos*, I have exhibited in detail the merits of this writer and genuine philosopher, who needed only to have taken his foundations somewhat deeper and wider, to have superseded a considerable part of my labors."

The first volume of the Biographia Literaria was not concluded, but breaks off in the very middle of a sentence, (to which point, its author says, "the work had been transcribed for the press,") with a letter from one of Mr. Coleridge's friends, advising him not to print the remainder of the chapter on the imagination, because of its extreme compression and abstruseness, for which the minds of his readers would be utterly unprepared, and of which they would have a right to complain in a work like the Biographia Literaria. "I say, in the *present* work. In that greater work, to which you have devoted so many years, and study so intense and various, it will be in its proper place." "Be assured, that I look forward anxiously to your great book on the CONSTRUCTIVE PHILOSOPHY, which you have promised and announced; and that

I will do my best to understand it." The letter is admirable; though often and earnestly have we wished that it never had been written, since its effect was the reservation of the chapter for a future publication, and the statement only of its main result.

On page 104, of the Aids to Reflection, its author again announces his great work thus: "The whole scheme of the christian faith, including *all* the articles of belief common to the Greek and Latin, the Roman and Protestant church, with the three-fold proof, that it is *ideally*, *morally*, and *historically* true, will be found exhibited and vindicated in a proportionally large work, the principal labor of my life since manhood, and which I am now preparing for the press, under the title, Assertion of Religion, as necessarily *involving* revelation; and of christianity, as the only revelation of permanent and universal validity."

One passage, in the letter above referred to, is so masterly a description of the feelings of its writer amidst the depths of Mr. Coleridge's philosophy, that we cannot but quote it.

"The effect on my *feelings*, on the other hand, I cannot better represent, than by supposing myself to have known only our light, airy, modern chapels of ease, and then, for the first time, to have been placed, and left alone, in one of our largest gothic cathedrals, in a gusty moonlight night of autumn; 'now in glimmer, and now in gloom;' often in palpable darkness, not without a chilling sensation of terror; then suddenly emerging into broad, yet visionary lights, with colored shadows of fantastic shapes, yet all decked with holy insignia and mystic symbols; and ever and anon, coming out full upon pictures, and stone-work images of great men, with whose *names* I was familiar, but which looked upon me with countenances, and an expression, the most dissimilar to all I had been in the habit of connecting with those names. Those whom I had been taught to venerate as almost superhuman in magnitude of intellect, I found perched in little fret-work niches, as grotesque dwarfs; while the grotesques, in my hitherto belief, stood guarding the high altar with all the characters of apotheosis. In short, what I had supposed substances, were thinned away into shadows, while everywhere shadows were deepened into substances:"

> "If substance may be called, what shadow seemed,
> For each seemed either!"

We find it difficult to close this article, without a word upon Mr. Coleridge's poetry, which may well be regarded as a luminous commentary on his philosophy. The same spirit animated both, and either might be called the soul of the other. If the tenderness and pathos of the heart of a true poet were never absent from his trains of speculative thinking, the meditative habit of the true philosopher is equally manifest in all his poetical efforts. Even in the translation of Wallenstein, the spirit of his philosophy is present, not less than the power of his imagination; that great work conveys almost as adequate an image both of his philosophical and poetical being, as can be found even in his own eminently original compositions. The full amount which Mr. Coleridge has accomplished in philosophy, is yet to be determined; what he might have done in poetry, every individual feels, who can justly appreciate the power and beauty of all that he published to the world. Nor can we cease to lament that he should have passed through life, without dedicating his powers to the composition of a grand philosophic poem.

It makes us weep inwardly, as often as we read his "meditative poems," and experience, again and again, in the deepest recesses of the soul, a sense of their extreme beauty, to think of that noble mind, and the many noble schemes it left unaccomplished. Whether from causes within or without, in his own power to have removed or not; whether he were Prometheus bound, the vultures raging at his heart, compelled to waste his vast intellectual energy in indignant lamentations to the wind, or Prometheus unbound, but destitute of self-control, indolent, and wasting as often as using the fire from heaven's altar; it makes but little difference in our sense of bitter regret for the loss we feel we have sustained. Though aware of the value of those efforts of his intellect, which in his prose works he has given to posterity, and that perhaps his mind would not have been employed for more lasting benefit to his race in the exercise of his poetic powers, yet we cannot bear to think that such a genius should have dwelt among us, for so many long years, capable of so working, that without all doubt he might have produced a poem, which should have taken its place beside the Paradise Lost, a perfect orb of light for all future generations to gaze upon, a fountain of purity, strength and refreshment for the world's mind to have resorted to; that he should have been among us, and left us at length, with only

here and there a solitary polished shaft, a disconnected pedestal, a half-constructed arched way, of all the materials for that magnificent temple which he might have erected.

The grandeur and exceeding beauty of these fragments show what the glory of that temple would have been; for even now, there is no living genius, or if one, only one, who could bring a stone to compare with the precious workmanship of shaft, pedestal or arch. The very dreams of his mind were of richer stuff, of more spiritual texture, and extraordinary beauty, than all the poets since the time of Milton could supply. Images, that almost in themselves were poems, seemed the habitual medium, through which his mind communed even with itself. His familiar meditations were poetry, and his poetry the uttered language of a meditative mood. His imagination was eminently original and creative; an architect, powerful at any moment to upraise

> "A wilderness of building, sinking far,
> And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
> Far sinking into splendor, — without end!"

And language of such spiritual beauty, that it was worthy to be the servitor to his imagination, and able to embody its ideal creations in the vividest reality of the archetype, almost with the very breath of the soul upon them, fell from him with no more apparent effort, than the surging music of a wind-harp, as it rises and falls with the movement of the passing breeze.

If ever a spontaneous poet existed, Coleridge was certainly one. Sweetness of feeling, depth and sublimity of thought, the most beautiful imagery, and language that seemed itself a shining atmosphere, both of thought and imagery, seemed in him not so much the products, as parts of his intellectual being. He had all the stores of learning at command, and his genius dwelt among them like a permeating spirit, transfusing all things into an expression of itself, the soul of all. If to his great natural powers he had added the persevering fixedness of purpose, that distinguished his friend Wordsworth, in the realization of some permanent work, doubtless the planet added to the firmament of England's literary glory would have shone brighter than his friend's. It would have been a morning star. For, with what perfectness of execution is ideal beauty realized in those short meditative poems of his, that seemed, in the movement of his genius, an exercise as natural as to breathe. Perfect gems they are in themselves, and bearing proof, that

deeper in the soil existed materials, where castellated palaces might have been hewn from one great diamond.

That meditative pathos, which he describes as one of Wordsworth's most valuable characteristics, existed also in himself, with a power much more concentrated. His mind was always finding symbols of spiritual being, and proofs of intelligent agency, indwelling and outshining through every lineament in the speaking face of nature. And he loved, in the exercise of his poetical genius, to shed over all images and things, and combinations from created objects, a softening, hallowed, and sacredly significant light; even like that poured at sunset over all the rising landscape, making that lovelier, which before was lovely, and giving beauty and intelligent expression to that which seemed to have none; till it appears to the beholder as if all nature, silent through excess of gratitude, were entranced in an act of evening adoration to the Eternal. It is the peculiar and invaluable characteristic, both of his poetry and philosophy, to inform everything with meaning; he draws aside the dark veil of materialism, and reveals earth, air, and sea, instinctive with intelligent life; everywhere we behold an Omnipresent Deity, all things, visible and invisible, unfolding the dread self-existing cause and ground of being, as living symbols of his power and glory. Creation is no more a temple of omnipotence without its soul. As poet or philosopher, through imagination combining and describing symbols of truth, or in philosophy explaining the language of its hieroglyphics in nature, he peopled the universe with praises.

> "————Solitude was not.
> He heard upon the wind the articulate voice
> Of God; and angels to his sight appeared,
> Crowning the glorious hills of Paradise;
> Or, through the groves gliding like morning mist,
> Enkindled by the sun. He sate and talked
> With winged messengers; who daily brought
> To his small island in the etherial deep
> Tidings of joy and love."

He has seemed to live and breathe, to converse and philosophize through the medium of poetry, as the highest form of truth. The few fragments we have in his works are only portions of an unintermitting process, rarely visible, that under all circumstances was going on within his mind. There, day and night, powers rarely conferred on man were working, and har-

monists constructing imaginable melodies, of which the strains we have heard were only snatches made audible at distant intervals. It is as if we stood beside a great gothic cathedral, in the heart of which a full choir are performing in unbroken circle the grand and solemn compositions of Handel or Mozart, and sometimes in the half-opening of the aisle doors, a closing harmony, or a powerful swell from the mid-volume of sound, bursts forth upon us.

"———————— Such delights
As float to earth, permitted visitants,
When, in some hour of solemn jubilee,
The massy gates of paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odors, snatched from beds of amaranth,
And they, that from the crystal river of life
Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales!"

The versatility of his genius is proved in the success with which he has tried almost every style in poetry. His power over the supernatural, and in the province of the affections, and in the description of natural beauty, especially in the revelation of mind in nature, is always eminent. A master of thought, he is equally a master of language, in the beauty and purity of words, and in the sweetness and seemingly spontaneous harmony and melody, with which they flow together. The incomparable grace, simplicity, and richness of his language, carry us back to the freshest and most delightful age of the English tongue. His power in its use is exhibited, as clearly as any where, in the translation of Wallenstein. Many a passage in that work he has composed in such sort, that one might easily persuade himself he is reading Shakspeare. Our limits compel us to refrain; but do not our readers, while perusing a passage like the following, involuntarily exclaim, here breathes the very soul of the bard of Avon?

"Lo there! the Soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momently,
With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth, and quarrel,
The motley market fills; the roads, the streams
Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hurries!
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.

Dreary and solitary as a churchyard,
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie
And the year's harvest is gone utterly."

Or this:

"Oh day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colors are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onward
Kisses and welcomings upon the air
Which they make breezy with affectionate features.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
Oh happy man! Oh fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing."

Did our limits permit the extract, the beautiful tale of Selma, printed in the appendix to the tragedy of Remorse, would be a passage more exquisite, we think, in itself, and more like Shakspeare, than almost any other portion of Mr. Coleridge's poetry.

The *sublimity* of Mr. Coleridge's poetical genius would have been proved by the hymn before sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny, were there no other evidence of it. Perhaps there is but one other passage in the English language, of similar length, so truly sublime; and that is, the expulsion of the rebel angels from heaven by the Messiah, at the close of the sixth book of the Paradise Lost. In like manner, the *magnificence* of his genius would have been unquestionable, had he never written any other pieces but "The Frost at Midnight," or "This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison," or the "Ode to Dejection," or even the dreamy fragment of the "Vision of Kubla Khan." Almost any one of the pieces in the Sibylline Leaves, especially of those which he has classed under the title of "Meditative Poems," would have put equally beyond question the greatness of his genius in respect to philosophic thought and meditative pathos. Its vivid and fantastic power in exhibit-

ing the wildness and splendor and mystery of supernatural things, as personified and realized in description, sometimes in beauty, sometimes in terror, sometimes in awful obscurity, sometimes in a glare like that from midnight conflagrations, "now in glimmer and now in gloom," yet always with singular boldness, is familiar to every reader of the "War Eclogue," of the "Ancient Mariner," and of "Christabel." Then too, its domestic tenderness and sweetness, its purity in love, unsullied as the flowers that drink the dew, its mildness and affectionate friendliness, its entire freedom from misanthropy, its current of energetic thought, combined with healthful energy of feeling, and its exquisite and quiet accuracy in pictures of shade and sunshine, and shrubs, and trees, and goodly scenes in nature;

"———————Here the bleak mount;
The bare bleak mountain, speckled thin with sheep;
Grey clouds, that, shadowing, spot the sunny fields;
And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrowed,
Now winding bright and full with naked banks;
And seats and lawns, the abbey and the wood,
And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire;
The channel there, the islands and white sails,
Dim coasts, and cloudlike hills, and shoreless ocean;—"

all these, with kindred qualities, are displayed in many of his pieces, in most delightful union. Take, for instance, the poem from which the preceding lines are selected, entitled "Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement;" with what sweet simplicity of description does it open; it should be compared with the preceding piece, "The Eolian Harp," which is still more beautiful, the opening lines being a description of the same scene at evening.

"Low was our pretty cot: our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed; and across the porch
Thick jasmins twined; the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye."

Delightful, indeed, are Mr. Coleridge's descriptions of nature, imbued, as they always are, with a coloring from his own heart; "a light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud, enveloping the earth." A stream of life is poured through creation, and a voice is sent forth from the soul, to be echoed back from visi-

ble things, as if it were indeed the answer of a soul dwelling in them, and constituting the principle of material beauty, and "of all sweet sounds the life and element."

In general Mr. Coleridge's images flow through his poetry like a water-brook through a green pasture. He possessed, too, that power of genius, which condenses its imagery, and presents it in general terms, for the mind of the reader to carry into detail; that power which, by one word or circumstance, reveals a wide unmeasured vast, as a flash of lightning in a dark night will light up the whole horizon to the traveller; that power, which so operates on the mind of the reader, that the part undescribed, yet called up by the signal of the poet, shall be more powerful than the part described, which is merely the signal that the poet uses, as if he had pointed with his finger and said, look, it comes. The difference between true poets lies eminently in the different degrees in which this power is possessed. It makes the difference between poetry that produces a confused impression by a profusion of brilliant epithets and details, and that which calls up in the mind, by single, simple words and well-selected circumstances, more than in such detail could be conveyed in volumes. Image after image presents whole landscapes, and word after word constitutes, as it were, the key-note to strains of unwritten melody. The language of a great poet is a sort of hieroglyphics for the imagination. Detail is the work of mere fancy; the power of conversing with the soul through the medium of these comprehensive hieroglyphics is imagination. Wordsworth presents a noble instance of the exertion of this power from Milton. "Hear," says he, "this mighty poet, speaking of the Messiah going forth to expel from heaven the rebellious angels;

> "Attended by ten thousand thousand saints
> He onward came; far off his coming shone;"

the retinue of saints, and the person of the Messiah himself, lost almost, and merged in the splendor of that indefinite abstraction, "His coming!"

It is injustice to characterize Mr. Coleridge's poetical works as fragments; nor would they, if productions of an inferior mind, ever be so characterized. It is our sense of the magnificence of his genius, that dwarfs, as it were, its pub-

lished fruits in our view. Little, comparatively, as he has given us in quantity, it is much in quality; nor ought we to utter the voice of regret, when pages of *such* poetry are before us.

> "Long may the Spring,
> Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
> Send up cold waters to the traveller,
> With soft and even pulse!"

To Wordsworth and Coleridge, the latter the greatest philosopher and highest poetical genius, the other the most philosophic poet of modern times, the age is indebted in obligations, which it is difficult adequately to measure or acknowledge. If to exert an almost magic power over minds of the noblest structure, and brightest promise; if to turn the hearts of the young with keen and animated gaze to the unveiled countenance of truth; if to waken and call forth their best energies of intellect; if to form them to habits of thought and meditation; if to rescue them from the baneful influence of that materialism, which has lain with a weight like death upon universal science; if to make them feel the difference between wisdom and knowledge, and prize the latter only as a step in the acquisition of the former; if to enkindle the imagination, and at the same time define its nature, enrich its wealth, and discipline its power; if to detect and reprove the usurpations of the understanding, and give freedom to faith as above the understanding; if to lead them to the contemplation of law in nature, and to the insight of principles in their own being, and to a reverential acknowledgment of the universal presence of the dread ground of all being; — if all this can constitute a claim to admiration and love, surely these venerable men may demand it.

Nor can any tell how far the exertion of their powers, the widely shining light of their intellect, may be the precursors of some great and beneficial change on earth. The full result of movements in the heavenly bodies, even upon our atmosphere, it takes ages to ascertain; and there are stars, whose light has been travelling ever since creation, and yet has not reached us. The thoughts left on record, and those awakened in other intellects, by these minds, will be felt through the dateless revolutions of eternity. How far the works of genius in any de-

partment, may be found hereafter to have filled their proper and necessary places in the advancement of the reign of righteousness on earth; what sphere an Allston, in the quiet, persevering pursuit of his noble art, may be found to have occupied in the spread of christianity, to the surprise of multitudes, in whose contracted view an hour of action for present utility has more to do with extending its spiritual kingdom than years of the meditations of genius, we cannot now determine. This we know, that sanctified genius, in all its departments, works and meditates for God. The truths of philosophy, as brought to view in the writings of Coleridge, are too nearly connected with those of theology, nay, they are too much the same with the realities of the word of God, not to exert a mighty influence in preparing the mind of the age for the reception of clearer, more scientific, and more spiritual views in religion; unalloyed, we hope, by any mixture of that grovelling scepticism, which refuses to receive, because it cannot understand, truths of all others in the universe of being the sublimest and most interesting. Let but "the fresh air blow through the soul's shut up mansion;" let the stifling influences of materialism be swept away, and an atmosphere congenial to spiritual truth, the universal, invigorating breath of unfallen nature, be breathed and lived in by man as a spiritual being, and it needs no prophet to foretell the glorious results.

"Creature all grandeur, son of truth and light,
Up from the dust! the last great day is bright,
Bright on the Holy Mountain, round the Throne,
Bright where in borrowed light the far stars shone.
Look down! the depths are bright! and hear them cry,
'Light! light!' — Look up! 'tis rushing down from high!
Regions on regions, — far away they shine;
'Tis light ineffable, 'tis light divine!—
'Immortal light, and life forevermore!'
Off through the deep is heard from shore to shore
Of rolling worlds! — Man, wake thee from the sod!
Awake from death, awake! and LIVE WITH GOD!"

ART. III. — *The Mineral Springs of Nassau.*
Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau, by an Old Man.
London. 1834.

AN original, sprightly, readable book! A little volume full of curious observation on manners, shrewd remark, sound good feeling, fine touches of description, and strong sensible writing. A sly vein of humor runs through it, which, in these dull, ill-tempered, quarrelsome times, makes one's heart glad. There is an occasional dash of coarseness, — an approach of the waggish to the wicked, — which had better been away, particularly as the author is an "old Man." An old man, quotha! We would not hear his enemy say so. We trust there is many a cheerful, vigorous, and active year still destined to cast up its bright and cheerful bubbles, in his cup of life, before that part of the jest shall turn into sad reality. We are not disposed, however, to violate the confidence, which lies hidden, in the harmless little mystery of our Author's *nom de guerre*, — a secret, we suppose, not known to above three hundred thousand readers, on both sides of the Atlantic; and so, "old" he shall be, or any thing else he wishes, in reward for the cheerful and significant little volume, which has done more than any other we have laid hold of for some weeks, to make us young again. It would not be easy to pick out a chapter in it, that does not contain more sense, taste, and amusing matter, than can be found in one half the volumes, which the American press is daily borrowing from the English; and for this reason it is, we suppose, that it has not been reprinted.

The book contains the remarks and sketches of the Author, on a tour to the celebrated Mineral Waters in the duchy of Nassau, a place of vast resort for German invalids, fashionables, and grandees; but as yet barely found out by English tourists. No people in the world, perhaps, deem a summer's excursion to a watering-place so absolutely essential to life, — that is, to life physically, dietetically, fashionably, and politically considered, — as the Germans. It is said there are two hundred bathing-places, within the limits of the region covered by the broad name of Germany; from *Carlsbad*, where none but emperors, and princes, and favorites resort, — the bath of none but kings, — down to the poor little fountain of brackish

water, which in every petty principality oozes out of the lime-stone, and furnishes a pretence of stealing for a week or two, from the scene of their accustomed labors and cares, to the sickly student, the wasted village preacher, the broken-hearted country lassie, drooping under the *res angusta*, that sends her faithful swain to seek his fortune afar. The matrimonial matches, that engraft the great families of Europe on the safe stock of German neutrality, and raise the astonished heirs and heiresses of four miles square to imperial thrones, are settled at the baths. The first projects of holy alliances and counter-revolutions are formed at the *brunnen;* and here the endless activity of German literary life is annually freshened and exhilarated.

Our author has taken us to some of the most celebrated of those watering-places; but by something of a caprice has almost shut out the throng of men, and women, princes, merchants, *beaux esprits*, and fashionables that resort to them. Though he speaks in passing terms of the crowd and the resort, and describes some of the groups, you feel almost alone with him; as if he and you had gone there, just before the season began, or two weeks after it is over. This effect is produced by the originality of his observations, — the strong turn of his mind as a thinker, and a describer of natural scenes, — and the evident polite disdain which he feels for the sort of anecdote, — the wretched gossip, — which usually fills the pages of the modern tourist. — Still, however, there is an occasional paragraph, which sets the mingled throng of living and travelling and bath-hunting men and women, in the boldest and most amusing relief before you.

We pass over the voyage in the steam-boat to Rotterdam, and start with our author at once, on his passage in a steam-boat up the Rhine. After describing the adroitness, with which the stoppages of the boat were managed, for the purpose of receiving and landing passengers, he thus describes the appearance, on board, of a new married couple from London; — just started on a matrimonial tour:

"As hard as they could drive, they had posted to Dover, hurried across to Calais, — thence to Brussels, — snapped a glance at the ripe corn waving on the fields of Waterloo, — stared at the relics of that great *Saint*, old Charlemagne, on the high altar of Aix-la-Chapelle, and at last sought for rest and connubial refuge at Cöln;* but the celebrated water of that town, having, in its

* Cologne.

manufacture, extracted all perfume from the atmosphere, they could not endure the dirt and smell of the place, and therefore had proceeded by land toward Coblenz; but as they were changing horses, at a small village, seeing our steam-boat in view, they ordered a party of peasants to draw their carriage to the banks of the river, and as soon as our vessel came smoking alongside, they, their rosy fresh-colored French maid, their dark, chocolate-colored chariot, and their brown, ill-looking Italian courier, were all on board.

"As soon as this young London couple lightly stepped on deck, I saw at one glance, that, without at all priding themselves on their abilities, they fancied, and indeed justly fancied, that they belonged to that class of society, which in England so modestly calls itself,—*good.* That it was not healthy society,—that its victims were exposed to late hours, crowded rooms, and impure air, was evident enough from the contrast which existed between their complexions, and that of their healthy country attendant: however, they seemed to be not only perfectly satisfied with themselves and the *clique* which they had left behind them, but to have a distaste for every thing else, which they saw. Toward some German ladies, who had slightly bowed to them, they looked with a haughty vacant stare, as if they conceived there must be some mistake; and as if, at all events, it would be necessary to keep such people off. Yet, after all, there was no great harm in these two young people. That in the countries, they were about to visit, they would be fitted only for each other, was sadly evident; however, on the other hand it was also evidently not their wish to extend their acquaintance. Their heads were lanthorns, illuminated with no more brains than barely sufficient to light them on their way; so, like the babes in the wood, they sat together, hand-in-hand, regardless of every thing in creation, but themselves.

"For running their carriage down to the shore, the brown confidential courier, whose maxim was, of course, to pay little and charge much, offered the gang of peasants some kreuzers, which amounted, in English currency, to about sixpence. This they refused, and the captain of the party, while arguing with the flint-skinning courier, was actually carried off, by our steam-boat, which, like time and tide, waited for no man. The poor fellow, finding that the Italian was immovable, came aft to the elegant English couple, who were still leaning toward each other like the Siamese boys. He pleaded his case, stated his services, declared his poverty, and, in a manly voice, prayed for redress. The dandy listened,—looked at his boots, which were evidently pinching him,—listened,—passed four white fingers through the curls of his jet black hair,—showed the point of a pink tongue gently

playing with a front tooth, — and when the whole story was at an end, without moving a muscle in his countenance, in a sickly tone of voice, he pronounced his verdict as follows . . . . . *Alley!*

"The creditor tried again, but the debtor sat as silent and inanimate as a corpse. However, all this time the steam-boat dragging the poor peasant out of his way, he protested in a few angry exclamations, against the injustice with which he had been treated, (a sentiment I was very sorry to hear more than once mildly whispered, by many a quiet looking German,) and descending the vessel's side into a small boat, which had just brought us a new captive, he landed at a village, from which he had about eight miles to walk, to join his comrades.

"It is with no satirical feeling, that I have related this little occurrence. To hurt the feelings of "gay beings born to flutter but a day," — to break such a pair of young flimsy butterflies upon the wheel, affords me neither amusement nor delight; but the every day occurrence of English travellers committing our well-earned national character for justice and liberality, to the base slave-driving hand of a courier, is a practice which, as well as the bad taste of acting the part of a London dandy, on the great theatre of Europe, ought to be checked."

Our old gentleman, leaving the beautiful Moselle on his right, quits the steam-boat at Coblenz, and crossing to the opposite side of the river, takes up his quarters in a large hotel, standing immediately beneath the rock, whose precipitous summit is crowned by the celebrated towers of Ehrenbreitstein. From Coblenz he proceeds to Mainz, enters the duchy of Nassau, and passes through Ems, the first of the famous watering-places in the principality. Here, however, he makes no stay, but pursues his course, ascending to the elevated table land of Nassau, till he arrives at Langenschwalbach, (long Swallow's stream), whose sulphur and chalybeate springs are among the finest in Germany. The former were known in the time of the Romans, the latter are a comparatively recent discovery. Having taken due counsel, as to the times of visiting the springs and the quantity of water to be drank from them, our author gives us, in a chapter headed *reveillé*, the result of his first experiment. As we have scarce any object but to present, for the amusement of our readers, some of the entertaining chapters of his book, we may as well make an extract of this: —

"At a quarter past five, I rose, and as soon after as possible, left the 'hof.' Every house was open, the streets already swept, the inhabitants all up, the living world appeared broad awake, and there was nothing to denote the earliness of the hour, but the

delicious freshness of the cool mountain air; which as yet, unenfeebled by the sun, just beaming above the hill, was in that pure state, in which it had all night long been slumbering in the valley. The face of nature seemed beaming with health, and though there were no larks at Schwalbach, gently to 'carol at the morn,' yet immense red German slugs were everywhere in my path, looking wetter, colder, fatter, and heavier, than they or I have words to express. They had evidently been gorging themselves during the night, and were now crawling into shelter, to sleep away the day.

"As soon as, getting from beneath the shaded walk of the Allée Saal, I reached the green valley leading to the Pauline *brunnen*, it was quite delightful to look at the grass, as it sparkled in the sun,—every green blade being laden with dew, in such heavy particles, that there seemed to be quite as much water as grass. Indeed the crop was actually bending under the weight of nourishment, which, during the deep silence of night, nature had liberally imparted to it; and it was evident, that the sun would have to rise high in the heavens, before it could attain strength enough, to rob the turf of this fertilizing and delicious treasure.

"At this early hour, I found but few people on the walks, and, on reaching the *brunnen*, the first agreeable thing I received there, was a smile from a very honest, homely, healthy old woman, who having seen me approaching, had selected from her table my glass, the handle of which she had marked by a piece of tape.

"'Guten Morgen!' she muttered, without at all deranging the hospitality of her smile, and then, stooping down, she dashed the vessel into the *brunnen*, beneath her feet, and in a sort of civil hurry, (lest any of its spirit should escape,) she presented me with a glass of her *eau médicinale*. Clear as crystal, sparkling with carbonic acid gas, and effervescing quite as much as champagne, it was nevertheless miserably cold; and the first morning, what with the gas, and what with the low temperature of this cold iron water, it was about as much I could do to swallow it; and, for a few seconds, feeling as if it had sluiced my stomach completely by surprise, I stood hardly knowing what was about to happen; when, instead of my teeth chattering as I expected, I felt the water suddenly grow warm within my waistcoat, and a slight intoxication, or rather exhilaration, succeeded.

"As I have always had an unconquerable aversion to walking backwards and forwards, as on a formal parade, as soon as I had drank my first glass, I at once commenced ascending the hill, which rises immediately from the *brunnen*. Paths in zig-zags are cut in various directions through the woods, but so steep, that very few of the water-drinkers like to encounter them. I found the trees to be oak and beach, the ground beneath being covered

with grass and heather, among which were growing wild, quantities of ripe strawberries and raspberries. The large red snails were in great abundance, and immense black beetles were also in the paths, heaving at and pushing upwards loads very much bigger than themselves. The grass and heather were soaked with dew, and even the strawberries looked much too wet to be eaten. However, I may observe that while drinking mineral waters, all fruit, wet or dry, is forbidden. Smothered up in the wood, there was of course nothing to be seen; but as soon as I had gained the summit of the hill, a very pretty hexagonal rustic hut, built of trees with the bark on, and thatched with heather, presented itself. The sides were open except two, which were built up with sticks and moss. A rough round table was in the middle, upon which two or three young people had cut their names, and round the inner circumference of the hut was a bench, on which I was glad enough to rest, while I enjoyed the extensive prospect.

"The features of this picture, so different from anything to be seen in England, are exceedingly large, and the round rolling clouds seemed bigger even than the distant mountains, upon which they rested. Not a fence was to be seen, but dark patches of wood, of various shapes and sizes, were apparently dropped down, upon the cultivated surface of the country, which, as far as the eye could reach, looked like the fairy park of some huge giant. In the fore-ground, however, small fields and little narrow strips of land, denoted the existence of a great number of poor proprietors; and even if Langenschwalbach had not been seen, crouching at the bottom of its deep valley, it would have been quite evident, that in the immediate neighborhood, there must be, somewhere or other, a town; for in many places the divisions of land were so small, that one could plainly distinguish provender growing, for the poor man's cow, — the little patch of rye, which was to become bread for his children, — and the half acre of potatoes, that was to help them through the winter. Close to the town, these divisions and sub-divisions were exceedingly small; but when every little family had been provided for, the fields grew larger; and at a short distance from where I sat, there were crops ripe and waving, which were evidently intended for a larger and more distant market.

"As soon as I had sufficiently enjoyed the freshness and the freedom of this interesting landscape, it was curious to look down from the hut upon the walk, which leads from the *Allée Saal* to the *brunnen*, or well of Pauline; for, by this time, all ranks of people had arisen from their beds, and the sun being now warm, the *beau monde* of Langenschwalbach was seen slowly loitering up and down the promenade.

"At the rate of about a mile and a half an hour, I observed

several hundred quiet people, crawling through and fretting away that portion of their existence, which lay between one glass of cold iron-water and another. If an individual were to be sentenced to such a life, which in fact has all the fatigue without the pleasing sociability of the tread-mill, he would call it melancholy beyond endurance; yet there is no pill which fashion cannot gild, or which habit cannot sweeten. I remarked that the men were dressed generally in loose, ill-made, snuff-colored great coats, with awkward travelling caps of various shapes, instead of hats. The picture, therefore, taking it altogether, was a homely one; but although there were no particularly elegant, or fashionably looking people, although their gait was by no means attractive, yet, even from the lofty distant hut, I felt that it was impossible to help admiring the good sense and good feeling, with which all the elements of this German community appeared to be harmonizing with each other. There was no jostling or crowding; no apparent competition; no turning round to stare at strangers. There was 'no martial look nor lordly stride,' but real genuine good breeding seemed natural to all. It is true there was nothing which bore a very high aristocratic polish; yet it was equally evident, that the substance of their society was good enough not to require it.

"The behaviour of such a motley assemblage of people, who belonged of course to all ranks and conditions of life, in my humble opinion did them and their country very great credit. It was quite evident that every man on the promenade, whatever may have been his birth, was desirous of behaving like a gentleman; and that there was no one, however exalted might be his station, who wished to do any more.

"That young lady, rather more quietly dressed than the rest of her sex, is the Princess Leuenstein. Her countenance, (could it but be seen from the hut,) is as unassuming as her dress, and her manner as quiet as her bonnet. Her husband, who is one of the group of gentlemen behind her, is mild, gentleman-like, and, (if in these days such a title may without offence be given to a young man,) I would add, — he is modest. There are one or two other princes on the promenade, with a very fair sprinkling of dukes,* counts, and barons.

'There they go, altogether in a row,'

but though they congregate, — though like birds of a feather they flock together, — is there, I ask, any thing arrogant in their behavior? And the respect, which they meet with from every one,

* Our author's English notions have misled him. In Germany *duke* is a higher title than *prince*. The former is confined to some reigning princes in the German confederacy. The latter is a mere title of nobility.

does it not seem to be honestly their due? That uncommonly awkward short little couple, who walk, holding each other by the hand, and who *àpropos* to nothing, occasionally break playfully into a trot, are a Jew and Jewess lately married; and, as it is whispered, that they have some mysterious reason for drinking the waters, the uxorious anxiety, with which the little man presents the glass of cold comfort to his partner, does not pass completely unobserved. That slow gentleman, with such an immense body, who seems to be acquainted with the most select people on the walk, is an ambassador, who goes no where, — not even to mineral waters, — without his French cook, a circumstance quite enough to make every body speak well of him. A very honest, good-natured man he seems to be; but as he walks, can anything be more evident, than that his own cook is killing him; and what possible benefit can a few glasses of cold water do to a corporation, which Falstaff's belt would be too short to encircle?

"Often and often have I pitied Diogenes for having lived in a tub; but this poor ambassador is infinitely worse off, for the tub, it is too evident, lives *in him*, and carry it about with him he must, wherever he goes."

The greater part of the residue of this chapter is taken up in a discussion of the comparative modes, in which horses are harnessed for draught, in England, France, and Germany. In England the animal's head is drawn back or up by the check rein; in Germany it is drawn down to the lower edge of the collar; in France it is drawn neither up nor down, but is left to take its natural position. Our author gives the preference to the French practice, as affording the freest scope to the natural action of the animal. Next to this, he places the German mode, as confining the head indeed, but confining it, in that position, which the animal, in applying his strength for the purposes of draught, naturally assumes. The English method of reining up he decidedly condemns, as putting it wholly out of the power of the animal, to accomplish his task by weight and impulse, and compelling him to perform it, by the strain of muscle and sinew.

The next chapter describes the external use of the waters of Langenschwalbach, which we must give as a *pendant* to the foregoing picture:

"As soon as the patient was ready to enter his bath, the first feeling, which crossed his mind, as he stood shivering on the brink, was a disinclination to dip even the foot into a mixture, which looked about as thick as a horse-pond, and about the color

of Mullagitawney soup. However, having come as far as Langenschwalbach, there was nothing to say, but *en avant;* and so, descending the steps, I got into stuff, so deeply colored with the red oxide of iron, that the body, when a couple of inches below the surface, was invisible. The temperature of the water was neither hot nor cold; but I was no sooner immersed in it, than I felt it was of a strengthening, bracing nature; and I could almost have fancied myself lying with a set of hides in a tan-pit. The half hour, which every day I was sentenced to spend in this decoction, was by far the longest in the twenty-four hours; and I was always very glad, when my chronometer, which I hung on a nail before my eyes, pointed permission to extricate myself from the mess. While the body was floating, hardly knowing whether to sink or swim, I found it was very difficult for the mind to enjoy any sort of recreation, or to reflect for two minutes on any one subject; and as half shivering I lay, watching the minute-hand of the dial, it appeared the slowest traveller in existence.

"These baths are said to be very apt to produce head-ache, sleepiness, and other slightly apoplectic symptoms; but surely such effects proceed from the silly habit of not immersing the head. The frame of man has beneficently been made capable of existing under the line or near either of the poles of the earth. We know it can even live in an oven, in which meat is baking; but surely if it were possible to send one half of the body to Iceland, while the other was reclining on the banks of Fernando Po, the trial would be exceedingly severe, inasmuch as nature, never having contemplated such a vagary, has not thought it necessary to provide against it. In a less degree, the same argument applies to bathing, particularly in mineral waters; for even the common pressure of water on the portion of the body, which is immersed in it, tends mechanically to push or force the blood toward that part of it, (the head,) enjoying a rarer medium. But when it is taken into calculation, that the mineral mixture of Schwalbach acts on the body, not only mechanically, by pressure, but medicinally, being a very strong astringent, there needs no wizard to account for the unpleasant sensation so often complained of.

"For the above reason, I resolved that my head should share alike with the rest of my system; in short that it deserved to be strengthened as much as my limbs. The way in which I bathed, with the reasons which induced me to do so, were mentioned to Dr. Feuner. He made no objection, but in silence shrugged up his shoulders. However, the fact is, in this instance, as well as in many others, he is obliged to prescribe no more than human nature will comply with. And as Germans are not much in the habit of washing their heads, — and even if they were, as

they would certainly refuse to dip their skulls into a mixture, which stains the hair a deep red color, upon which common soap has not the slightest detergent effect, — the doctor probably feels, that he would only lose his influence, were he publicly to undergo the defeat of being driven from a system, which all men would agree to abominate. Although, of course, in coming out of the bath, the patient rubs himself dry and apparently clean, yet the rust, by exercise, comes out so profusely, that not only is the linen of those who bathe stained, but even their sheets are similarly discolored; the dandy's neckcloth becomes red; and when the head has been immersed, the pillow, in the morning, looks as if a rusty thirteen-inch shell had been reposing on it."

The succeeding chapters contain a description of a dinner at the ordinary, (in which, while the civility of the company is highly commended, the taste of the German *cuisine* is roughly handled), the promenade after dinner, the *Schwein general*, or swine-herd, a grotesque sketch of the manner, in which the swine of the village are driven out every morning to their woodland pasture, and home in the evening; the service of the Lutheran chapel; the opening of a new school-house; a deserted protestant church, a fine touching picture of a place of village worship, sinking under the weight of years; the Jewish synagogue; the harvest, and the practice of employing cows, in the small carts of the peasants, instead of other animals of draught; sunset, — a charming landscape, ending with the singular adventure of a young lady, who (whether in vision or reality appeareth not) alarmed at the belief, that there are rats in her bed, disturbs the quiet of midnight, with her outcries; a knight of Malta, a description of that island, a glance at its importance, and at the history of its acquisition, with an admirably told story of a wretched Turkish renegade, executed for a murder committed on a Maltese. — These chapters, miscellaneous and diversified as they are, in their contents, are all written with great spirit, and contain a world of entertaining and original remark; but we must hasten with our author to the neighboring waters of Schlangenbad or *Serpent's bath*.

The appropriateness of this name will appear from the following passage: —

"After following my attendant, through a labyrinth of passages, (one of which not only leaned sideways, but had an ascent like a hill,) she at last unlocked a door, which was no sooner opened, than I saw glide along the floor, close by me, a couple of small serpents! As the lady was talking very earnestly at the time, I

merely flinched aside, as they passed, without making any observation; but after I had crossed a small garden, she pointed to a door, which she said was that of the source, and while she stopped to speak to one of the servants, I advanced alone and opening the gate, saw beneath me a sort of *brunnen*, with three serpents, about the size of vipers, swimming about in it! Unable to contain my surprise, I made a signal to the lady, with my staff, and as she hurried towards me, I still pointed to the reptiles, as if to know why, in the name of Esculapius, they were allowed thus to contaminate the source of the baths?

"In the calmest manner possible, my conductress, (who seemed perfectly to comprehend my sensations,) replied *au contraire c'est ce qui donne la qualité à ces eaux.*

"The quantity of these reptiles, or Schlangen, that exist in the woods surrounding the spring, is very great; and they, of course, have given their name to the place. When full grown, they are about five feet long, and in hot weather are constantly seen gliding across the paths, or rustling under the dead leaves of the forest."

The following description of the quality of the Schlangenbad waters will go far, we think, to overcome the repugnance, which the foregoing account of the origin of their name, may have awakened in one class of our readers. We have heard their efficacy commended in language equally strong, by many persons, who have made trial of it.

"The baths at Schlangenbad are the most harmless and delicious luxuries of the sort I have ever enjoyed; and I really quite looked forward to the morning, for the pleasure, with which I paid my addresses to this delightful element. The effect it produces on the skin is very singular. It is about as warm as milk, but infinitely softer; and after dipping the hand into it, if the thumb be rubbed against the fingers, it is said by many to resemble satin. Nevertheless, whatever may be its sensation, when the reader reflects, that people not only come to these baths from Russia, but that the water in stone bottles, merely as a cosmetic, is sent to St. Petersburg and other distant parts of Europe, he will admit, that it must be soft indeed, to have gained for itself such an extraordinary degree of celebrity: for there is no town at Schlangenbad, not even a village. Nothing therefore but the real or fancied charm of the water could attract people into a little sequestered valley, which in every sense of the word is out of the sight of the civilized world. And yet I must say, I never remember to have existed in a place, which possessed such fascinating beauties. Besides which, (to say nothing of breathing pure dry air), it is no small pleasure to live in a skin, which puts all people in good humor, at least with themselves. But besides the

cosmetic charms of this water, it is declared to possess virtues of a more substantial character. It is said to tranquillize the nerves, to soothe all inflammation; and from this latter property, the cures of consumption which are reported to have been effected, among human beings and cattle, may have proceeded. Yet, whatever *good* effect the water may have upon this insidious disorder, its first operation most certainly must be, to neutralize the *bad* effect of the climate, which, to consumptive patients, must be a decidedly severe trial; for delightful as it is to people in robust health, yet the keenness of the mountain air, together with the sudden alternations of temperature, to which the valley of Schlangenbad is exposed, must, I think, be any thing but a remedy for weak lungs.

"The effect produced upon the skin, by lying about twenty minutes in the bath, I one day happened to overhear a short fat Frenchman describe to his friend, in the following words; — '*Monsieur, dans ces bains, on devient absolument amoureux de soi-même.*' I cannot exactly corroborate this gallic statement, yet I must admit, that limbs, even old ones, gradually do appear as if they were converted into white marble. The skin assumes a sort of glittering phosphoric brightness, resembling very much white objects, which, having been thrown overboard, in calm weather within the tropics, many of my readers have probably watched sinking in the ocean, which seems to blanch and illuminate them, as they descend. The effect is very extraordinary, and I know not how to account for it, unless it be produced by some prismatic refraction, caused by the peculiar particles, with which the fluid is impregnated."

The following pleasant sketch, will make the reader acquainted with some of the humors of a German watering-place. It seems, that, in the basement story of our author's abode, was an aged couple, whose business it was to prepare the baths and furnish towels to those who used them. The waters of Schlangenbad, notwithstanding their marvellous powers in smoothing and softening the skin, appear to have had the opposite effect, on the temper of this worthy couple, who seem to have furnished a specimen of what Mr. Bulwer happily describes as a cat and dog union. The "old woman," however, as our author unceremoniously calls her, invariably got the better of the argument. This, we believe, is all that is necessary, (by way of introduction), to the understanding of the following extract: —

"After I had had my bath, the old wife being out of the way,

I one day paid a visit of compliment to her husband, who had shown, by many little attempted attentions, that he was as anxious as his partner to serve me. With great delight, he showed me several bottles full of serpents; and then opening a wooden box, he took out, as a fisherman would handle eels, some very long ones, — one of which, (first looking over his shoulder to see that a certain personage was away,) he put upon a line, which she had stretched across the room, for drying clothes. In order, I suppose, to demonstrate to me that the reptile was harmless, he took it off the rope, along which it was moving very quickly; and without submitting his project for my approbation, he suddenly placed it on my breast, along which it crawled, until stretching its long neck, with half its body into the air, it held on in a most singular manner, by a single fold in the cloth, which by a sort of contortion of the vertebra, it firmly grasped.

"The old man, to appearance highly satisfied with this first act of his entertainment, gravely proceeded to show living serpents of all colors and sizes, — stuffed serpents and serpents' skins, — all of which seemed very proper hobbies, to amuse the long winter evenings of the aged servant of Schlangenbad, or the serpent's bath. At last, however, the fellow's dry, blanched, wrinkled face began to smile. Grinning, as he slowly mounted on a chair, he took from a high shelf, a broad-mouthed, white glass bottle, and then, in a sort of savage ecstacy, pronouncing the word '*Baromet!*' he placed it in my hand.

"The bottle was about half full of dirty water, — a few dead flies and crumbs of bread were at the bottom, — and near the top, there was a small piece of thin wood, which went about half across the phial. Upon this slender scaffolding, its fishy eyes staring upwards at a piece of coarse linen, which, being tied round the mouth of the bottle served as a cork, — the shrivelled skin of its under-jaw, moving at every sweltering breath which it took, — there sat a large, speckled, living toad!

"Like Sterne's captive, he had not, by his side, 'a bundle of sticks, notched with all the dismal days and nights he had passed there.' Yet their sum total was as clearly expressed in the unhealthy color of the poor creature's skin; and certainly in my life-time, I never before had seen what might truly be called — a sick toad.

"It was quite impossible to help pitying any living being, confined by itself in so miserable a dungeon. However, the old man's eyes were beaming with pride and delight, at what he conceived to be his own ingenuity, — and exclaiming '*Schönes wetter*,' (fine weather), he pointed to the wood-work on which the poor creature was sitting; — and then he exultingly explained, that, as soon as it should be going to rain, the toad would get

down into the water. 'Baromét,' repeated the old fellow, grinning from ear to ear, as, mounting on the chair, he replaced his prisoner on the shelf."

Apropos to a peep into the village-school at Schlangenbad, our author treats us to a pretty long and very ingenious essay on classical education, condemning, in no very measured terms, the system pursued at the public schools of Great Britain, as being altogether ill-adapted to fit the future legislator, naval or military officer, or country gentleman, for the duties of life. He complains, in his own person, that, at the age of fourteen, he left his classical school, scarce knowing the name of a single river in the new world, and tired almost to death with the history of the Ilissus; whereas, in after life, he entered a river of America, more than five times as broad as from Dover to Calais, and repeatedly walked across the Ilissus in twenty seconds, without wetting his ancles. Our author seems also, in his school-boy days, to have been a good deal worried with the names of Actæon's hounds, and is still pursued with the recollection of

"Dromas, et Canace, Sticteque, et Tigris, et Alce."

We do not propose to say a word, in this out-of-the-way place, on the utility of classical literature, for the purposes of after-life. That is a theme far too important for an incidental discussion. But the great evil of English education is, (supposing the facts to be as our author represents them, of which we have not information, sufficiently accurate to enable us to judge,) that the attention of the learner, at the schools and the universities, is unnecessarily confined to classical studies. There is no necessity, because ancient geography is taught, that modern geography should be neglected. There is time enough to learn all about the Ilissus and all about the river Plate; and a young man may study Greek and Latin, and French and Italian, and geography and history, into the bargain. This simple truth is overlooked in most of the discussions, which we have seen of the expediency of pursuing the study of classical literature at school and college. It has been hastily assumed, that we are driven to the alternative of dactyles and spondees on the one hand, or history, and statistics, and other branches of what is commonly called useful science on the other. The consequence has been, that when sensible men have taken hold of the subject, (erring only in supposing

that such an alternative of necessity exists), they have satisfactorily demonstrated either side of the question. There is no difficulty in proving, that classical literature is an indispensable part of a thorough education; and quite as little in proving the same of the most important modern languages and of the leading branches of natural and exact science. What then is to be done? — Teach them all; which, with the multiplication and improvement of aids, can be done in less time and with greater ease, than may be thought. The years usually spent at school are amply sufficient for the purpose; and nothing is wanted but the ability to teach on the one side, and the aptitude to learn on the other. We repeat again, we by no means undertake to say, that the English schools are what our author describes them, confined to a meagre classical routine. But if they are, they are vastly in arrears of the schools in Germany, and much behind many in our own country; in which, while the learned languages are well taught, the other branches of useful knowledge receive their share of attention.

But it is time to pass, with our author, from Schlangenbad to Nieder-selters, the springs from which, what is commonly called Selzer-water is drawn, and exported to every part of the civilized globe. It is situated at the distance of about eighteen miles from Langenschwalbach, and is described in the following terms.

"The features of the country now began to grow larger than ever; and though crops, green and brown, were, as far as the eye could reach, gently waving round me, yet the want of habitations, plantations, and fences, gave to the extensive prospect an air of desolation. The picture was perhaps grand, but it wanted foreground. However, this deficiency was soon most delightfully supplied, by the identical object I was in search of, — viz. the *brunnen* and establishment of Nieder-selters, which suddenly appeared on the road-side, close before me, scarcely a quarter of a mile from its village.

"The moment I entered the great gate of the enclosure, which, surrounded by a high stone wall, occupies about eight acres of ground, so strange a scene presented itself suddenly to my view, that my first impression was, I had discovered a new world inhabited by brown stone bottles; for in all directions were they to be seen, rapidly moving from one part of the establishment to another, — standing actually in armies on the ground, or piled in immense layers or strata, one above another. Such a profusion and such a confusion of bottles, it had never entered into human imagination to conceive; and before I could bring my eyes to stoop

to detail, with uplifted hands, I stood for several seconds in utter amazement.

"On approaching a large circular shed, covered with a slated roof, supported by posts but open on all sides, I found the single *brunnen* or well, from which this highly celebrated water is forwarded to almost every quarter of the globe, — to India, the West Indies, the Mediterranean, Paris, London, and to almost every city in Germany. The hole, which was about five feet square, was bounded by a frame-work of four strong beams mortised together; and the bottom of the shed being boarded, it very much resembled, both in shape and dimensions, one of the hatches in the deck of a ship. A small crane with three arms, to each of which there was suspended a square iron crate or basket, a little smaller than the *brunnen*, stood about ten feet off; and while peasant girls, with a stone bottle (holding three pints) dangling on every finger of each hand, were rapidly filling two of these crates, which contained seventy bottles, a man turned the third by a winch, until it hung immediately over the *brunnen*, into which it then rapidly descended. The air in these seventy bottles being immediately displaced by the water, a great bubbling of course ensued; but, in about twenty seconds, this having subsided, the crate was raised; and while seventy more bottles descended from another arm of the crane, a fresh set of girls curiously carried off these full bottles, one on each finger of each hand, ranging them in several long rows upon a large table or dresser, — also beneath the shed. No sooner were they there, than two men, with surprising activity, put a cork into each; while two drummers, with a long stick, in each of their hands, hammering them down, appeared as if they were playing upon musical glasses.

"Another set of young women now instantly carried them off, four and five in each hand, to men, who, with sharp knives, sliced off the projecting part of the cork; and this operation being over, the poor jaded bottles were delivered over to women, each of whom actually covered three thousand of them in a day with white leather, which they firmly bound with packthread round the corks; and then, without placing the bottles on the ground, they delivered them over to a man seated beside them, who, without any apology, dipped each of their noses into boiling hot rosin; and before they had recovered from this operation, the Duke of Nassau's seal was stamped upon them, by another man; when off they were hurried fifteen and twenty at a time, by girls, to magazines where they peacefully remained ready for exportation.

"Having followed a set of bottles from the *brunnen* to the store, where I left them resting from their labors, I strolled to another

part of the establishment, where were empty bottles, calmly waiting for their turn to be filled. I here counted twenty-five bins of bottles, each four yards broad, six yards deep, and eight feet high. A number of young girls were carrying thirty-four of them, at a time, on their heads to an immense trough, which was kept constantly full, by a large fountain pipe, of beautifully clear fresh water. The bottles on arriving here were filled brim full, (as I conceived for the purpose of being washed,) and were then ranged in ranks or rather solid columns of seven hundred each, there being ten rows of seventy bottles.

"It being now seven o'clock, a bell rung as a signal for giving over work, and the whole process came suddenly to an end; for a few seconds the busy laborers, (as in a disturbed ant-heap,) were seen irregularly hurrying in all directions; but in a very short time all had vanished. For a few minutes, I ruminated in solitude, about the premises, and then set out to take up my abode for the night, at the village, or rather, town of Nieder-selters. However, I had no sooner, as I vainly thought, bid adieu to bottles, than I saw, like Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane, bottles approaching me, in every possible variety of attitude.

"It appears that all the inhabitants of Nieder-selters are in the habit of drinking in their houses this refreshing water; but as the *brunnen* is in requisition by the duke, all day long, it is only before or after work, that a private supply can be obtained. No sooner therefore does the evening bell ring, than every child in the village is driven out of its house, to take empty bottles to the *brunnen;* and it was this singular looking legion, which was now approaching me. The children really looked as if they were made of bottles. Some wore a pyramid of them in baskets on their heads. Some were laden with them hanging over their shoulders, before and behind. Some carried them strapped round their middles; all had their hands full; and little urchins, that could scarcely walk, were advancing, each hugging in its hands one single bottle. In fact, at Neider-selters an 'infant' means a being totally unable to carry a bottle; — a strong man brags of the number he can carry; — and superannuation means being no longer able, in this world, — to bear bottles."

The next day being a festival, the host of water-bearers had ceased labor at nine o'clock, and gone to the church. Our author embraced this opportunity of examining the establishment, at his leisure. On going toward the rows of bottles last described, as being filled with pure water, and as he supposed to wash them, he found about one third of them, with their noses broken off. This is done by an officer of the duke entrusted with that duty, who goes the rounds, with a hammer, knocking off the

head of every bottle, appearing to be porous or leaky. From a return furnished to our author, by the officer at the head of the establishment for bottling up and exporting this water, it appears that in the year 1832, one million, thirty-three thousand, six hundred and sixty-two large bottles were exported, and about a fourth part as many small ones. By the time a bottle is sealed, it has undergone fifteen operations, all performed by different people. The Duke of Nassau, furnishing his own bottles, pays $17\frac{1}{2}$ kreuzers, (equal to about as many cents,) for every hundred, large or small, filled and placed in his magazines. The peasants either share the labor and profits among themselves; or sometimes all the operations on a certain number of bottles will be performed, by the members of one family. So much activity, however, is required in constantly stooping and carrying off the bottles, that this portion of the work is principally performed by young women of eighteen or nineteen, assembled from all the neighboring villages; and who, by working from three o'clock in the morning till seven at night, can gain a florin a day, or thirty florins a month, Sunday, except during the time of service, not being a day of rest. Thirty florins, we believe, of the duchy of Nassau, may be about equal to twelve dollars. For the bottles themselves, the duke pays four and a half florins a hundred for the large ones, and three florins a hundred for the small ones. The large bottles, when full, are sold by him at the spring, for thirteen florins a hundred. His income, in the year 1833, is calculated by our author, to have been fifty thousand florins, from the sale of this water. The duke's ancestor originally gave a butt of wine for the *brunnen!*

We must pass over the visit to the monastery of Eberbach, the journey performed upon an ass to Mainz, and the romantic legend of the great plane tree of Frauenstein. But from the excursion to the Niederwald, we must make room for the following pretty scene.

"On arriving at Rudesheim, I most joyfully extricated myself from the carriage, and instantly hiring a guide and a mule, I contentedly told the former to drive me before him, to the point in his neighborhood, which was generally considered as best worth seeing; and perfectly unconscious where he would propel me, the man began to beat the mule, — the mule began to trot along, — and, little black memorandum-book in hand, I began to make my notes.

"After ascending a very narrow path, which passed through the vineyards, the sun, as I became exposed to it, feeling hotter and hotter, I entered a wild, low, stunted plantation of oak shrubs, which was soon exchanged for a noble wood of oak and beech trees, between which I had room enough to ride in any direction.

"The shade was exceedingly agreeable. The view, however, was totally concealed, until I suddenly came to a projecting point, on which there was a small temple, commanding a most splendid prospect.

"After resting here a few minutes, the mule and his burden again entered the forest; and continuing to ascend to a considerable height, we both at last approached a large stone building like a barrack, part of which was in ruins; and no sooner had we reached its southern extremity, when my guide, with a look of vast importance, arrested the progress of the beast. As I beheld nothing at all, worth the jolting I had had in the carriage, I felt most grievously disappointed; and though I had no one's bad taste to accuse but my own, in having committed myself to the barbarous biped, who stood before me, yet I felt, if possible, still more out of sorts, on the fellow's desiring me to halloo as loud as I could, he informing me, with a look of indescribable self-satisfaction, that as soon as I should do so, an echo would repeat all my exclamations three times!

"The man seeing that I did not at all enjoy his noisy miracle, made a sign to me to follow him, and he accordingly led me to what appeared to my eyes to be nothing but a large heap of stones, held together by brambles. At one side, however, of this confused mass, there appeared to be a hole, which looked very much as if it had been intended as an ice-house. However, on entering it, I found it to be a long, dark, subterranean passage, cut out of the solid rock; and here, groping my way, I followed my guide, until coming to a wooden partition or door, he opened it, when, to my great astonishment and delight, I found myself in an octagonal chamber, most deservedly called *die bezauberte Höhle*, the enchanted cave!

"It was a cavern or cavity in a rock, with three fissures or embrasures, radiating at a small angle; yet each looking down upon the Rhine, which, pent within its narrow rocky channel, was, at a great depth, struggling immediately beneath us. The sudden burst into day-light, and the brightness of the gay, sunshiny scenes which, through the three rude windows had come so suddenly to view, (for I really did not know, that I was on the brink of the precipice of the Rhine,) was exceedingly enchanting; and I was most fully enjoying it, as well as the reflection, that there was no one to interrupt me, when I suddenly fancied that I certainly heard, somewhere or other, within the bowels of the living rock,

in which I was embedded, a faint sound like the melody of female voices, which, in marked measure, seemed to swell stronger and stronger, until I decidedly and plainly heard them, in full chorus, chanting a well known national air. From time to time the earthly or unearthly sounds died away, — lost in the intricate turns of the subterraneous passage; — at last they were heard, as if craving permission to enter, and my guide running to the wooden door, no sooner threw it wide open, than, the music at once rushing in like a flood, filled the vaulted chamber, in which I stood, and in a few seconds, to my very great surprise, there marched in, two by two, a youthful bridal party! The heads of eight or ten young girls, (following a bride and bridegroom) were ornamented with wreaths of bright green leaves, which formed a pleasing contrast with their brown hair of various shades, and, most particularly, with the raven black-tresses of the bride, which were plaited round her pleasing modest-looking face very gracefully.

"The whole party, (the bridegroom, the only representative of his sex, of course, included,) had left Mainz, that morning to spend a happy day in the magic cave; and certainly their unexpected appearance gave a fairy enchantment to the scene."

After an admirable description of the various landscape to be seen from this beautiful position our author proceeds,

"Having at last mounted my mule, I attempted to bid my companions farewell; — however, they insisted on accompanying me and my guide through the forest, singing their national airs in chorus as they went. Their footsteps kept pace with their tunes, and as they advanced thrilled among the trees, with great effect. Sometimes the wild melody, like a stop-waltz, suddenly ceased, and they proceeded several paces in silence; and then again it as unexpectedly burst upon the ear. In short, like the children of all German schools, they had evidently been taught time and the complete management of their voices, a natural and pleasing accompaniment, which can scarcely be sufficiently admired."

Our author did not attempt to draw their history from the young people themselves; but he learned from his guide, as a kind of mystery, that the couple who led the gay procession were not married, but *verlobt* (betrothed,) or, as he rather ungallantly expresses it, "under sentence eventually to be married."

"This quiet, jog-trot, half and half connubial arrangement," says he, "is very common indeed all over Germany; and no sooner is it settled and approved of, than the young people are permitted to associate together at almost all times, notwithstanding it is

often decreed to be prudent, that many years should elapse, before their marriage can possibly take place. In short, they are constantly obliged to wait until either their income rises sufficiently, or until butter, meat, bread, coffee, and tobacco sufficiently fall.

"As seated on my mule, I followed these steady, well-behaved, and apparently well-educated young people, through the forest, listening to their cheerful choruses, I could not, during one short interval of silence, help reflecting, how differently such unions are managed in different parts of the globe.

"A quarter of a century has nearly elapsed, since I chanced to be crossing from the island of Salamis to Athens, with a young Athenian of rank, who was also in his way "affianced." We spent, I remember, the night together, in an open boat, and certainly never did I, before or since, witness the aching of a lad's heart, produce effects so absolutely resembling the aching of his stomach. My friend lay at the bottom of the *trabacolo*, absolutely groaning with love. His moans were piteous beyond description, and nothing seemed to afford his affliction any relief, but the following stanza, which, over and over again, he continued most romantically singing to the moon :—

'Quando la notte viene,
Non ho riposo, O Nice,
Son misero e infelice,
Esser lontan da te !'

On his arrival at Athens, he earnestly entreated me to call for him, on the object of his affections, for he himself, by the custom of his country, was not allowed to see her, exactly from the same reason which permitted the young German couple, to stroll together, through the lonely, lovely forest of the Niederwald, namely — because they were '*verlobt.*'"

At length our author takes his final adieu of Schlangenbad and repairs to Wiesbaden, the last of the *brunnens* described by him, — and of a character still different from all the preceding. Witness the following sketch :—

"In strolling very slowly about the town after dinner, the first object which aroused my curiosity was a stream I observed rising through the iron gratings, which, at the corners of the streets, covered the main drains or common sewers of the town. At first, I thought it proceeded from washer-women, pig-scalders, or some such artificial cause ; but I no sooner reached the great *koch-brunnen*, (boiling spring,) than I learned it was the natural temperature of the Wiesbaden waters, that had thus attracted my attention.

"As I stood before this immense cauldron, with eyes staring at the volume of steam, which was arising from it, and with ears

listening to a person, that was voluntarily explaining to me, that there were fifteen other springs in the town, their temperature being at all times of the year about 140° of Fahrenheit, I could not help feeling a sort of unpleasant sensation, similar to what I had experienced, on the edges of Etna and Vesuvius. In short, I had been so little accustomed to live in a town heated by subterranean fire, that it just crossed my mind, whether, in case the engineer below, from laziness, should put on too many coals at once, or from carelessness, should neglect to keep open his proper valves, an explosion might not take place, which would suddenly send me, Koch-brunnen, Wiesbaden & Co. on a shooting excursion to the Duke's lofty hunting seat, the Platte.

"In describing the taste of the mineral water at Wiesbaden, were I to say that, while drinking it, one hears, in one's ears, the cackling of hens, and that one sees feathers flying before one's eyes, I should certainly grossly exaggerate; but when I declare, that it exactly resembles very hot chicken broth, I only say, what Dr. Granville said, and what in fact every body says and must say, respecting it; and certainly I do wonder why the common people should be at the inconvenience of making bad soup, when they can get much better from nature's great stock-pot, — the *Koch-brunnen* of Wiesbaden. At all periods of the year, summer or winter, the temperature of this broth remains the same, and when one reflects that it has been bubbling out of the ground, and boiling over, in the very same state, certainly from the time of the Romans and probably from the time of the flood, it is really astonishing to think what an apparatus there must exist below, — what an inexhaustible stock of provisions, to ensure such an everlasting supply of broth, always formed of exactly the same eight or ten ingredients, — always salted to exactly the same degree, — and always served up at exactly the same heat.

"One would think that some of the particles in the recipe would be exhausted; in short, to speak metaphorically, that the chickens would at last be boiled to rags, or that the fire would go out for want of coals. But the oftener one reflects on subjects of this sort, the oftener is the old fashioned observation repeated, that let a man go where he will, Omnipotence is never from his view!"

With this passage we close our extracts. Our author is brought in it to a just reflection, toward which his better feelings have evidently been struggling, during the whole of the description of the extraordinary waters at Wiesbaden. The levity with which he at first takes up the topic, is offensive; the culinary associations to which he seems to cling, are mean and

unworthy. Could we have done so, we would gladly have separated them from the description of the truly wonderful phenomenon of these boiling waters. But the true and appropriate conception flashes at last upon his mind, and he beholds in it, — as who is there that does not, — a visible display of the mysteries of Omnipotence. It has been as beautifully as truly said, that the "undevout astronomer is mad." The same remark might with equal force and justice be applied to the undevout geologist. Of all the absurdities ever started, none more extravagant can be named, than that the grand and far-reaching researches and discoveries of geology are hostile to the spirit of religion. They seem to us, on the very contrary, to lead the inquirer, step by step, into the more immediate presence of that tremendous POWER, which could alone produce and can alone account for the primitive convulsions of the globe, of which the proofs are graven in eternal characters, on the sides of its bare and cloud-piercing mountains, or are wrought into the very substance of the strata that compose its surface, and which are also, day by day, and hour by hour, at work, to feed the fires of the volcano, to pour forth its molten tides, or to compound the salubrious elements of the mineral fountains, which spring in a thousand valleys. In gazing at the starry heavens, all glorious as they are, we sink under the awe of their magnitude, the mystery of their secret and reciprocal influences, the bewildering conception of their distances. Sense and science are at war. The sparkling gem, that glitters on the brow of night, is converted by science into a mighty orb, — the source of light and heat, the centre of attraction, the sun of a system like our own. The beautiful planet, which lingers in the western sky, when the sun has gone down, or heralds the approach of morning, — whose mild and lovely beams seem to shed a spirit of tranquillity, not unmixed with sadness nor far removed from devotion, into the very heart of him who wanders forth in solitude to behold it, — is, in the contemplation of science, a cloud-wrapt sphere; a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps. We study, we reason, we calculate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction up to the very stars. We borrow the wings of the boldest analysis and flee to the uttermost parts of creation, and then, shutting our eyes on the radiant points that twinkle in the vault of night, the well-instructed mind sees opening before it, in mental vision, the STUPENDOUS MECHANISM OF THE HEAVENS. Its

planets swell into worlds. Its crowded stars recede, expand, become central suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them. The bands of Orion are loosened, and the sparkling rays, which cross each other on his belt, are resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system, across the illimitable pathways of the outer heavens. The conclusions, which we reach, are oppressively grand and sublime; the imagination sinks under them; the truth is too vast, too remote from the premises, from which it is deduced; and man, poor frail man, sinks back to earth, and sighs to worship again, with the innocence of a child or a Chaldean shepherd, the quiet and beautiful stars, as he sees them in the simplicity of sense. But in the province of geology, there are some subjects, in which the senses seem, as it were, led up into the laboratory of divine power. Let a man fix his eyes upon one of the marble columns in the capitol at Washington. He sees there a condition of the earth's surface, when the pebbles of every size, and form, and material, which compose this singular species of stone, were held suspended in the medium, in which they are now imbedded, then a liquid sea of marble, which has hardened into the solid, lustrous, and variegated mass before his eye, in the very substance of which he beholds the record of a convulsion of the globe. Let him go and stand upon the sides of the crater of Vesuvius, in the ordinary state of its eruptions, and contemplate the lazy stream of molten rocks, that oozes out quietly at his feet, encasing the surface of the mountain as it cools with a most black and stygian crust, or lighting up its sides at night with streaks of lurid fire. Let him consider the volcanic island, which arose a few years since, in the neighborhood of Malta, spouting flames, from the depths of the sea; — or accompany one of our own navigators from Nantucket to the Antartic ocean, who, finding the centre of a small island, to which he was in the habit of resorting, sunk in the interval of two of his voyages, sailed through an opening in its sides where the ocean had found its way, and moored his ship * in the smouldering crater of a recently extinguished volcano. Or, finally, let him survey the striking phenomenon, which our author has described, and which has led us to this train of remark, a mineral fountain of salubrious qualities, of a temperature greatly above that of the surface of the earth

* J. N. Reynolds's Report to the Secretary of the Navy.

in the region where it is found, compounded of numerous ingredients in a constant proportion, and known to have been flowing from its secret springs, as at the present day, at least for eighteen hundred years, unchanged, unexhausted. The religious sense of the elder world, in an early stage of civilization, placed a genius or a divinity by the side of every spring that gushed from the rocks, or flowed from the bosom of the earth. Surely it would be no weakness, for a thoughtful man, who should resort, for the renovation of a wasted frame, to one of these salubrious mineral fountains, if he drank in their healing waters as a gift from the outstretched, though invisible hand, of an *everywhere present and benignant* Power.

Art. IV. — *Life of G. D. Boardman.*
Memoir of George Dana Boardman, late Missionary to Burmah. Boston. 1834.

The literature of Christain Missions already forms one of the most interesting and extensive chapters in the general literary history of our times. Not many years have elapsed, since the spirit of protestant missions came into being ; — and already that spirit has kindled the altars of true religion in almost every nation upon earth, and engaged in its operations hundreds of pious, heroic and gifted individuals, of whose travels and toil, of whose noble schemes and glorious achievements, and martyr-like endurance of every conceivable form of danger and pain, — of whose godly lives and happy deaths, the records form an extensive library ; — a library unsurpassed, if not unequalled, in thrilling incident, in memorable record, in magnanimity of purpose, in valuable lessons, in praiseworthy actions.

What a collection do we possess of missionary voyages and travels ; — travels that track the map of our earth from the icebergs of Greenland, to the torrid deserts of Africa ; — from the mountain-holds of our own aborigines, to the borders of China and Siam.

But, above all, what a host of biographies of holy men, and devout and heroic women, — who have labored and suffered

and perished, in extending the limits of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and who have left behind them that example, which the good in all coming ages shall love to admire and imitate, and that memory which is, in the language of Scripture, "blessed." Could these biographies be collected and published in a series, what an amount of the most valuable and spirit-stirring matter would thus be presented to the public! We hope that something like this may be done, so that succeeding times may not lose the influence arising from a familiarity with such works.

That this influence is very great, no one can doubt, who has himself read these biographies, or has had an opportunity of witnessing the effect produced upon others, by their perusal. The writer of this article well remembers the warm flood of feeling which bathed his youthful heart, in reading the Memoirs of Henry Martyn. Almost every missionary memoir refers the origin, or the full development, of the missionary spirit in its hero, to the reading of some other similar work. The pages of Boardman's biography are crowded with allusions to the spirit-stirring effect produced upon Boardman by the Memoirs of Brainard, and Mills, and Martyn, and Chamberlain, and others, their fellows in the heavenly work of evangelizing man.

It is impossible to peruse the written life of any man or woman, who has manifested great intellectual or great moral power, whether in a holy cause, or an unholy one, without a strong admiration and a deep sympathy, and a powerful impulse toward imitation. The soul is awakened, the active powers are roused, the contemplation of high achievement kindles emulation, and we are drawn towards the object of our admiration, like floating atoms on the stream towards the rush of the cataract. It would be well were the character of those leading minds, which thus draw after them the mass of mankind, always virtuous and noble. But, in the vast majority of instances, the leaders of mankind are individuals whose principles and motives the Christian must condemn, as hostile to the spirit of the gospel. More precious therefore, is the example of that pious few, who have devoted themselves "with pure hearts fervently," to the glory of God, and the good of man, and whose energy of purpose, and firmness of principle, and magnanimity in despising difficulty and danger and suffering and death, in the accomplishment of a noble end, rouse into active admiration all who contemplate their glorious career.

We hail with sincere pleasure the appearance of the biography of every such person, as the creation of one further instrument of advancing the Redeemer's kingdom among men. The life of the late Rev. George D. Boardman, is, on this account, welcomed from the press; and after having read its pages, we turn with ardent zeal to the duty of making its character and contents known to the literary community.

Boardman has but recently died: — He died young, in the midst of a most promising career in India, — He was an American; — a man of fine learning and talents; of rare moral qualities, and most zealous in the missionary enterprise. He is, therefore, entitled to our respectful consideration. The story of his life and labors will be found full of interest and instruction. Our readers will therefore follow us, we believe, with pleasure and profit through a sketch of his short but efficient career.

He was the son of a Baptist clergyman, who still lives, and was born in Livermore, Maine, February 8th, 1801. He was a feeble and studious boy, ardently devoted to the pursuit of knowledge, sometimes concealing his bodily illness in order to get to school, and always securing the esteem of his teachers, by his proficiency. At the age of twelve he had resolved on procuring that grand desideratum of New England youth, a liberal education, and apprehending, as well he might, that the narrow salary of his father would not be sufficient to pay the necessary expenses of such an education, he informed his mother that as soon as he came of age this should be his first object. His parents encouraged this noble spirit, and sent him to a preparatory academy in North-Yarmouth. While at that academy, an incident occurred, which illustrates both his uncommon ardor in the pursuit of learning, and his fine mental powers. He was put upon the study of the Latin grammar; through which he passed with a rapidity before unknown to his teacher. Having thus quickly conquered the grammar, he hoped to be immediately admitted to the use of his Lexicon. But he was told that he must first go over the grammar once or twice more. Disappointed, he returned to his seat. In an hour or two he was called up to recite, and repeated *verbatim et literatim*, sixteen pages of the grammar. His preceptor inquired if he had got more; he answered "yes," and on being asked "how much," replied, "I can recite the *whole book*, sir, if you wish!" Subsequently he manifested

an equal power in the study of mathematical science. At the age of sixteen, he became a teacher in a village school, and displayed extraordinary power as an instructer; reducing, as it seemed, almost without an effort, the most unruly and turbulent schools to perfect order and harmony. His acquaintance with human nature, and with the elements of control, at this early age, gave him almost creative power; — so that from the chaos of the most unmanageable schools he called forth a beautiful system and regularity. His countenance, by its power of expression, which was benignity tempered by severity, did much to control his pupils; and he used to say that he considered a pupil as almost hopeless, whom he could not *look* into good behaviour.

In May, 1819, at the age of eighteen years, he became a member of the collegiate institution, in the town of Waterville, Maine. While young Boardman was a member of this institution, early in 1820, it was, by a charter from the Legislature of Maine, constituted a college; at which time he was found, on examination, qualified for admission as a junior, or third year pupil. He is described, by the late president of that college, as being at this time a youth of sober habits, and of superior intellectual powers, but showing no strongly marked features of piety. He seemed to possess an unusual share of what Dr. Paley calls "the heroic character." He was quick in his sensibilities, jealous of his fame, eager in his attachments, inflexible in his purpose. He was remarkable, too, for vigor, firmness and resolution, and for a kind of haughty independence which made him unwilling to be indebted to others for his opinion upon any subject.

During his collegiate course he became a pious man. We can readily imagine that the operation of religion upon a mind so constituted, would produce no ordinary result. The great elements of the natural man, when brought under the control of spiritual influence, the most powerful of all agencies by which the human mind is ever affected, would lose none of their efficiency; — while they would become consecrated to holy purposes. "His independence of mind," says Dr. Chaplin, "continued; but the haughtiness connected with it, disappeared:" and so great were the promises of future eminence, in both learning and piety, apparent in his progress, that the good president, and other friends of Waterville, anticipated the time when the young scholar should preside over the college.

These anticipations, as to the department of his future labor, were destined to be disappointed; — and, as the circumstances attending Boardman's religious conversion, and his determination respecting his mode of life and action, are peculiarly interesting, we will briefly narrate them.

The parents of Boardman were both pious; and both, of course, labored to educate their son in the fear of the Lord. But, although a moral, a studious, and reflective boy, he never became thoroughly religious, until after his admission to Waterville. In that institution his thoughts were directed by a variety of circumstances, to a consideration of the vast and important topics of evangelical religion. His room-mate was a very pious, and most warm-hearted man. His class-mates all felt deeply interested in George's moral state. The officers of the college, likewise, did all in their power to elevate his thoughts and affections. In short, every external influence, by which a young man could be surrounded, was calculated to lead his mind heavenward. Under the operation of these causes, he was, by the Spirit of God, induced to consecrate himself, body, soul and spirit to religion, and in July, 1820, he made a public profession of his belief, and was baptized.

From this time forward he engaged with characteristic activity in every mode of religious operation, and his letters and journals of this and subsequent dates, exhibit the most elevated and glowing emotions. He seemed to move in a world of bright light, and of a pure glory; — to anticipate something of that bliss which inspired the Peri, when she exclaimed —

> "Go, wing your flight from star to star,
> From world to luminous world, as far
> As the universe spreads its flaming wall,
> Go, count the pleasures of all the spheres
> And multiply each through endless years, —
> One moment of heaven exceeds them all!"

A mere psychologist, acquainted with the powers and capabilities of such a mind, and beholding the ardor of the religious zeal which animated it, would have watched with intense interest the result of his actions. But a real philanthropist would find, in such a soul, a study of far deeper and more engrossing anxiety; — for he would know that its movements were destined to exercise a power of tremendous energy over the condition of mankind.

We have Boardman's own authority for saying, that soon after his conversion, his thoughts and feelings were turned towards Missionary subjects. "In the winter of 1820," he says, "the thought occurred to me that I could take my Bible and travel through new settlements, where the gospel was seldom, if ever, heard, and *without sustaining the name of a preacher*, could visit from hut to hut, and tell the story of Jesus's dying love. Then, in imagination, I could welcome fatigue, hunger, cold, nakedness, solitude, sickness and death, if I might only win a few cottages to my beloved Saviour."

Not long after this he began to meditate upon the condition of the Western Indians, and modestly considering himself unfit to preach among civilized Christians, he rejoiced at the thought of laboring, and at last finding a grave, in the forest.

In 1822 his mind was directed, by the death of Rev. Mr. Colman, to the Mission in Burmah; and his soul was stirred within him by the reflection, that millions and millions were every year perishing in that devoted land without the slightest knowledge of the gospel. It is consoling to those who mourn for the dead who die in the midst of their labors, to know that the event for which they grieve does often, as in this event of Colman's death, prove the actual cause of future additions to the missionary band. Colman sailed from Boston for India in November, 1817, and was actively engaged as a missionary in Aracan, when death suddenly cut him down, in 1822. The voice from his grave crossed the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic, and fell upon the ear of one pious student in the heart of the forests of Maine,—and that student responded to its call, and resolved in his soul that, God helping him, he would do something for destitute India.

In February, 1823, the thoughts of Mr. Boardman were for a while most deeply interested in the condition of the Jews,—God's ancient people, who remain to this day a sad but wonderful illustration of prophetic truth. "My mind," says he, in a letter to his parents, "has been much occupied about the Jews, as it appears from several parts of the prophetic scriptures, that they are to be eminently active and useful in spreading the Gospel among the nations. I have sometimes thought of becoming a missionary to them. I feel comparatively but little anxiety to what part of the world I am sent, if God calls me there. It is of but little consequence where I live, or where I die. Life is so short, when protracted to the longest, that the difference is

comparatively small, whether we live at ease, or are compelled to toil in poverty, and live without a settled habitation."

His social nature was full of warm affections and tender sentiments. His love of friends and home was an intense passion; but even his dearest friends could be resolutely abandoned, his strongest passion controlled, for the sake of accomplishing his grand design. He remembered, and felt, and acted upon the Saviour's words, — "he that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." In the letter just above quoted, he remarks, that his *choice*, (meaning, probably, that preference which looks aside from duty,) would be "to live in the embraces" of his friends, especially of parents, and brothers and sisters, and finally to die in their presence. "But," adds he, "when I take duty and eternity into the account, all these things, so desirable in themselves, appear comparatively small. Eternity will be just as long, and heaven just as sweet, if I die on a desolate island, or on some heathen shore, as though I should die at home, in the midst of my weeping relations. And as for a resting-place for my body, when I shall lay it aside, my bones can rest, — my ashes sleep, as securely in Burmah as in America, — on a desolate, unfrequented island, as in a christian church-yard. Why should I fear to lay me down in Burmah? I shall hear the voice of the archangel, and arise from the grave as soon as though buried in the sepulchre of my fathers. If not deceived, I am willing to spend my days, and to breathe out my life, where duty shall call; whether in America, or in some heathen land; among the relics of departed saints, or by the side of Juggernaut."

On graduating at Waterville, Mr. Boardman had resolved to enter into the missionary labor. But he was immediately appointed a tutor in that college, and most strenuously urged by all his own friends, and by all the friends of the college, to remain in his new relation. The struggle which then arose in his mind was great. He was impelled in one direction by his religious zeal, and by his favorite scheme of usefulness, — while every one else was urging him in another. He reluctantly yielded to importunity, as, probably, most young men of twenty-one years old would have done, from diffidence of their own judgment, — but he did so with the avowed purpose to remain a tutor but a short time. "I now calculate," said he to a fellow student, "*on a year of misery.* My *whole soul is engrossed*

with the state of the heathen, and I desire to go among them: but I have engaged for a year, and I must remain!"

That year at length elapsed; — he was free from his engagement; — and he hastened to offer his services to the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, — and was at once accepted as a missionary.

The parting scene between Mr. Boardman and his religious friends at Waterville was exceedingly touching. In the corner room, on the third floor of the south college edifice, — from which may be seen the broad surface of the Kennebec, — the green fields on the opposite side, — the president's house, and part of the village; the room which he had occupied for several years, — there, surrounded by his christian brethren, who were members of the college, stood Boardman, about to give the parting hand, and to say the last farewell. He stood by the window for a few moments, as if to survey, for the last time, the objects on which he had so often gazed. After he had lingered for a moment, to view each long familiar object without, he turned away from the window, and cast his eye around upon his beloved companions, who stood in silence, forming a circle quite round the room. All was still. The eye of Boardman alone was undimmed by a tear. In a tender and yet unfaltering tone, he addressed a few words to his brethren: — "My dear brethren, serve your Saviour unceasingly, and faithfully until death, — and if it may not be your duty to be missionaries abroad, be missionaries at home!" We all knelt down in prayer together for the last time. On arising, Boardman passed round the room, and gave to each the parting hand. His countenance was serene, — his mild blue eye beamed with heaven-like benignity, and though there was in his manner a tenderness which shewed he had a heart to feel, yet there was no visible emotion, till he came to his room-mate. As he took *him* by the hand, his whole frame became convulsed, — his tongue faltered, — his eye instantly filled, and the tears fell fast, as if all the tender feelings of his spirit, till now imprisoned, had at this moment broken forth: he wept, he faltered "farewell," and then, smiling through his tears, said, as he left the room, "we shall meet again in heaven!" Such is the account, as given by one who was present on that affecting occasion.

In offering his services to the Missionary Board, Mr. Boardman had signified his willingness to be sent wherever they

would be most valuable. To his delight, however, Burmah was assigned to him as his field of future labor.

He expected to sail within a short time after his appointment, in the same ship which carried back to India the justly celebrated and admired Mrs. Judson. In this expectation he visited, and took leave of, his relatives in Maine. He found his pious parents willing to consecrate their much-loved son to the cause of missions, although their hearts almost broke with the pain of separation. This willingness is worthy of universal admiration and praise. If every man of elevated principles and noble feelings, is ready to regard with emotions of moral sublimity, the stern justice of that elder Brutus who subjected to the claims of violated law his offending sons, and without a tear pronounced their fatal sentence, — how much more will such a one reverence the magnanimity of those parents, who surrender their son to perpetual separation from their presence, to all the hardships and dangers of an almost savage land, to certain peril and pain, disease and early death, in the arduous labors of philanthropy! If we stand awe-struck in the ideal presence of Agamemnon, as he binds his lovely daughter Iphigenia upon the altar of a false and bloody deity, to propitiate favor for his countrymen, — ought we not to bow reverently *to him* and *to her*, who are moved by love for a benevolent God, and love for their fellow-creatures, to surrender their son, bright with talents and virtues, rich in learning and the respect of all who knew him, but feeble and sickly in body, to the missionary labor, — whose certain and speedy end is death?

Boardman describes his own feelings on this occasion as being of the most painful description. They were, however, premature. It was finally decided by the Board of Missions to send out Mr. and Mrs. Wade with Mrs. Judson, while Mr. Boardman should remain some time longer for the sake of preparation in America.

To make this preparation, he went, in June, 1823, to the Theological Seminary at Andover, where he entered with his usual zeal upon the study of Hebrew. While in this institution, he read with thrilling interest the lives of Henry Martyn, Samuel J. Mills, Obookiah, and others, whose devotion to the cause of religion awakened in his breast a sympathetic ardor. He also entered deeply into the spirit of that "*Society of Inquiry respecting Missions*," whose pious labors

have done so much to diffuse a knowledge of the Gospel through heathen lands, and a knowledge of the wants and woes of the heathen through the christian community. In the ample library of that society, he found every book that could facilitate his preparation, by making him familiar with the history, customs, manners and religions of pagan countries, with the extent, nature and results of missionary labors, and with the inner principles, the moving impulses, of missionaries themselves. Nor did he fail to make a faithful use of these advantages.

He remained, with occasional interruptions, at Andover, till the spring of 1825, when he was called upon to bid his friends a last farewell. We cannot properly estimate the heroism of his character, without a full knowledge of the feelings which agitated his bosom in contemplating this final earthly separation, and the strong current of natural affection against which he resolutely braced himself at the call of duty.

In his journal he thus writes. "What! must I bid adieu to my dear, very dear parents, brothers, and sisters and friends? Must I die before the time? For what is it less than death, to be separated from them, probably to see them no more on earth? But at length it occurred to me that it was Jesus, the dearest of all my friends, who called me to go; — then I said, *welcome separations and farewells; welcome tears and cries; welcome last sad embraces; welcome pangs and griefs, — only let me go where my Saviour calls, and goes himself; welcome toil, disappointments, fatigues and sorrows; welcome an early grave!*"

In a letter to his sister, he says, "that some may perhaps think him destitute of natural affection," but he adds, "they know not my heart, and are unacquainted with the struggles I have often felt. Be assured, my love to my friends was never warmer, my affection for them never stronger, than when I regarded them in the light of a speedy separation." "Had I not had an enlarged view of the greatness and importance of the work before me, I could not have endured the trial!"

In another letter, he expresses himself yet more forcibly. He says, "Think not, my sister, that I have lost all sensibility on the subject. Be assured, if tenderness of feeling, — if ardor of affection, — if attachment to friends, — to christian society and christian privileges, — if apprehension of toil and danger in a missionary life, — if an overwhelming sense of re-

sponsibility, — could detain me in America, I should never go to Burmah!" "Since my appointment I have known seasons when the thoughts of parting from my friends seemed almost insupportable." If ever man was, in the beautiful language of Paul, "*constrained by the love of Christ*," Boardman was thus "*constrained*."

But he was not to leave all his friends behind. One whom he most tenderly loved was ready and willing to unite her fortunes with his, and say to him, like Ruth to Naomi, — "whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou abidest, will I abide; thy people shall be my people; and thy God my God; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried!" Fortunately for the missionaries, and wisely for their employers, it has always been the policy of the Mission Board to prefer married men for their service; correctly considering that such persons are most likely to become efficient, contented and permanent laborers. In pursuance of this judicious policy, and in accordance with his own choice, Mr. Boardman was married a short time before his embarkation for India. His wife was Sarah B. Hall, a young lady of Salem, of whom, as she still lives, it is enough to say that she was just such a person as Boardman needed for a companion in his holy and arduous enterprise; possessing fine natural abilities, which were excellently educated, and which were directed and sanctified by an ardent piety. Like her husband she was zealously attached to the missionary cause, — and like him was ready to devote herself, body and soul, to its advancement.

That Mr. Boardman's choice was a wise and proper one, we shall learn from his subsequent history.

On the sixteenth of July, 1825, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman embarked at Philadelphia, on board the ship Asia, for Calcutta. Their voyage was long, but not otherwise unpleasant, nor marked by any extraordinary occurrence. Mr. Boardman acted as chaplain of the ship, by preaching every sabbath, and attending public prayer every evening; and at least *one* individual among the crew will always remember with delight the influence of these pious services. They landed at Calcutta on the second day of December, and were cordially welcomed by the English missionaries.

At this period Great Britain, or rather the East India Company, was involved in a war with Burmah, and hostilities were carried on with great fury. The chief ministers of

the Emperor were determined never to submit to the English, and although the British soldiers, under the able conduct of Sir Archibald Campbell, had again and again defeated the rude troops of the Burmese generals, and had captured several important cities, none of the ministers dared inform their imperial master of the actual condition of affairs. Such is Eastern allegiance! We are assured by some of the missionaries, that although this whole war was one continued series of defeat, disgrace and loss to Burmah, the *royal chronicles* of that period describe it as one of continued and brilliant triumphs and victories, over an insolent but at last humiliated invader.

By this war the American Mission in Burmah was wholly broken up. Dr. Price and Mr. and Mrs. Judson were prisoners at Ava, while Mr. and Mrs. Wade had been driven from the empire, and compelled to seek shelter within British jurisdiction. It was, therefore, impossible for Mr. and Mrs. Boardman to proceed to their original destination. They resolved to take up their abode with Mr. Wade's family at Chitpore near Calcutta, and prosecute the study of the Burman language, until the close of the war, or the occurrence of some other event, which should open to them their proposed field of labor. Accordingly, they domesticated themselves in a little bamboo hut at Chitpore, — which was endeared to them by the fact that it had been previously occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Carey, and was now tenanted by Mr. and Mrs. Wade and Mrs. Colman.

The residence of Mr. Boardman in and near Calcutta, was prolonged through a period of twenty months, during which time, besides studying the language, he preached almost constantly to congregations of English residents, and English and American sailors, — visited the various schools and other institutions for educating and civilizing the natives, and, by communion with other missionaries of greater experience, prepared himself for his approaching labors.

On the 14th of April, 1826, Mr. Boardman announced to the Mission Board the termination of the war in Burmah, and the safety of the American missionaries. This last fact was the cause of unmingled joy through the whole christian world. Nearly two years an impenetrable cloud had hung over the fate of Messrs. Price and Judson, who were universally respected, and also of that heroic woman, Mrs. Judson, who had returned

from America to her husband in Ava, just before the war broke out. There was every reason, which could exist apart from actual certainty, to believe that they had fallen victims to the fury of the king. In the language of Professor Knowles, "Those who cherished the belief that the missionaries were alive, relied only on the power of that God who had so signally protected this Mission, and who, by an interposition almost as visibly miraculous as that which rescued Peter from his enemies, had recently preserved the missionaries at Rangoon, (Messrs. Wade and wife, and Hough and wife,) from instant, and apparently inevitable death."

Under such circumstances it is no wonder that the news "filled the heart" of Boardman "with joy and gratitude," nor that he spoke of this deliverance from death as "one of the most glorious displays of God's gracious Providence known in modern times." When Napoleon at the treaty of Campo Formio, made it his first demand, in giving terms to Austria, that Lafayette should be rescued from the dungeons of Olmutz, and restored to liberty and France, every generous heart in Europe and America was moved with gratitude for the young conqueror of Italy. So, in like manner, when Sir Archibald Campbell, prescribing the condition of peace to the Emperor of Burmah, within forty miles of his capital, required the safe delivery of the long-suffering Judsons and Price, all Christendom admired the generosity of his conduct, and felt that such an act was worth more to him and to England, than all the treasure or territory acquired by the war. Thousands and thousands of pious hearts, in every quarter of the globe, will long cherish the recollection of this noble deed.

It would be a pleasant task, were it proper, for us here to give our readers a full history of the sufferings through which the rescued missionaries had passed, and the whole of that glorious conduct which has made Mrs. Judson so dear to the lovers of female virtues and heroism; — but this is not the appropriate occasion for such a narrative, — and the story is already familiar to the American community.

Mr. Boardman would have proceeded at once after the establishment of peace, from Calcutta to some Burmese province, — had he not been urged by the English missionaries, and instructed by the American Board to remain awhile in the chaplaincy vacated by the death of Mr. Lawson, who preached in the Circular Board chapel in Calcutta. It was not until

March, 1827, that he and his family actually entered upon their original plan of operations as missionaries to Burmah.

In the month last mentioned he sailed from Calcutta for Amherst, the newly built capital of the territories recently ceded to England by the Burman emperor. This place had been surveyed and laid out, under the direction of Mr. Judson, by British engineers, and in an incredibly brief period, became a city of many thousand inhabitants. In India the building of a house requires but a few hours' labor, and the population fluctuates with strange facility from place to place. It is only necessary to make a clearing in the jungle, and erect barracks for a few soldiers, and, as water rushes at once into hollows scooped in the damp sea-sand, so do the swarming natives of India crowd by thousands into the clearing, and create a city. Amherst was built upon the banks of the Martaban, near its mouth, about twenty-five miles below the city of Maulmein, (whose growth was like that of Amherst,) and nearly seventy-five miles eastward of Rangoon.

On his arrival at Amherst, Mr. Boardman first met Mr. Judson. Mrs. Judson was now in her grave, and her afflicted husband seemed to be almost worn out with trouble and suffering. A few days after this, Mr. Judson was called to bury his only child, his "tender-hearted, affectionate, darling Maria," by the side of her mother. Mr. Boardman was obliged to make her coffin with his own hands!

It was soon determined, on consultation between Messrs. Wade, Judson, and Boardman, that two Mission establishments should be commenced, — one by Mr. W. in Amherst, another by Mr. B. in Maulmein, — between which Mr. J. was to divide his care.

In prosecution of this project, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman proceeded on the 28th of May, to Maulmein. Of that city he says, "the native population of M. is supposed to be 20,000. *One year ago it was all a thick jungle, without an inhabitant!*" On the evening of May 28th, Mr. B. makes the following entry in his Journal: — "Arrived at Maulmein. After nearly two years of wanderings, without any certain dwelling-place, we have to day become inhabitants of a little spot of earth, and have entered a house which we call our earthly home. None but those who have been in similar circumstances, can conceive the satisfaction we now enjoy." This sounds pleasantly, and seems to promise quiet, comfort and security;

and perhaps the reader might be ready to fancy that after all a missionary's life was about as pleasant and easy as any other person's. We advise him to suspend his judgment, till he has examined somewhat more particularly into the facts in the case.

Looking further along the Journal we find recorded against June 25, the following startling piece of information: — "last night our house was robbed of nearly every valuable article it contained!" Is this one of the *comforts* of missionary life? The robbery was committed by desperadoes from the opposite shore of the Martaban river. This river separates the British and Burmese territories; on its western bank the deserted city of Martaban was the lurking-place of numerous hordes of robbers, who were continually crossing over at night for the sake of plunder, and who scrupled no more at murder than at robbery. On this occasion the plunderers, taking advantage of Mr. Boardman's solitary situation, broke into what was *called* his *house;* — "a *house* of such frail materials," to use the words of Mrs. Boardman, "*that it could be cut open in any part with a pair of scissors;*" they broke open and rifled every trunk, box and bureau, and carried off looking-glass, watch, spoons, and keys, in short every article of value they could find. Fortunately Mr. and Mrs. Boardman were not awakened by the noise of the marauders, and knew nothing of their loss till morning. Had their slumbers been broken, there can be no doubt that they would have been instantly murdered; for there had been cut through the moscheto curtains of the bed two large holes, one at the foot, and the other at the head, through which the villains doubtless watched with murderous eye the faces of the sleepers.

After this robbery a guard of two sepoys was stationed in Mr. Boardman's house; but, as it seemed, their presence was intended to reveal the existence of another species of that danger, by which Mr. and Mrs. B. were surrounded. As one of the guard was sitting in the verandah, a tiger, or some other furious beast, sprang suddenly upon him, and before help could arrive had scratched and wounded him considerably. The silence of midnight was almost constantly interrupted by the howling of wild beasts, so that our friends were daily obliged to shudder at the frail structure and flimsy protection of their abode. An incident related by Mrs. Wade during her recent visit to this country, was listened to with thrilling

interest by the writer of this article, and as it seems worthy of repetition, now that we are speaking of the dangers of a residence in India, — it may be here related.

In the rear of their bamboo hut was a small garden enclosed by a slight wicker fence, and surrounded by jungle. In this enclosure was erected a little summer-house or arbor, of scarcely firmer fabric than the wicker, and elevated a few feet above the ground. This room was occupied by Mr. Judson as a study, while the house was open for the reception of visitors, who might come to inquire about the new religion. Mr. Judson was engaged in translating the Bible, and Mr. and Mrs. Wade in teaching, and in distributing books. At the close of a day of toil, Mr. and Mrs. Wade retired to the study of Mr. Judson, for the purpose of spending a short time with him in conversation. As it grew dark they rose to return to the house. Mrs. Wade first stepped out of the summer-house, pausing on the steps to complete a sentence which she was uttering. A little dog that accompanied her ran out before his mistress towards the house. He had scarcely reached the gate when an enormous tiger leaped growling upon him from the jungle. The size of the spaniel saved him, for he slipped through the claws of the wild beast and ran yelping into the house. Robbed of his expected prey, the tiger, as though alarmed at finding himself encaged by the garden fence, walked rapidly around the area, snuffing the breeze and searching for an outlet. Mrs. Wade had retreated into the arbor, and through its frail texture the three friends now gazed upon their dangerous neighbor. As he approached them he seemed to become conscious of their vicinity, and be roused to fury by the smell of blood. At this moment a large mastiff, who was attracted by the yelping of the spaniel, came barking into the garden. Fatally for him, but fortunately for his owners, he was seen by the tiger, who in an instant, with a howl that resounded far through the stillness of evening, sprang upon the faithful creature, siezed him with the gripe of death, and sprang off with his prey into the jungle.

Occasionally moved to fear by incidents like these, Mrs. Boardman was ready to exclaim "oh for one little, *little* room, composed of such materials as would enable us and our babe to sleep in safety!"

At his house in Maulmein Mr. Boardman, who had now acquired a tolerable knowledge of the language, devoted his

time to the reception and instruction of those natives who were curious to learn the religion which he had come so far to teach. He was almost constantly surrounded by these inquirers. He also visited among the natives, declaring to all the story of salvation, and the doctrine of the Gospel. On Sunday, July 22, he and his wife alone sat down to celebrate the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; — and although far from all christian friends, they felt no ordinary degree of religious delight in performing that service. We have no doubt that, to a really pious man, the very circumstances of separation from Christians, and of being surrounded by the horrible rites and the unspeakable evils of paganism, would be productive of both benefit and comfort, by compelling him to look within himself, and to his relation with the great Father of all, for enjoyment; and would thus elevate and spiritualize his thoughts and affections; while the awful contrast, ever present to his eyes, between the loveliness of Christianity and the loathsomeness of idolatry, must of necessity inflame his love for the one and his horror for the other, and thus at once add depth to his devotion, and ardor to his zeal for the conversion of the perishing crowd around him. Such was the effect produced upon Mr. and Mrs. Boardman; and in the pages of their journals and letters there appears the most convincing proof, that to them the joys of religion were constantly on the increase.

In October of this year Mr. Wade and wife, and Mr. Judson removed from Amherst, and joined Mr. B. at Maulmein. This removal was occasioned by the rapid decrease of population at Amherst, the inhabitants of which thronged into Maulmein. Before the close of the year two schools, one for children of each sex, were established, and two places of public worship erected. In these houses of worship Mr. Wade and Mr. Judson were daily employed in proclaiming religious truths and in circulating religious books and tracts. The schools were speedily filled, and the zayats crowded with listeners.

Two of Mr. Boardman's pupils were children of a Burman woman who had died a Christian. He was gratified to perceive that the mother had early and thoroughly taught them Bible truths, and that they were familiar with the narrative and doctrine of the sacred volume. The following is a translation of a letter dictated by one of them in January, 1828:

"Believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, I daily, without ceasing, offer up prayers. I pray continually that the blessed religion of the Lord Jesus Christ may be established. I am reading the Gospel of Matthew, and the Epistle to the Hebrews, and am studying a tract. I have great respect and love for my benefactors who live in America, and affectionately address them this letter."

The labors of the missionaries were not unattended with success. Three of the natives became believers in Christianity and were baptised, within a few months; and several more requested admission into the little church; so that there was much reason to rejoice that the mission had been fixed in Maulmein.

On the 8th of March, 1828, our friends were threatened with destruction by a danger not altogether unknown in some portions of our own country. Just as they were lighting their evening lamps, they heard "the noise of a mighty rushing wind" approaching, and on going to the door discovered that the whole range of hills eastward was enveloped in flames, which, with the roaring sound of a hurricane, rapidly spread through the thick and dry grass and undergrowth of the jungle, toward their bamboo cottage. As the fire flew on the wings of the wind from point to point, it seemed that nothing could rescue the house from its fury; Mr. and Mrs. B. hastily packed up a few valuable articles and prepared to retreat from the devouring element. Their regret at being thus driven from their home was accompanied by a fear lest their path should be beset with the tigers, leopards, and other wild beasts, which were expelled from their usual haunts by the flames. The fire continued to advance till within a few feet of the houses, when providentially the wind ceased, and its progress was arrested. "Thus we are again preserved," says Mr. B. "when no human arm could have saved us!" The feelings of a *husband* were on this occasion associated with the love of a *father*.

Twenty-one days after this occurrence Mr. and Mrs. Boardman were once more without a home, pilgrims and wanderers. In accordance with the plan of the Missionary Board at home, it was resolved that a new station should be established in the province of Tavoy. This province, which is one of those ceded to England at the close of the recent Burmese war, lies at the head of that peninsula, which separates the Bay of Bengal from the Gulf of Siam, north of the Malay country, and adjoining

the kingdom of Siam. The capital city of this province, which bears the same name, is situated in latitude 13° 4′ north, on a low plain, almost surrounded by high mountains. To this city, which is one hundred and fifty miles eastward of Rangoon, it was deemed advisable to send Mr. Boardman: and as duty seemed to require his consent, he gave it cheerfully, although contrary to his most cherished plans.

He had hailed Maulmein as a home, and looked forward to a fixed residence therein with real pleasure. To his church and school there he had become strongly attached, and from his pupils and hearers he had reason to expect that many would become believers in Christianity. If it had been necessary for him to remove, and he had been permitted to select his own place of residence, he would have gone to Aracan, where labored and died that Mr. Colman, whose fate had first kindled in his breast a desire to go to India. But still he was ready to yield to the wish of others, and settle in Tavoy. That this submission cost him some effort, and was considerably opposed to his own previous desire, we infer from some singular precepts which he wrote and sent to a young friend in America. He says "Do not be disappointed or grieved if your brethren should pursue a course, in several respects different from what you should recommend!"

On his arrival with Mrs. Boardman and his infant daughter, at Tavoy, they were kindly received by Mr. Burney the commissioner for the Tavoy district; though their spirits seemed to have been somewhat affected by not knowing whether they were to spend their days in Tavoy, or wander still farther. "One thing *is* certain," says Mr. B. "we were brought here by the guidance of Providence. It was no favorite scheme of ours."

Within ten days from his arrival Mr. Boardman procured a house, was quietly settled, and had begun to preach in the language of Burmah to curious crowds of the worshippers of Guadama, many of whom manifested a very encouraging spirit of candor and inquiry.

Soon after Mr. Boardman was established in Tavoy, he was brought into connexion with the *Karens*, a singular and hitherto almost unknown race of men. Of this race we are induced to speak more particularly, inasmuch as recent inquiry seems to establish, or at least render extremely probable, its descent from a Hebrew root.

The Karens are a wild and ignorant race of men, scattered in prodigious numbers over all the wilds of Aracan, Burmah, Martaban, Tavoy, Mergui, Siam and other countries. They live in places almost inaccessible to any but themselves and the wild beasts, — differing most essentially from the other inhabitants of the abovenamed countries, with a peculiar physiognomy, a peculiar language, peculiar mental and moral qualities, and characteristics. They had no written language, and of course no literature, until Mr. Wade, one of the missionaries of the American Baptist Board, reduced their language to writing. But they abound in curious traditions, handed down from generation to generation, in the form of both prose and poetry. Amongst other traditional stories is this: — that when some superior being was dispensing written languages and books, to the various nations of the earth, a surly dog came along and drove away the Karens, and carried off their books. Because of their singular habits, their ignorance and want of written language, they are called *Wildmen* by the Burmans. Mr. Boardman supposed that they were atheists, — but incorrectly; for although we find among them few traces of religious belief, it is evident from the tradition just related, and from the discoveries of Mr. Mason, a missionary now amongst them, that they have a tolerably clear conception of a Supreme Being. They are not, however, idolaters. Their simplicity of life may be learned from the short inventory of the chattels and personal property, which constitute their domestic wealth. These are a box of betel made of bamboo, — a little rice, a basket, a cup, two pots, a spinning-wheel, a knife, an axe, a mat, a few buckets, and a moveable fire-place. This is their whole array of valuables. They manufacture an intoxicating liquor, and are much addicted to intemperance. Too idle and effeminate to be quarrelsome, they are peaceful and mild in their disposition and habits, and being persecuted and trampled on by their haughty neighbors, they are driven together by community of suffering, and attached by brotherhood in misfortune.

A more extended notice should be given to those circumstances, which have led to the conjecture that the Karens are of Jewish original.

At the request of the English commissioner, Mr. Mason, who had been much amongst the Karens, communicated to him the following results of his observation and inquiry in regard to them. Their countenance is decidedly Jewish: the

beard is worn long by many of them, and their dress, differing from that of surrounding nations, is precisely like that of the Hebrews, both in texture, fashion and mode of wearing. But it is their remarkable traditions which most strikingly indicate an affinity with, if not a descent from, the Hebrew race.

These traditions have been preserved, like the poems of Ossian, by fond memories delighting to revive the recollections of former glory and prosperity; — repeated by grandsires at eventide to their listening descendants, and sung by mourners over the graves of their elders.

They believe in a God, who is denominated Kū-tsa, or great Lord, — and Yu-wah, or Jehovah. That this last word is identical with the Hebrew Jehovah seems very probable. We know not how the original word in Hebrew was pronounced. The Greek writers spelt it thus, ΙΑΩ. With the Masoretic pointing, and dropping the middle syllable, as Bishops Hare and Lowth both do, we have the Karen word Yu-wah. Like the Jews the Karens regard this word as sacred, and fear to utter it. They repeat a verse containing this sentiment:—

"God created us in ancient time,
And has a perfect knowledge of all things:
Call him not Yu-wah, but call him Pū; — (great ancestor;)
When men call his name he hears!"

With regard to God's attributes, their belief is thus expressed:—

"God is unchangeable and eternal:
He was in the beginning of the world:
The life of God is endless:
A succession of words does not measure it."

They believe in the existence of heavenly beings, who have never sinned, and who are the angels, or messengers, of Deity. The following beautiful verse is a part of one of their old poems:

"The sons of heaven are holy,
They sit by the seat of God:
The sons of heaven are righteous,
They dwell together with God,
They lean against his silver seat."

Satan, or a sinful and fallen angel, enters into their company

of supernatural beings. The following stanza might be mistaken for the production of David, or Isaiah: —

"Satan in days of old was holy,
But he transgressed God's law:
Satan of old was righteous,
But he departed from the law of God,
And God drove him away."

Another of their traditional relics, in the prosaic form, is thus expressed: "Oh children and grand-children! in the beginning God, to try man, whether he would or would not observe his commands, created the tree of death and the tree of life; saying concerning the tree of death, 'eat not of it!' He wished to see whether man believed. Not believing, he ate of the fruit of the tree of death; and the tree of life God hid. Because the tree of life has been hidden, men have died ever since that time." The Karens say that Satan tempted woman to eat the forbidden fruit of the tree of death.

They also believe that woman was made from the rib of man. The dispersion at Babel is thus described: —

"Men were all brethren:
They spoke the language of God:
But they disbelieved the language of God,
And became enemies to each other.
Because they disbelieved God,
Their language was divided.
God gave them commands,
But they believed him not,
And divisions ensued: —"

and the ultimate fate of the earth, to which frequent allusions are made in their poetry, they say will be destruction by fire.

Their religious code embraces the following scriptural duties: — viz. love to God, prayer, repentance, abstinence from idolatry, honor to parents, which last is thus declared, —

"Respect and reverence your father and mother; for when you were small they did not suffer so much as a moscheto to bite you. To sin against your parents is a heinous crime. —

It also includes love to others, — alms-giving, — universal benevolence, — love to enemies, — patience and humility: — and like the scripture, it forbids murder, robbery, theft, adultery, lying, profanity, idleness, covetousness, avarice, intemperance,

anger and revenge. The following precept seems to have been drawn fresh from the sermon of Christ on the mount: — "Oh children and grand-children! if a person strike you on the face, he does not strike you on the face; he only strikes on the floor: therefore if a person strike you on one cheek, give him the other to strike."

Respecting their own nation, the Karens say that God formerly loved it above all others, but that on account of its sins he punished it, and reduced its inhabitants to their present condition. "But," say they, "God will again have mercy on us: God will save us again." "Oh children and grand-children! the Karen will yet dwell in the city with the golden palace; — the Karen king will yet appear, and when he arrives there will be happiness.

"Good persons, the good,
Shall go to the silver city:
Righteous persons shall go
To the new town, — the new city!"

"When the Karen king arrives,
There will be only one monarch:
When the Karen king comes,
Rich and poor will not exist!"

"When the Karen king arrives,
Every thing will be happy:
When the Karen king arrives,
The beasts will be happy:
When Karens have a king,
Lions and leopards will lose their savageness!"

Abundance of quotations from their unwritten literature might be made to illustrate the similarity which exists between the Karens and the Jews, and to show that they are a most remarkable race of men. But enough has been already laid before our readers, to excite curiosity and direct the attention of philosophic as well as religious inquirers to this hitherto unknown race.

Such being their character, condition, and religious notions, it cannot surprise us that when they heard of the religion of Jesus Christ from Mr. Boardman, they were ready to admire and embrace it. Immediately after his arrival in Tavoy he was visited by some of the neighboring Karen tribes, who were able

to converse in the Burman tongue, and who listened with the simplicity and candor of children to his conversation, and displayed so great a willingness to adopt Christianity, that he was led to question their sincerity. He could not readily believe that a people so barbarous, so far removed from all christian countries, and who seemed to him wholly irreligious, were sincerely gratified to learn the story of the Gospel, and adopt the religion of Jesus. To us, who now know more about them, it seems by no means strange that they were thus affected.

The few Karens who first called on Mr. B. soon returned to their mountain fastnesses, and circulated the thrilling news that a teacher, from a strange and far distant land, had come to preach a new religion, — a religion that told of one God, of a Saviour, of a pure and peaceful and holy life, of love to God and love to man; of an immortality, and of a heaven of blessedness. The glad tidings ran, like fire upon the mountains, from village to village, and was every where hailed as the dawning of a long expected day, — the day when the poor Karens should once more have a national faith, — a religion answering to the traditions of their fathers.

From far distant hills, and remote valleys and forests, Karen inquirers flocked to Tavoy, and thronging around *the teacher*, hung upon his lips, and eagerly listened to his instructions, and manifested child-like pleasure and credulity in receiving as true all his assertions. Mr. Boardman was amazed; — he knew not what to believe or think. They urged him to come up into their wild hills, and visit them; and promised that he should be welcomed as a messenger of joy. They told him many singular stories, and among others this; — that more than ten years before, a man in a strange dress came among them, and preached a strange doctrine, and left among them a book in a strange language, which he ordered them to worship, telling them also that there was but one living and true God. After he went away they remembered and believed his words; they appointed a priest to take charge of the sacred volume, of which they did not know even the language, and they continued, in defiance of severe persecution by the Burmans, to obey their unknown teacher, and worship the book and the one living and true God.

Mr. Boardman's curiosity was aroused: he requested them to bring and show to him this sacred book; and they readily promised to do so. Their compliance was delayed first by the

sickness of the person who acted as priest or guardian of the mysterious volume, and next by the floods which in the rainy season of the year completely cut off the city of Tavoy from the Karen villages. It was not till September that they succeeded in gratifying Mr. Boardman's wishes. Early in September, on returning home one day from his house of public worship, (zayat) he found his dwelling thronged with Karens, who informed him that the teacher had arrived with THE BOOK, the much venerated book. He called them up and inquired what they wished; — when the teacher came forward, and thus replied. — "*My Lord*, your humble servants have come from the wilderness to lay at your lordship's feet a certain book, and to inquire of your lordship whether it is good or bad, true or false. We, Karens, your humble servants, are an ignorant race of people; we have no books, no written language; we know nothing of God or his law. When this book was given us we were charged to worship it, which we have done for twelve years. But we know nothing of its contents, not so much as in what language it is written. We have heard of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and are persuaded of its truth, and we wish to know if this book contains the doctrine of that Gospel. We are persuaded that your lordship can easily settle that question, and teach us the true way of becoming happy." Mr. B. requested them to show the book, when the old man opened a large basket, and having removed fold after fold of wrappers, he handed out an old tattered duodecimo volume; — it was an English copy of the *Prayer Book and Psalter!* For twelve years had this little work been made an object of ignorant worship.

The deified book, through the politeness of the Baptist Missionary Board, now lies before the writer of this article. It is covered with coarse, blue, cotton cloth, and wrapped about with a long strip of muslin, white, striped, and rudely embroidered. The volume has lost both its covers, and several of the outside pages at each end; but fortunately the title-page to the Psalms, towards the close, is in good preservation. The gilding of the leaves is only partially injured. It is a pleasing and singular fact that, in its present condition, the volume commences with the collect for *The Epiphany, or the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.* The title-page to the Psalms reads thus: —

"The whole BOOK of PSALMS, collected into English Me-

tre, by THOMAS STERNHOLD, JOHN HOPKINS, and others; conferred with the Hebrew; set forth and allowed to be sung in all churches, of all the people together, before and after morning and evening prayer; and also before and after sermons; and moreover in private houses, for their godly solace and comfort; laying apart all ungodly songs and ballads, which tend only to the nourishing of vice, and corrupting of youth. OXFORD; &c. &c. MDCCCVI."

Within the leaves we find, in the writing of Mr. Boardman himself, the following short account. "This book of Common Prayer, with the Psalms, was, for about twelve years, an object of religious veneration, to a company of wild men (Karens) in the province of Tavoy. They knew nothing of its contents, — not even in what language it was composed, — but as they were taught by the person who gave it them, they paid it an ignorant but supreme worship, till, hearing of our arrival in Tavoy, they brought it forward and presented it to me, accepting in its stead a version of a part of the Psalms in the Burman language, which they partially understand. Some of them have since embraced the Gospel, and are desirous of being baptised. The book is now forwarded to America, to be deposited in the Museum of the American Baptist Board of Foreign Missions.

Tavoy, March 25th, 1829.

It were vain to conjecture how this little book found its way into the heart of the Tavoy forest, where it was found, as never book before was seen, elevated into an object of religious adoration. But one cannot help wondering whether it was left with the Karens by a really pious Englishman, its owner, whose instructions were misunderstood, or by some profane scoffer, who was willing to try the experiment of furnishing a barbarous tribe with an object of sacred respect, and left his prayer-book as the first thing that came to hand for the purpose. We scarcely hope to see the mystery solved.

We are ahead of our story, to which we will now return. Mr. Boardman established a school immediately after his arrival in Tavoy, and pursued the same course of public teaching as at Maulmein, and, as at that place, so here also, he attracted great curiosity, and was resorted to by great numbers, until he became an object of suspicion to the priesthood. This nu-

merous body, which in Tavoy alone amounted to at least two hundred, soon found, like the shrine-makers of Ephesus, that the new religion was likely to make sad work with their ancient power, consideration and wealth; and *of course* could not avoid cherishing towards the teacher of it a spirit of enmity and revenge. We say *of course*, for the religion of Guadama or Boodh, does not teach its disciples to return benefit for injury, — good for evil. But however unpleasant might be the aspect of their angry countenances, and the sound of their unfriendly voices, no real and open danger could be apprehended from the priests under the sway of the British government; so that, although their timid disciples might, by the frowns of these ministers of iniquity, be frightened from Mr. Boardman's zayat, yet Mr. and Mrs. Boardman themselves had nothing to apprehend.

Soon after their arrival in Tavoy, a Karen, named Ko-thah-byoo, who had become a Christian in Maulmein, and removed with Mr. B., was baptized. Moved by the desire of extending to his countrymen in Tavoy the gospel-light, he started, immediately after his baptism, on an excursion among the distant Karen settlements; and with him went many joyful members of these rude tribes. Three excursions of this kind did he make, each one of longer duration than the last, before Mr. Boardman himself complied with the oft repeated request of the Karens to come himself among them. Roused by the strange message which was thus brought among them, these simple-hearted people travelled many days' journey to converse with the American Teacher, and on their return spread still more widely the moving story, so that, in more than one vast province of India, the Karens were excited to inquiry.

The year 1828 passed away, without Mr. Boardman's having yielded to the Karen call. Meantime he had been laboring day and night with a zeal of exhausting ardor, and a consuming industry. His labors had been crowned with the establishment of a native church, consisting of four members, and of a flourishing school. One of his baptismal scenes is so finely sketched by his pen, that we cannot deny our readers the pleasure of its perusal.

"Having previously examined Moung-Bo and Kee-Keang, the two persons who applied for baptism last month, we could not, consistently with our feelings of duty, defer their case any longer,

and this day has been fixed on for administering the ordinance. Accordingly, after worship, a little band of us, passing through that part of the town most sacred to Guadama, bent our way among Pagodas, temples, and Kyoungs, — alike unheeded and unheeding, — and entering the high Pagoda road, we passed on till we came to the baptismal tank. Near the tank, was a tall Pagoda, pointing its gilded summit to the skies. It being Burman as well as Christian worship day, the multitude were gathered around to pay their devotions to the gilded shrine. In that tank, under the shadow of that Pagoda, and in sight of their former companions, who now gazed with mingled astonishment and malice, the two young disciples solemnly renounced their vain idols, and put on the Lord Jesus Christ, by a public profession of his name. Oh! it was a joyful and memorable occasion. Some of the heavenly host, I doubt not, gazed on the sight with approbation; and he who promised to be in the midst of two or three assembled in his name, was, I trust, in the midst of us."

Mr. B. had devised an extensive and excellent plan of school instruction for the province of Tavoy, which now promises, in the hands of the Missionary Board, to become productive of abundant good. His labors had been rendered more arduous by the fact that the dialect of the Burmese, spoken in Tavoy, differed widely from that which he had previously learned at Calcutta and Maulmein, so that while teaching his scholars, preaching to his hearers, engaged in building zayats and houses, contriving plans of operation, performing the domestic duties of husband and parent, and corresponding with friends in America, he was obliged to prosecute the study of Tavoyan-Burmese.

These multiplied duties, pursued in that urgent spirit which characterized this good man, so wore upon his feeble system, that in December of this year, (1828) he was attacked with one of the most alarming symptoms of consumption, — a copious expectoration of blood. This circumstance was enough to remind Mr. Boardman that his tenure on life was feeble and uncertain, — but not enough to damp his zeal. He regarded it as a warning to "work while the day lasted."

On the 5th of February, 1829, he left his wife and family for the purpose of making his long projected visit to the Karens. He was accompanied by two Karens, two of the largest boys from his school, and a Malabar cook. They started at 9 o'clock, A. M. and travelled till 5 P. M., but proceeded only

eighteen miles. It was the hottest season of the year, — the road was a winding foot-path, traversing cultivated fields, and uncultivated hills and valleys, and thick, tangled, and lofty bamboo jungles. They suffered from the burning heat, and were completely drenched by an unexpected shower of rain, which overtook them in an uninhabited spot, and beat upon them furiously. They were obliged to encamp in the open wilderness, — where they were again wet through by a storm that lasted till midnight.

On the 6th they rose early, feeling grateful that they had not fallen a prey to the tigers, wild elephants, or other savage animals which haunt these forests. Their road this day lay over rough cliffs and precipices, across large streams, and along the rugged banks of mountain torrents. They slept in the hut of a hospitable Karen.

On the 7th they met messengers from a Karen village, who came out to receive them with a warm and christian-like hospitality, which cheered Mr. Boardman's heart. At three o'clock they reached the village, found a large house prepared for them, and were literally overwhelmed with presents of provisions and fruits. The faces of the villagers beamed with delight, and they exclaimed "ah, you have come *at last;* we have long wanted to see you!" Mr. Boardman, notwithstanding his fatigue, preached to the natives who assembled this evening, and again he delivered three sermons on the day following. On the 9th he delivered several sermons, and spent the day (Sunday) in a manner to himself most delightful. As he intended to depart early next morning, nearly half the congregation remained in the zayat all night, so as to bid him farewell.

On the 10th and 11th he preached in other villages, where, as before, he found attentive and eager listeners.

On the 12th he travelled through the most difficult paths under circumstances of great discomfort, and at night after going to bed, he was for the third time deluged with a rain so powerful that it penetrated the bamboo roof, and soaked through all his clothing, and drenched his baggage.

On the 13th he returned to Tavoy, — having travelled more than a hundred miles, and preached *seventeen* sermons within the space of nine days, besides being exposed to the fury of storms in unsheltered places. By this journey Mr. Boardman was convinced that his doubts

as to the sincerity of the Karen character were unjust. The hospitalities which he received, the joy created by his presence among the villagers, the earnest attention bestowed upon his preaching, were enough to satisfy him that the Karens were prepared to adopt his religion and become Christians.

On his return to Tavoy, his feelings were severely tried by discovering that some of the native members of his church had been guilty of gross misconduct, and were disgracing their profession. Family trouble was soon added to his afflictions, by the illness of his wife. In May, he was obliged by her feebleness of health to abandon his labors for a time for the purpose of giving her the benefit of a voyage. A fortnight's vacation restored her strength and spirits, and he returned to Tavoy.

In July, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman were called upon to mourn the death of their eldest child. "Our anxieties about her," says the weeping father, "are now over; but Oh! how affection still clings to her, and often sets her ruddy, beauteous form before our eyes!" At the same time their only surviving child was apparently at the point of death, — so that, while laying Sarah in her grave, they trembled at the probability of soon depositing George by her side. But he was spared.

During this month, Mr. Boardman prepared a record of the various afflictions by which his soul had been tried within the year; these were three successive losses of property by shipwreck: the apostasy of several of his church: two attacks of hemorrhage on the lungs; the illness of his wife, the death of one child and the alarming illness of the other. "It grieves me," said he, "to think that I was so sinful as to need such afflictions!"

On Sunday morning, August 9th, our friends were roused from their sleep by the ringing of alarm bells, discharges of musketry, and the cries of their pupils, "master, teacher, Tavoy rebels." They rose in great alarm and found that the city was in open revolt, and bullets were whistling around their heads. The rebel forces soon compelled them to desert their house, which stood without the city gates, and to take refuge within the walls. The English forces were small and feeble, and under the pressure of an immense host of insurgents, every moment becoming more numerous and violent, they were obliged in a few hours to evacuate the city, and retreat to the wharf. To

this place, a wooden building of six rooms, were carried the arms and other military stores; and therein were huddled all the sepoys with their baggage, and hundreds of European women and children, all looking for protection to the English. In these narrow quarters, surrounded by casks of gunpowder, which were exposed to constant danger of explosion, — cut off from all communication with any other place, — poorly furnished with provisions, and exhausted by fatigue and the diseases of the rainy season, the wretched Europeans awaited their approaching fate. Meantime the work of destruction went rapidly forward in the city, and fire and sword made terrible havoc. On Thursday morning an assault was made at day-break upon the wharf, by a party of five hundred insurgents, who set fire to several neighboring houses and vessels. Providentially a violent rain prevented the spread of the flames; and still more fortunately, a British steamer hove in sight, bringing succor to the desponding garrison at the wharf. The steam vessel, after taking the females on board, returned for reinforcements to Maulmein. On Saturday an attack was made upon the town by the British, and the walls again brought into their possession. On Sunday the city was completely restored to quiet, and the European inhabitants freed from all danger. Mr. Boardman describes the scene presented on his return within the walls, as one of utter and awful havoc and desolation. Everything destructible had been destroyed. His own house was "cut to pieces," its contents burnt, or broken, or carried off, — and nothing but a few fragments left to indicate its fate. But his wife and child were safe at Maulmein; his own life was preserved, and none of his church or scholars had been concerned in, or injured by, the insurrection; — his strongest feeling, therefore, was *gratitude*. In about a month he and his family were once more at Tavoy, as though nothing had occurred.

To increase that pleasure which he had derived from a short visit at Maulmein with Messrs. Judson and Wade, he now found that his fate had been an object of intense interest to the Karens, and that his safety was a subject of devout thankfulness. These "wild-men" flocked around him from the remotest corners of Tavoy, in great numbers; and one old man of threescore and five years had traversed mountains, rocks, hills and streams, a distance of fifty miles, to solicit baptism.

Encouraged by increasing attention among the natives, he now

commenced a course of itinerary preaching in the scattered villages of Tavoy; visiting three or four of these villages each week, and teaching both publicly and from house to house. It is impossible for us to form adequate notions of the arduousness of this mode of labor, in the burning climate of India. Within two months he visited nearly thirty villages in this manner, being almost universally received willingly and with pleasure, though sometimes treated with unkindness. The Karen village Ts'heik-koo, the one in which he first preached in February, became wholly Christian in its character, paying a sacred regard to the Sabbath, and in other respects conforming to Christian customs and institutions. The schools became more full and flourishing than ever, — the church increased in numbers, and a delightful prosperity seemed destined to follow the short reign of confusion and danger.

Early in 1830, Mr. Boardman's constitution began rapidly to break down under his enormous burden of care and labor; — and the voice of approaching death was heard in his consumptive cough. Mrs. Boardman was also reduced to the very point of death by disease, and the whole system of Missionary operations was for several weeks suspended, while Mr. B. attended, as he thought, to the wants of his dying wife. "What will become of my child," thought he; "what will become of the schools, of the poor native women, — and what will become of *me*, if she die?" On her recovery his thankfulness knew no bounds; — his letters are eloquent in their utterance of joy and praise.

There are but few incidents to relate as occurring within the year 1830. Mrs. Boardman's health compelled her to leave Tavoy and go to Maulmein, where she and her husband were once more obliged to mourn over the death of a child, — an infant son. Mr. B. made a third and long excursion among the Karens, on the hill of Tavoy, where the Gospel was hailed as indeed glad tidings. By advice of his missionary brethren, he passed a few months in Maulmein; — but, their plan not being carried into full effect, he returned to the Tavoy station. At the close of the year, the Tavoy church included thirty-one native members, — of whom eighteen Karens were baptized at once, in November. Mr. Boardman's health was now wretchedly bad, — and it was manifest to all, that he had but a brief period of labor or of life before him. But his heart

beat joyfully even in prospect of death, — and his spirits rose in anticipation of his heavenly rest.

The last record which has reached America, in Mr. Boardman's hand-writing, is dated January 1, 1831, and is an entry in his Journal. It announces the expected addition of one or two missionaries to the Tavoy station, — and of several Karens to the church.

On the 23d of January, Rev. Mr. Mason and wife arrived at Tavoy, from America. They arrived in time to accompany Mr. Boardman in his last tour among the Karens, and to witness his death.

Mr. Mason perceived on his arrival, that Boardman was "a dying man," but as his heart was fixed on visiting the Karen villages once more, no objection was made to the journey, — although he was too much debilitated to walk. He was carried by his faithful Karens on a cot-bed the whole distance of a three days' journey, accompanied by Mr. Mason, and by his own affectionate wife, who would not remain behind. The journey was commenced on the 31st of January.

On arriving at the zayat, which had been prepared for his reception, the Karen converts who were anxious to be baptized came in for examination, and the worthy missionary, reclining on his couch, devoted his failing breath to the agreeable duty. Of more than fifty who applied, thirty-four were deemed fit subjects of baptism. When the hour for performing this ceremony arrived, Mr. Boardman, at his own request, was carried to the water-side, though so weak that he could scarcely breathe without the use of the fan and smelling-bottle. His great desire was to behold the administration of the ordinance, — and he said that he could then die with the exclamation of Simeon on his lips, — "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" His emotions were almost too powerful for his frame. He afterwards addressed a few words to the natives around him, and offered a short prayer. The party attempted the following day to return; — they were overtaken by a violent shower of rain; — the dying man was again drenched with wet among those hills, where he had so often before been exposed to tempest; — he survived the night, but died at noon of February 12th, in the arms of the Karen attendants, who were bearing him homeward. The sorrow of wife and friends, who shall describe? The hand of God was recognised even through the cloud of death, and the grief of those who la-

mented the removal of a faithful servant in the midst of his labors, was assuaged by the reflection, that he had "entered into the joy of his Lord."

The whole Christian world were Boardman's mourners. The whole Karen nation wept bitterly over his grave. The station at Tavoy is now occupied by faithful Missionaries, — and the blessings of Christianity are rapidly spreading over that province; — but Boardman is still unforgotten; — *his* name, who first preached salvation to the poor *wildmen*, is now whispered by hundreds of grateful voices at the even-tide circle of friends, and at the altar of simple and pure devotion.

We must close our long article somewhat abruptly, by a recommendation of the biography to the perusal of our readers, who will find it full of interest, and free from any display of narrow or sectarian feeling. The following Epitaph is intended to be inscribed on Boardman's tomb.

Sacred to the memory of George D. Boardman, American Missionary to Burmah. Born Feb. 8, 1801, — Died Feb. 11, 1831. *His Epitaph is written in the adjoining forests.* Ask in the Christian villages of yonder mountains — who taught you to abandon the worship of demons? — Who raised you from vice to morality? — Who brought you your Bibles, your Sabbaths, and your words of prayer? Let the reply be his Eulogy! *a cruce corona.*

Art. V. — *National Gallery.*

The National Portrait Gallery of distinguished Americans, conducted by James Herring, New-York, and James B. Longacre, Philadelphia. New-York.

Among the various expressions by which the predominating spirit of the times, especially as developed in this country, has been described, one of the happiest is that which denominates it "the age of commemoration." For some time past a disposition has been manifested, in almost every section of the Union, to recover and to record every thing, which might be regarded

as illustrative of the men and events connected with the history of the country. This historical spirit may justly be considered as one of the main-springs of that remarkable advancement of the national literature, which has occurred within the last twenty years. It will be regarded by our posterity, in all coming ages, as most fortunate for them that this commemorative propensity began to be so actively and effectually exhibited by a generation, standing so near, as we do, to the very commencement of the existence of the country itself, as the abode of civilization. Although two centuries have necessarily thrown some shadows over the incidents and characters of our annals, the most important of them, and indeed almost all of them of any importance, may still be recovered from obscurity, and secured from oblivion; and if we are faithful to our trust, and make a proper use of our opportunities, it will be entirely in our power to preserve, for coming ages, all that is worth preservation of the history of our own times.

In a literary point of view it is impossible to estimate too highly, the importance of cultivating the spirit of which we are speaking. The most natural and useful basis of a national literature is found in historical incidents, persons, and associations. They will supply the best, — and in the absence of mythology and superstition, the only materials for poetry and romance, the most authentic illustrations of political philosophy and moral science, and the most stirring and affecting topics of eloquence. No people can possibly be barbarous, or unintellectual, who receive from their ancestors, as a continually accumulating inheritance, a knowledge of the men and events of their own lengthening annals.

Beside the interesting associations thus connected with local and territorial objects, enjoying the notice, awakening the reflections, and expanding the minds of the people, a high moral influence will, at the same time, be brought to bear upon their characters. They will spend their daily lives in scenes which will speak to them, even with more powerful persuasion than from living lips, the language of encouragement and of admonition, inspiring them with enthusiasm for virtue, with horror for crime, and with a true love of glory. He, whose fancy delights to call up the images of his ancestors, feels that he is not merely living in the presence of his contemporaries, but that he is surrounded, at every step, by a continually thickening cloud of witnesses, gathered from every generation of his honored fore-

fathers. But this is not all. He is constantly reminded that the same embalming genius, which thus preserves the memory of his ancestors, may also bear down his own name, either in honor or in shame, according to his character and his deeds, to an indefinite posterity. It is obvious that a regard for posthumous fame, that noble principle of conduct, which, whatever may be said of it by cold and heartless logicians, is sanctioned and vindicated by nature, and nature's author, and in point of fact, has presented the most grand and beneficial achievements of human virtue and power, must perish, for want of aliment, in a community where the living generation is ignorant of the past, and takes no measures to be remembered by the future.

Happily for us, and for our descendants, as we have already remarked, the spirit of emulation is fairly awakened, and actively at work among us. Our literature is already prematurely rich, and is daily becoming more so, in the historical department. In our last number, we congratulated the American public, and the friends of learning generally, upon the appearance, in Mr. Bancroft's History of the United States, of a work which promises, if continued as commenced, to take rank with the highest models of philosophical history. In that which may, in one sense, be considered the humbler, but cannot justly be regarded the less important, branch of historical literature designated as Annals, we have long been particularly favored. In the elaborately and carefully executed work of Rev. Dr. Holmes, we have a book which may be relied upon with the utmost confidence, and which, for accuracy of statement, clearness of arrangement, and neatness of diction, is generally regarded as a standard in the class to which it belongs. Under the head of biography we refer with satisfaction to the labors of Belknap, Eliot, and Allen. In this class we possess some works which would adorn the literature of any country, such as Marshall's Life of Washington, President Kirkland's Life of Fisher Ames, Tudor's Life of Otis, President Quincy's and Mr. Jay's lives of their illustrious fathers, Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry, and, not to mention others, Mr. Sparks's invaluable publications of this description.

The abundance of this class of productions, and the very decided interest and approbation with which they have been received by the reading community, had almost led us to form the conclusion that they were destined to supplant, and prevent the appearance in future, of any works aiming to occupy the

higher department already alluded to. Our minds had almost settled down in the conviction, that we were never to expect any general, classical, and philosophical history of the United States, but that instead of it, our history would be written in parts, and piecemeal, as it were; that, for instance, the annals of our revolutionary war would be recorded in such publications, as Washington's Letters, and the pages and biographies of him and his various associates in the military and civil service might supply; and that the public taste would be better gratified by exploring severally such personal memoirs, and particular narratives, than by any comprehensive and general history that might be written. As this belief gradually forced itself upon our minds, we had endeavored to become reconciled to it, when the appearance of Mr. Bancroft's first volume, and the universal applause with which it was greeted, satisfied us that our conclusion was premature, and our regrets uncalled for. We may now rest assured that our historical literature will not be defective in any of its important departments, but that, while the publication of private memoirs, and personal narratives promises to afford us the delightful satisfaction of becoming directly acquainted with the characters and events of previous generations in their minutest particulars, we shall also be conducted to that lofty point of observation, where individuals and particulars cease to be discernible; and where the great drama of our country's progress is seen only in the operation of the mighty causes that have determined its action, and the development of the more important events which have successively occupied its scenes.

In addition to comprehensive histories, annals, biographies, and memoirs, there are the important, and in some instances already voluminous publications of Historical Societies; and also, what perhaps is contributing more than any other cause to enrich this branch of our literature, the discourses and addresses drawn out by the recurrence of centennial and other anniversary occasions. In these productions, the exactness of the annalist, the minuteness and poignancy of the biographer, and the broad speculations of the philosophical historian, are all united under the charms of rhetorical diction, and made to bear upon the heart by the powers of eloquence, gathering never-failing and inexhaustible strength from the sources of local associations and national pride. As specimens of this class of productions, which, by the way, seem to be peculiar to our own country, it is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the

splendid and noble orations which have been pronounced, by our most eminent scholars, jurists and statesmen, at Plymouth, Faneuil Hall, Salem, Charlestown, Concord, Bunker Hill, Cambridge and Ipswich. Such occasions have drawn out the highest abilities of the country in every quarter. The value and excellence of the productions, that have thus been added to the national literature, will be sufficiently indicated by mentioning Verplanck's Discourse before the New York Historical Society, Biddle's Discourse on Jefferson before the Philosophical Society, the Eulogies on Adams and Jefferson, pronounced by John Sergeant and William Wirt, at Philadelphia and Washington, and Mr. Binney's admirable Eulogium on Chief Justice Tilghman.

The work before us belongs to a still different form of historical literature. This form, although of recent origin, has already been employed to a considerable extent, both in England and America; and is fully entitled to the credit of being one of the most useful and elegant in which the materials of history can be collected and preserved, and the taste for such studies gratified. The design is to present, in the most chaste and classical style of composition, and with all possible beauty of mechanical execution, an accurate and authentic account of the lives and characters of those persons who have distinguished themselves in the public service, or in any way contributed to promote the national glory. The biographical sketches are brief and condensed, and each is accompanied by the most exact and best executed portrait that can be procured. So that, while it preserves the memory of the great and good of this and previous generations, and perpetuates their living images, at the same time it exhibits a specimen of the highest point of excellence to which the arts of painting, engraving, typography, and paper-making are carried in the country.

But the finished elegance of the Portrait Gallery does not constitute its only, nor its highest claim to public patronage. In an historical point of view, it deserves to be regarded as a work of very great value. A general history of a large country must always, as has been before intimated, cover so wide a surface as to forbid such a degree of particularity, as is necessary in order to give to it one of the principal charms that belong to that department of writing. Individual characters, and single incidents must be passed over in silence, or but slightly noticed. The course of occurrences must be related only in their most promi-

nent stages, and can be explained no farther than by referring to their leading causes, and discussing the general principles that cover them. While this is necessary in order to give to a work, which aims to occupy the highest department of history, its peculiar excellence, it deprives it, at the same time, of much of the interest and value that would attach to a more particular and detailed narrative. Every general history, considered as a relation of the actual course of events, from the nature of the case, must be defective and meagre. This is an inevitable result; for if it attempted to narrate minutely all the facts that belonged to the topics of which it treated, there would be no room left for those reflections, and philosophical inductions, which constitute the highest attributes of historical composition.

If any one wish to ascertain and estimate the correctness of these remarks, let him take, as an experiment, Hume's History of England, and examine attentively the account which that elegant and much admired historian gives of any particular period in English annals, — that of the civil wars at the time of the commonwealth, for instance, — then let him engage in a more particular study of the period, scrutinize the characters, and trace the career of the men who figured in it, review the whole course of events, as they connected themselves, as cause and effect, before and after, on the right hand and on the left, and explore them thoroughly and patiently in those original sources, from which ultimately all writers must derive their information. When this shall have been done, it will be seen how much that is interesting, affecting, instructive, and romantic is necessarily omitted by the historian, whose plan embraces an entire nation, over its whole surface, and throughout all its periods and ages.

These omissions and deficiencies must be supplied by works of a different description. Brief biographies of particular characters are well adapted to answer this end. They constitute the complement of history. When the great events and revolutions, which are the prominent points in the career of a nation, have been suitably represented and commemorated, the memoirs of individuals who acted conspicuously in them, if properly executed, will rescue all that remains, worthy of notice, from oblivion, and the whole work will be adequately accomplished. But besides this view of the importance of such works as the Portrait Gallery, in gathering up all that remains, so that nothing be lost, the publication of the personal memoirs of distinguished men, now on the stage of life, or who have recently

left it, is of immense value, as preparing the materials for the future historian. If the passing generation is faithful to its trust in this respect, there will be no difficulty at any future day in tracing the course of events while it occupied the scene, or in describing the agents whose influence controlled and directed its progress.

It is because we attach such a very high value to every thing that tends to promote the prevalence of historical literature in this country, that we have indulged in these remarks. If adequate encouragement is now extended to those whose talent and inclination lead them to such investigations, it is not too late to bring to light, and place beyond the reach of forgetfulness, all that is worthy of record. Our whole history may be clearly illustrated. All fable, and mystery, and doubt may be dispelled from our annals, and it may thus be our privilege, to do what no other nation has yet been able to do, to trace our course from the point where we now stand, without confusion or difficulty, back to the very first day of our history. The importance of that history stimulates and exhorts us to accomplish this object, if we can. From some of its chapters the world has already received such instructions, as have enabled the nations of Europe to discover the path that leads to their own social and political improvement. And if we would guide them to the highest attainment of the blessings of liberty and virtue, we must display before them our whole history, from this our present period of freedom, power, and independence, down to the moment when the Mayflower cast anchor in the harbor of Plymouth.

But we must bring these remarks to a close, and confine ourselves to what in reality was the sole object of this article, to recommend to the public patronage the splendid and valuable work now before us. The National Portrait Gallery is conducted by Messrs. Herring of New York, and Longacre of Philadelphia, under the superintendence of the American Academy of Fine Arts. It is published in monthly parts, each of which contains two or more memoirs of distinguished persons, accompanied in all cases by the most admirable engraved portraits. Its execution, as has before been remarked, is in every particular the best and most finished which the state of the arts in America will permit. It is a work which would equally adorn the library or embellish the parlor; and considering the elegance of its form, can be obtained on very reasonable terms. But the fairest way to convey an idea

of its value, without reference to any other point than the character of its contents, is to repeat the names of the subjects of the first volume. They are the following, — George Washington, Martha Washington, Charles Carroll, Generals Green, Wayne, Moultrie and Putnam, Timothy Pickering, Governors Shirley and Ogden, Chief Justice Marshall, Chief Justice Shippen, Brigadier General Jonathan Williams, Vice President Tompkins, Henry Clay, President Jackson, Daniel Webster, William Wirt, Lewis Cass, Commodore Macdonough, Major General Macomb, Joel R. Poinsett, Josiah S. Johnston, Edward Livingston, Louis McLane, Bishop White, Timothy Dwight, Joel Barlow, Colonel John Trumbull, Gilbert Charles Stuart, Samuel Latham Mitchell, Theodoric Romeyn Beck, Washington Irving, Catharine M. Sedgwick, and James Fennimore Cooper.

We understand that the enterprising conductors of this work are resolved to render it truly, as well as nominally, a *National* Portrait Gallery. It is their purpose to include every distinguished name, without reference to the section of the country which it adorns, the political or religious denominations under which it is classed, or the period during which it shone. As yet, most of the memoirs have been derived from the Middle States, but either in person, or by suitable agents, the conductors are making arrangements to procure the best executed portraits and biographies of distinguished men from the East, and South, and West. Mr. Herring has himself copied the paintings of Hancock, Samuel Adams, Josiah Quincy, Jr., and the other eminent New England revolutionary patriots, having visited Boston and Cambridge for that purpose, and it is of national importance that every facility be afforded him, and his cöoperators, in procuring the requisite materials for rendering the work complete, according to its design, so that by passing through it, the American patriot and scholar may behold in succession, as in one extended gallery, the images and the history of all who have contributed to shed light or glory on his country.

It is with lively satisfaction that we hear from the conductors, as they have expressed themselves in the address attached to their twelfth number, that their enterprise has received "a cordial and cheering support from their countrymen," and that their own experience proves, that "the American people now display a becoming solicitude for the preservation of the relics of their own glory." We rejoice that so much success has attended them,

in their praiseworthy exertions to enlarge the materials of our historical literature, to stimulate the progress of the most elegant and useful arts, and to secure the national honor from oblivion, and can only say, in conclusion, that we sincerely hope that their success may be continued and increased, — and that their labors may be rewarded by a generous, enlightened, and effectual patronage in every quarter of the country, and by all classes of their countrymen.

ART. VI. — *Italy.*

Italy: with Sketches of Spain and Portugal. By the AUTHOR of VATHEK. 2 Vols. Philadelphia, 1834.

THERE are countries of the globe which possess a permanent and peculiar interest in human estimation; an interest proportioned in each individual, to his intelligence, culture and philanthropy. They are those where the most momentous historical events occurred, and civilization first dawned; and of which the past associations and present influences are, consequently, in a high degree exciting. The history of these lands affords one of our most attractive sources of philosophical truth, as the reminiscences they induce excite poetical sentiment, and hence, we very naturally regard a visit to them as an event singularly interesting, not to say morally important.

And yet personal impressions, on such occasions, are confessedly dependent upon circumstances which are, for the most part, uncontrollable. There are, however, certain positive methods, the adoption of which will not, indeed, bring about a complete agreement in the notions and sentiments of travellers, but will tend to a much more useful purpose, — that of inducing a satisfactory result upon their own minds. Among these is a sense of the true nature of the comprehensive object they are about to contemplate, — a patient determination to bestow a degree of time and study in a measure corresponding with the subject, a preparedness for disappointment, and an unyielding spirit of candor. Such a state of mind will especially influence happily the experience of the trans-atlantic sojourner in Italy, since it may not be denied that many things exist there, to qualify the enjoyment of the enthusiastic expectant, who has

turned the eye of his imagination thither through the long and magnifying space which divides our continent from the old world.

The invalid discovers that even those genial regions are not exempt from wintry influences, the ardent observer must grieve to find the most interesting ruins contiguous to, and even invaded by the scenes of ordinary life, and the more conventional characteristics of the country fast disappearing before the ever increasing encroachments of the stranger multitude, while the benevolent are constantly pained by the sight of distress which they cannot alleviate. Yet, perhaps, these very drawbacks tend to direct attention more completely to the many existing sources of satisfaction, and they certainly are not without a moral benefit. Never does the paramount importance of the innate habit and the comparative worthlessness of the outward scene become so self-evident, as when we thus *feel* the superiority of anticipation to enjoyment. And we know not, until standing by the spots renowned as the scenes of mighty exploits, denuded of the exhaustless drapery of fancy, that it is the acts themselves, with all their beautiful philosophy, which alone have hallowed these portions of earth.

But frequent and favorable observation *will* develope the legitimate influences of Italy, and render us less and less sensible to untoward or disagreeable circumstances. Antiquity will become, in our view, more sacred, art will awaken a deeper interest, society will discover new charms, and when we start upon our homeward pilgrimage, we shall perceive, with a sensation of wonder, the strength of the chain which binds us to the land, and realize the subtle power of the agencies which have so silently weaved it.

The impressions of an individual mind, noted during a considerable interval of time, will therefore possess more of this deliberate and eventual character. In imparting them, it seems unwise, at least, to run into the common error of portraying minutely the details of statues, paintings and edifices,—descriptions, which often have the effect of exciting without satisfying curiosity; while graphic delineations of manners and customs have been too frequently and faithfully drawn to be attempted in the present instance. The aim will rather be to lead from particular descriptions, to the moral contemplation of such general subjects, as are prominently indicative of the scenes and intellectual influences of Italy.

In pursuance of this design we propose to speak, in the

simple manner of the journalist, of that city, where are combined the greatest variety of the most interesting objects; and from their contemplation proceed to notice some facts and influences common to the whole country.

It was in the light of a clear atmosphere that we stood upon the summit of the capitol, and thoughtfully gazed forth upon the city with its mountain-wall circling broadly in the distance. From so commanding a position, we were enabled to expand the faint idea into a sensible conception of the site of ancient Rome, and the relative localities and original aspect of her scattered and dimly defined remains.

Directly beneath us stood a massive form, whose sculptured and inscribed surface is uniformly tinged with the melancholy hue imparted by the earth which so recently encrusted it, and deepened by the lapse of ages. And yet, beneath that arch have earth's most splendid pageants passed; eyes bedewed with the rich tears of grateful exultation have dwelt upon its now defaced splendor; its broad foundations, resting heavily in their sunken bed, have trembled beneath the proud tread of the triumphing, and its concave rung with the inspiring shout of a Roman greeting. It was the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus.

Immediately beside it, in mournful companionship, rise three mutilated columns, — all that exists of the noble tribute of gratitude raised by Augustus to the god of thunder, when he returned unscathed from the rush of his awful shaft. A slower but not less sure agency has not passed negligently by the monument, and the naked triumvirate, clustered, as if in the 'fellowship of grief,' but feebly represent the living sentiment which gave them birth. The same number of these erect and solitary relics, lifting their burdenless capitals in air, furnish the commencement of an outline which observation may continue and imagination embody of the temple of Jupiter Stator. Cold chroniclers of thrilling times are they, senseless spectators of what would kindle even the unenthusiastic, which else we might almost envy. It seems as if something of pride yet lingered about these decayed remnants of a once glorious company. They bore the vaulted roof, which echoed the most eloquent outpourings of moral indignation; they stood around, silent and stern, when about them were the not less inflexible forms of the Roman soldiery and the sudden gathering of her alarmed citizens, and within, the deliberate and imposing presence of the accuser, and the pale countenance and hurried glances of the

accused,— for it was here that Cicero condemned Catiline. The temples of Concord and of Peace, — the one boasting eight remaining columns, and the other three fragmentary arches, next attracted attention and suggested similar reminiscences.

But soon we were obliged to quit a scene so absorbing in its suggestive influences, to wander among the dense ranges of modern buildings and descry, here and there, a few pillars or other remains of what once stood forth contributing their now isolated symmetry to the formation of a beautiful and perfect whole. The arches of Titus, Constantine and Janus respectively occupied and interested us, — particularly the former, from the sacred vessels and symbols of the Jewish temple, exhibited in basso relievo upon its interior surface; the niches of the latter are dispossessed of the statues which once adorned them, the bronze fastenings which connected the stones are gone, and broad gaps mark the violence with which they were extricated. In the vicinity, we attentively perused the little square arch erected by the jewellers of the Forum to Septimius and his wife, and passing on, observed the pillars and site of the temples of Vesta and Fortune transformed into churches.

When we found ourselves near the wonderful old aqueducts contiguous to the walls, we were long amused with the peculiarities and impressed with the antiquated features of these strange and extensive remains. From some elevated positions, we gained a view of the neighboring mountains, lifting their undulating forms beneath the vapory masses of the dim atmosphere, and reflecting in faint yet rich tints, the few rays of sunshine which struggled through the leaden clouds. We had seen no general view more congenial with the ruins or more exciting to the associations of Rome.

On another occasion we left the city by the Appian Way, and were mindful of the circumstance of St. Paul's having entered by the identical road. After a considerable walk we reached the tomb of the Scipios, situated by the road-side, and the entrance not distinguishable from other similar gateways, except by the inscription. Entering this, we soon came to the vault, secured merely with loose wooden doors and having no distinctive beauty. With a guide and tapers we explored the dark and chilly avenues of this tomb, pausing here and there to con the many inscriptions which exist upon the walls. Two of the sarcophagi are in the Vatican, but one or two yet remain. We soon hastened from this damp and melancholy sepulchre, whose earthly floor was worn by the feet of many curious pilgrims, like

ourselves, and pondering upon the contrast between the men who once reposed there, their probable anticipations of their country and the present, we extended our walk and penetrated far into the labyrinthine catacombs beneath the church of St. Sebastian.

At length we arrived at the noble square with its sweeping colonnade and old obelisk, which are about St. Peter's. Having entered that edifice and immediately passing through a side door, we commenced ascending an inclined plane which winds round, is bricked, and continues for a long distance until it brings us out upon the roof. This wide space, with its several cupolas, has been aptly compared to a small village. We soon entered the first and second interior gallery of the dome, and thence looked down from an immense height upon the variegated marble floor, or immediately around upon the coarse mosaic figures. Still ascending, we reached the lantern, and obtained a most comprehensive view, embracing the city, the *campagna*, the distant snow-covered mountains, with a glimpse of the Mediterranean, and having stood in the copper ball which surmounts the whole building, we descended.*

At one visit to St. Peter's, the several scenes presented most effectually aided us in realizing the vastness of the building. Two of the chapels were filled with children receiving Sabbath instruction, whose singing resounded pleasingly through the expanse. In one corner, some lads, seemingly designed for the priesthood, were loudly engaged in a dialogue, the purport of which was an exposition of the church ceremonies; these were eagerly listened to by a surrounding crowd. Around the circular and illuminated railing, which is about the descent to the tomb of the great apostle, kneeled many female figures, and another knot were clustered beneath his bronze image, and fervently kissing the worn foot; while, scattered upon the far spreading pavement, and bending at the numerous shrines, were many devotees apparently absorbed in prayer. The confession boxes, too, were unusually occupied, and the whole area thickly studded with the figures of those whom curiosity or devotion

* The necessity of attempting a description of this truly indescribable building is most happily superseded by the unrivalled paintings of Panini, recently purchased by the Boston Athenæum. Let any one intently gaze upon the delineation of the interior of St. Peter's, and imagine the space which lies unrevealed in perspective, and he will obtain a more definite idea than any words can convey.

had brought thither. And yet these numerous and variously occupied human beings seemed, in no degree, to lessen the apparent space enclosed by those immense walls and that exalted dome, but rather to increase the impressiveness of the whole. We gratefully remarked the peculiar mildness and genial warmth of the atmosphere. It is even pretended by some of the inhabitants, that this phenomenon may be ascribed to the heat, which the dense walls acquire during summer, — a heat so great and so well retained as to continue partially latent, and be evolved during the few weeks when comparative coolness prevails. Many circumstances, however, contribute to the production of so pleasing an effect, particularly the admirable exposure of the building to the full influence of the sun, which beams through one or another of its many windows, during nearly the whole day, while the arrangement of the entrances almost precludes the admission of the external air.

But it was our special delight to visit St. Peter's, not critically to examine, but to yield ourselves freely to its sublimity and beauty. Sometimes we would rest in front of the monument to the last of the Stuarts, to sympathize in the mournful expression of its basso relievo angels of death, extinguishing, as if in sadness, the torch of life ; or pause in admiration of the lions of Canova surmounting the tomb of Pope Clement XIII.

As the setting sun shone gorgeously through the glory, over the main altar, and lingered upon the gilded cornices of the wall, it was mysteriously exciting to gaze on one of the splendid mosaic copies of the most eminent originals; for instance, that of Thomas satisfying his doubts. The perfect serenity of our Saviour's countenance, the determined inspection of the incredulous apostle, and, above all, the sad yet mild and affectionate expression of John, riveted our gaze and touched our sensibilities. We could almost believe that we saw a tremulous play of the muscles, or living softness of the features, as they were thus revealed in the twilight.

It was surpassingly interesting to roam through the quiet and rich precincts of this magnificent edifice, with an elevating sense of its excellence as a place of religious enjoyment. There is a freedom, a nobleness, a grandeur about St. Peter's, allied to intellect and sentiment in their higher manifestations. Within no structure, perhaps, does the human form dwindle to greater apparent insignificance, but in few spots does man yield more spontaneously and legitimately to a sense of his capacity

for excellence. The idea that the building, which is filling and delighting his spirit, was planned by the intellect and reared by the labor of his species, and the thought of that Being to whose praises it is devoted,—all this suggests itself with the view and its enjoyment.

Indeed, familiarity with the splendid temples of worship for which Italy is remarkable, rather augments than diminishes the spontaneous admiration which a first inspection of them excites; or rather the primary emotions of pleasure melt into a calm sentiment of satisfaction, far more favorable to a discriminating view and just impression. The still but most efficient teachings of those three happy influences, painting, sculpture and architecture, seem here combined for the most felicitous ends. We could not but often think of it as one of those consoling and redeeming things, which modify all the evil in the world, that there were places dedicated to catholicism, but open to all and at all times;—places for reflection, devotion and thought, where one can wander contemplatively, the painted windows imparting a mellow light in which the pictured and sculptured forms seemed living things, and the notes of the chanters falling in reverberated echoes upon the ear, and worship after his own heart, or muse holily till the fire burns.

It was on a day marked by that deep azure, that seemingly penetrable density of the sky, so often celebrated by poets as the most enchanting natural feature of southern Italy, that we were early on our way to the Esquiline hill. Upon its summit stands in comparative solitude, the church of St. Pietro in Vinculi, built to contain the chains of the great apostle whose name it bears. The effect, ever derivable from simplicity, is signally exemplified upon entering this chaste building; for its interior architecture opens at once upon the vision, and in its simple grandeur imparts a far more delightful impression, than is often obtained from more extensive and gorgeous constructions. The form of the Basilica is here admirably preserved, the arched roof being supported by two rows of beautiful columns, and the whole space unbroken by any intermediate arches. These columns, as well as the pavement of the sacristy, were originally obtained from the baths of Titus; the former are remarkably impregnated with sulphate of lime, so as to emit a sulphurous odor when slightly rubbed. Behind the altar is a richly wrought marble chair, probably a consular seat, obtained from the same ruins; the idea that Cicero might once have occupied it, occurred

to us, and increased the interest with which we viewed so pleasing and authentic a Roman relic. Most of the pictures and frescos are illustrative of St. Peter's imprisonment and angelic enfranchisement; and within two brazen and embossed doors, are preserved the sacred fetters which are exposed to view only once a year.

But the grand attraction which had drawn us to this church was a renowned work of art, — the statue of Moses by Michael Angelo. This colossal figure at once evinces the workmanship of a peculiar genius, the design differing wholly from what is familiar in statuary. There is a muscular power, a grandeur of outline, which sufficiently indicate the author. Indignation and awful energy are distinctly discernible in the heavy frown and stern expression of God's chosen messenger to a guilty and erring people.

The Capuchin convent, — an example of another class of churches, imparts a very tolerable idea of the dreariness and sternness of a genuine monastic retreat. The lay brother who conducted us looked wonderfully thriving, and was withal surprisingly affable for an old denizen of the damp and gloomy apartments which he so complacently displayed. The church, though by no means magnificent, contains two frescos of great interest: — one representing the archangel Michael triumphing over Satan, whose dark brawny form seems completely subdued beneath the light foot of his beautiful conqueror; the other, a rough representation of St. Peter walking on the waves, — one of the most ancient examples of this species of painting. Indeed this convent is many centuries old, and the very hue and primitive material of the Capuchin garb comports admirably with the antique appearance of the whole building and its contents. But the greatest peculiarity is the cemetery beneath. A number of arches extend some distance, against the walls of which are piled an immense number of the bones of the deceased Capuchins. In spaces left about mid-way, are stretched skeletons, clad in the habit of the order, and others stand in various parts of the awful repository, while the ground, composed of "holy earth," transported at great expense from Jerusalem, is marked as the last resting-place of the later dead. The very lamps which hang from the walls are composed of bones, and the same material, distributed most fantastically, furnishes meet accompanying ornaments. Perhaps this kind of burial, if such it may be called, is one of the rarest in

practice by moderns. The effect by torch-light, when an interment takes place, must be impressive in the extreme; though with the broad light of day shining through the windows, the scene seemed more hideous than morally striking; nor can one easily feel that the intended honor is conferred upon the unbroken skeletons, by permitting them to stand holding a card, upon which is inscribed the name and age of the deceased, like guardians of the mournful piles around them, in which are merged the remains of their less distinguished brethren.

We crossed the Tiber in a broad barge, and during the few moments which intervened ere our walk re-commenced, we were naturally led to contrast the turbid waters and the dim earth around us, with the same scene, in its transcendant aspect, as existing in the familiar picture of our fancy. The one was the plain appearance of neglected and perhaps degenerate nature; the other impressions derived from nature's glowing commentator, the poet. Passing by a retired path through the fields, we soon came in view of a circular fortress, (the Castle of St. Angelo,) now chiefly used as a prison, but originally the tomb of Hadrian. And, certainly, when its solid proportions were decked with the numerous statuary ornaments which once adorned them, it must have formed a glorious final resting-place for a Roman. There is a striking and melancholy inconsistency observable in this, as in many instances, in the modern appropriation of ancient monuments. So much more honorable is it to the general, or at least to the better sentiment of mankind, to leave unmarred the few remnants of a nation's greatness, when not one of her children exists. There is surely a kind of sacrilege in disturbing works consecrated to the dead, for purposes of selfish pride or narrow utility. The beauty, the interest, the blessed inspiration which so often hallow these ruins, are thus invaded, while no commensurate advantage is obtained. Have not as many smiles of ridicule or sneers of reproach, as pious feelings, been awakened, by the view of the apostle's figures surmounting the triumphal pillars of Aurelius and Trajan? And who can behold, without regret, the mausoleum of the mighty dead transformed into a tomb for the most wretched of the living?

We ascended a long flight of steps, entered a square and corridor, and were soon in the Museum of the Vatican. It were vain to endeavor to describe what an impression of the richness of art

is inspired by the first general inspection of this vast collection of her redeemed trophies; and far more to paint the vivid and elevating conception of her power which dawns, brightens, and finally glows in the bosom, as face after face of thrilling interest, figure after figure of embodied nature, and gem after gem of exquisite material or workmanship attracts the admiring eye; all unanimated by one spiritual principle, and yet so legitimately the offspring of the highest, and so perfectly significant, as to awaken wonder, enkindle delight, and finally win love. We devoted a season to the inspection and admiration of the time-worn frescos, which exist upon the walls of the Camere of Raphael. Constantine's victory is, indeed, a splendid battle-piece. But of all the figures, none struck us as grander than the group representing the miraculous defeat of the ravager of the temple, struck down by a cavalier, and two angels, at the prayer of the priest. Most of the countenances here depicted are separate and noble studies. All the frescos were partially designed and executed by Raphael. They present a worthy but melancholy monument to his genius, impaired, as they are by age, and marred by his untimely death. Yet artists of the present day are continually studying these dim, though most admirable remains, and find in their contemplation, the happiest aids and incitements. Notwithstanding this speaking testimony to departed excellence, as well as that which beamed in the admiring looks of the gazers around, there was something of sadness in the very air of rooms that bore the name, and shone with the embodied talent of the beloved and early dead, which forced itself irresistibly upon the mind, and tinged with mournfulness the gratified thoughts.

But it is when we stand for the first time in the presence of that being, if aught destitute of sensation deserve the name, it is when the eye first rests, and the heart first fastens with instinctive eagerness upon the Apollo Belvidere, that we feel the triumph of human art. And there springs up a rich sentiment of satisfaction, not only that the poetical in native feeling, the pure in taste, and the exalted in thought are conscious of unwonted gratification, but because we rejoice in the spiritual nobility of our common nature, we glory in the thought that the senseless marble radiates the beautiful and deep expressiveness of intellectual life at the call of human genius, and we are soothed by the testimony thus afforded to the im-

mortality of what we most love in ourselves and kind, for we feel that such followers of nature are allied to its author, and may humbly, but legitimately aspire to yet higher teachings than are evolved from the physical universe.

We entered, on a fine clear day, the large enclosed tract called the Gardens of Sallust, being the site of that beautiful historian's villa and grounds. There are a few ill-defined ruins here situated, supposed to be those of a temple dedicated to Venus Erycina, and of the mansion, or its adjuncts. The general aspect presented during our wanderings through this extensive enclosure, was more in accordance with the idea previously formed of the country than any before obtained. The fertility of the grounds, green with varied shrubbery and occasionally beautified with field-flowers, and thickly planted with vegetables, among which groups of laborers were actively engaged, afforded remarkable evidence of the actual mildness of the climate, while occasional glimpses of an old aqueduct, or wall, gave to the scene the surpassing charm of antiquity. Constant blasts of cold wind, in which the dry reeds rattled sullenly, and the snow-capt Apennines in the distance were, however, sufficiently indicative of the season. The free air and commanding situation of this domain are well adapted to foster that concise and clear energy, which so highly distinguishes Sallust. If this was the favorite retreat to which he retired to compose his history, it is not surprising that he found in the situation and his employment greater satisfaction than could be gleaned from the enslaving luxury of the city, which lies so attractively at the foot of his paternal mount. It was a pleasant thought, that this very spot is that which beguiled his early ambition from the hazardous efforts of a political arena, to the quiet and dignified employment of an elegant historian. And in contemplating the result of this author's wise choice, and comparing his with the lives of many of his equally gifted countrymen, a new proof is afforded of the surpassing excellence of well-directed literary labor. More peaceful and elevated passes the existence, and more certain and purely succeeds the renown of the useful and excellent writer, than that of the most successful aspirant for immediate popularity. There is, too, a beautiful completeness in the works and fame of Sallust, such as seldom marks the memory or the labors of modern writers. Confining himself to one sphere, and intent upon comparatively few subjects, he shone prëeminently in the one, and threw

over the other a light and vigor of delineation, which render his works not only universally interesting, as just and vivid chronicles, but as most attractive illustrations of the capacities of his native language.

We proceeded at a similar season forth from the city, by the spacious and beautiful entrance of the Piazza del Popoli, towards the Ponte Molle. When we reached this celebrated bridge, the beauty of the adjacent country, and distant scenery, as well as the associations of the spot, detained us in long and delightful contemplation. On the one side rises Monte Mario, crowned with a verdant line of lofty cypresses, and on the other, far away, stand the hoary Apennine hills, while beneath runs the swift and turbid Tiber. The picturesque, arched, and heavy bridge on which we stood, still retaining portions of its ancient material, and the pervading Sabbath stillness, gave vividness and scope to the grand scene of action, which memory and imagination conjured up and arrayed upon its massive surface, and along the broken banks of the river. But, happily, in viewing the scene of Constantine's victory and miraculous vision, we are not left to unaided fancy in an attempt to renew the view preserved in history. We have but to recall the almost living delineation of Raphael, to arrive at a strong conception of what could otherwise be but vaguely and variously fancied. It is on such occasions, that we learn to recognise one, among our many obligations, to genius and art. Gazing, after the lapse of centuries, upon the renowned battle ground where tyranny received a signal overthrow, from a Christian warrior, eminent for victory, and finding nought but the altered aspect of nature and a few decayed relics of art, we can yet rehearse the history and the song, and ponder the picture till they realize the time-buried events of antiquity.

It was one of those days when a pensive stillness pervades nature; the sky overclouded, yet threatening no rain, the sun peering dimly forth, and a quiet, almost sad in its lifelessness, brooding over the sullen fields and declining foliage; a day, in short, the melancholy language of which brings something of pleasure to the man of anxious temperament, and to whose meditative influences even the practised worldling not unwillingly yields himself; a day, on which the student instinctively turns from his book to ponder, the active denizen of the busy or gay world is unwontedly and unwittingly thoughtful, and many a day-dreamer or philosophical sports-

man, like old Walton, wanders longer through the fields and indulges in deeper imaginings and more protracted reveries. Such a season was peculiarly adapted to the purpose for which we had assigned it, — a visit to the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The very thought of it brings to mind Childe Harold's characteristic description: —

"There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown; —
What was this tower of strength? Within its cave
What treasures lie so lock'd, so hid? — A woman's grave.

This celebrated ruin, one of the most satisfactory as regards its authenticity and preservation, among all the Roman antiquities, is situated about a league from the centre of the city upon the Via Appia. Its circular form and remarkably dense walls, composed on the exterior of marble, now partially decomposed, proclaim its pristine magnificence. The obscurity which veils the history and character of her whose ashes it once contained, renders it, to one at all given to vague imaginings, more eloquent than if it were the concomitant of a most interesting and elaborate chronicle. The inscription possesses the same sublime simplicity, which is one of the noblest indications of ancient Roman greatness, discoverable in her monumental remains. As if, in announcing the tomb to be that of Cecilia, wife of Crassus, and daughter of Metellus, enough was expressed to convey every adequate impression to the beholder of whatever age or country! The near kinswoman of two Roman citizens; — this one fact was deemed a distinct indication to posterity of the actual nobility of the entombed, while one glance at the splendid sepulchre would convey ample testimony to her worth and loss. But even we of later times, who can smile at, while we admire such perfect confidence in the simple greatness of citizenship and individual character, and who can gaze with the coldness of curiosity upon such a relic, even we can scarcely fancy any record capable of exciting such awakening sentiment. It comports, in its brevity, with the great lesson it teaches, — the rapid flight and levelling influence of time, and

designating a double ruin, it affords a degree of knowledge which, if extended, would but carry out and define where vagueness is desirable. For free scope is thus given to a species of conjecture, which it is mournfully pleasing to indulge. Standing by the massive remains of such a mausoleum, of which we can only affirm that it was reared to the memory of a Roman wife and daughter, — what trait of energetic beauty, of affectionate devotion, of moral courage, which enters into the *beau-ideal* of the female character, may we not confidently ascribe to this? What a life of secluded, yet elevated virtue, what a death of solemn dignity might not have been hers! How large a part might she have taken in refining, ay, and nerving the spirit of husband and child and brother, — in producing that obsolete and wonderful being — a Roman citizen! And if aught of such fancies is correct, how like her earthly destiny to that of innumerable of her sex, who live in the exercise of thoughts and sentiments, which, if developed through more conspicuous channels, would be productive of deathless renown; but whose self-sacrificing ministrations, though immeasurably influential, are as unseen as those of a guardian angel, while the memory of their authors is only embalmed in Heaven, or darkly transmitted, like that of Cecilia Metella, by the simple record of their names and kindred, upon the monument which conscientious affection has reared.

Of all impressions from antiquity, derived from the ruins at Rome, none is more vivid and lasting than that inspired by the Coliseum, when viewed under circumstances best calculated for effect. Such are the quiet and mystery, the shadowy aspect and mild illumination of moonlight. Availing ourselves of a season like this, it was with something of awe that we approached to partake of a pleasure, in its very nature melancholy, yet in the highest degree attractive to the imagination, and calculated to awaken many of the deepest sentiments, especially those by which the fellow-feeling of our race is nurtured and sustained. And as the scene, in all its actual beauty, environed by associations more impressive than its past magnificence, and reposing in a light more tender than gleamed from the eager eyes, which once shone out from its now dim arches, broke upon our sight, we seemed to have come forth to hold communion, — not with the material form, but with the very spirit of antiquity. There, its massive walls circling broadly, prëeminent in lingering pride, stands the Coliseum. As the monarch of

ruins, its dark outline seems defined with most commanding prominence, while surrounding objects are lost or blended in shade. Its many arched recesses are rendered still more obscure by the veil of shadow, or partially revealed in the congenial light. Through some of them the silent stars may be seen at their far-off vigils in the heavens, and again a fragment, which the hand of time has spared, abruptly bars the view. Over some, the long grass, that sad frieze which antiquity ever attaches to the architecture of man, hangs motionless, and, as a lattice, divides the falling moonbeams, or waves gently in the night breeze. But it is when standing beneath one of those arches, and vainly scanning the length of the half illumined corridor, or looking down upon the grass grown area, marked by a single path, that a sense of the events and times of which this ruin is the monument, and its suggestions the epitaph, gradually gains upon the attention, like the home thoughts which a strain of familiar music has aroused. The gorgeous spectacle of Rome's congregated wisdom and beauty thronging the vast galleries, now lost or crumbling through age, the glitter of wealth, the pomp of power, the eagerness of curiosity and the enthusiasm of varied passions, which once rendered this a scene of unequalled pageantry, — all come at the call of memory, to contrast themselves with the same scene now, clad in the solemnity of solitude and decay.

But yet another retrospection, inducing deeper emotions, occupies the mind and throws over the scene a higher interest. What an amount of human suffering have these dark walls witnessed! Could they but speak, what a tale of horror would be unfolded! How often has man, in all his savage or his cultivated dignity, been abandoned in this wide area to the beasts of the forest, — more solitary when surrounded by his unpitying kind, than when alone with the lordly brute in his desert domain! How much of human blood has this damp earth drunk, and how often upon its clammy surface has the human form been stretched in agony or death! Nor was this the theatre of effort and woe only to the physical nature. Who can estimate the pangs of yearning affection which have wrung the departing spirit, — the feeling of utter desolation with which the barbarian has laid down his unsupported head and died in the midst of his enemies? Who can distinctly imagine the concentration of every sentiment in that of the love of existence, which has nerved the arm of the combatant, and the stern despair with

which he has at length relinquished his dearly sold life? Far less might one hope to realize the deep energy with which the martyr to his faith has here given proof of its power. There is something holy in a spot which has witnessed the voluntary sacrifice of existence to the cause of Christianity. Of beautiful and sublime, as well as terrible spectacles, has this been the scene. Where has youth seemed so pure in its loveliness, or manhood so noble in its might, or age so venerable in its majesty, as here? If, in this ruined amphitheatre, humanity has been most debased, by the despoiling hand of cruelty, where has she exhibited more of the sublimest of her energies, — the spirit of self-sacrifice? Often as this air has wafted the sigh and groans of suffering and remorse, has it not likewise borne upward the prayer of faith and the thanksgiving of joyful confidence? Though glances of ferocity and revenge have been turned, in impotent malignity, through this broad opening to the smiling sky above, how often have eyes, beaming with forgiving love, or fixed in religious fervor, looked into its blue depths, from the awful death of the Coliseum!

And yet, while the abandonment and decay of Flavian's amphitheatre plainly indicate the departure of those ideas and customs, in accordance with which it was reared, the question forcibly suggests itself to the observer of its remains, has the principle, which sustained so long an institution like this, utterly and forever departed? Have we nothing in *our* experience, resembling what seems to have originated in a deeper sentiment than caprice, and from its long continuance and popularity, has an apparent foundation in our nature? The reply to such self-interrogations is affirmative. What student of humanity, or observer of man, does not recognise the same principle operating eternally? Those who hold the system of Christianity, in its purity, hold the whole philosophy of the principle. Individual man has arrayed against him the varied force of circumstances without and passion within. Of the insidiousness, the power of these opponents, who is ignorant? And there are too, spectators, — too often as heartless, curious, and cold lookers on, as those which thronged the galleries of the Coliseum.

When the literary pilgrim, or susceptible observer, has become familiar with the aspect and suggestions of Rome's antiquities and treasures of art, he has yet another spot of hallowed earth to tread, another locality to visit, as a shrine, whose associations will wreath his spirit as with incense, till it is penetrated

with sentiments of sympathy, sadness and love. There may be here excited less of the sublime in association, induced by the distance of the retrospect with which the stricken and lone memorials of extinct national greatness are pondered; but there is room for more home-felt emotion, and occasion for less grand and critical, but more touching comment, than the antiquity of art and the ruins of grandeur can present. This spot is indeed neglected by the antiquarian, and has been often passed by, with the greatest indifference, by the merely fashionable visitor; but who of us that loves the poetry of his native tongue, and rare specimens of human character, will not fondly and feelingly linger in the sequestered English burying-ground, at the graves of Shelley and Keats? He will there read the same lesson, which more imposing monuments had imparted, with deeper emphasis perhaps, but not in tones of more melting penetration. The romantic imagination, remarkable mental independence, and extreme sensitiveness of the former of these poets, combined, as they were, with high native and acquired powers, and associated with a fate so deeply melancholy, — give a truly poetical coloring to our recollections of him. Short and unappreciated was the life of poor Keats, and his death a martyrdom. The little left for friendship to record of him was the beautiful brilliancy of young genius, its primitive hopefulness, the susceptibility which gave effect to hireling opposition, and the gloomy flickering and extinction of that vitality, which alone connected an unsophisticated genius to an unsympathizing and uncongenial world. And what is this but a common story in the chronicles of humanity? Through the perspective and magnifying light of time, it may possess more prominently mournful features, but, wherever contemplated, it is essentially the same; the conquest of gross power, grosser taste and indiscriminate will over the casket of a gem, the conventional form of an existence, the temporary habitation of a soul. Thus has it been of old, and this is alike the history of an ancient martyr and the victim of a modern sacrifice. The intelligent sentiment which impelled and sustained, may essentially differ, but the course, the consummation is the same. The chief distinction between the suffering and final self-devotion of the unyielding in faith, whose life was laid down in an ancient amphitheatre, and that of Keats, is that the one perished, according to the customs of the age, by the hand of violence, and in the other the dormant fires of disease were renewed, and the lingering progress of decay

speeded fatally onward. "Here lies one whose name was writ in water;" — an epitaph dictated, like this, at the very gates of death, yet bespeaks the poet; and like every poetic sentiment is replete with latent truth. That name was indeed written in water, but the pencillings of a progressive and discerning spirit could have deepened the inscription upon an adamantine surface of crystal. But what these have failed to do, pity and congeniality are ever doing; and in innumerable hearts the memory of Keats is cherished, with a love surpassing even what the efforts of his mature genius could have inspired.*

Among the odd traits observable in the Roman population, is their aversion to two luxuries, especially esteemed in more northern countries, and though somewhat matters of taste, not altogether unallied to a higher sentiment; — these are flowers and fire. The latter, during winter, is as truly physically requisite as in colder climates; but less surprise should be excited by this antipathy among a people whose idea of comfort is so widely different from our own, and to whom this cheerful influence brings with it none of the domestic associations which endear it to the denizens of bleaker localities, and the possessors of a better founded enthusiasm. The former distaste is more remarkable, when we consider the proverbial predilections of the Italians for the beautiful; and yet it is to a surprising extent true, that most are indifferent and many decidedly averse to flowers; whereas, in Florence, we were ever beset with flower girls, and the Neapolitan peasants are seldom seen without a nosegay. We have heard this peculiarity of the Romans ascribed to their very delicate sense of smell, which renders even a mild perfume quite overpowering; but it is difficult to admit a reason which is so inconsistent with their habitual toleration of far less genial odors, — particularly the unwholesome exhalations from the buried aqueducts, and infected *campagna*.

The supremacy of the pope and his cardinals, denominated the sacred college, being all but absolute, the risk incurred by such a sway renders the government extremely tenacious and jealous, so that of all culprits of whom the law takes cogni-

* Hazlitt has justly observed that Keats's "ostensible crime was, that he had been praised in the Examiner newspaper: a greater and more unpardonable offence probably was, that he was a true poet and had all the errors and beauties of a youthful genius to answer for. Mr. Gifford was as insensible to the one as he was inexorable to the other."

zance, none are at once more frequently or less deservedly its victims than political offenders. But the chief evil, immediately resulting from this condition of things, consists in the concessions which the rulers make to the ruled, in order to maintain their authority. Many of these involve the total subversion of the very principles which government is mainly instituted to maintain. Capital crime, for example, is of all offences the least liable to retribution by the operation of law in the Roman states. And such is the sanguinary temperament of most of the people, that any severe civil check upon it would inflame opposition, and hence render their political yoke more galling. Of the two evils, therefore, as might be anticipated, government choose, that which is morally greatest, and politically least. Consequently, the number of personal violences and murders is almost incredible. An incarceration of a few months for this highest of crimes, is often the sole punishment, and even this is dispensed with, if the offender can effect a pecuniary compromise with the relations of the deceased. Within a short period, the fourth murder, under the most atrocious circumstances, alone sufficed to bring a noted culprit to the gallows.

The present pope, it is believed, in executing plans for the advancement of his own views, is gradually undermining one of the strong holds of his power. The re-erection of St. Paul's church, in the environs of Rome, in a costly style, and the creation of five new cardinals, both measures in every respect unnecessary, are among the extravagant plans with which he is charged. The means of carrying on these is obtained from extensive loans, for the payment of which his most valuable revenues are pledged, and year after year, these are sacrificed to his inability to meet the annual demand. We have heard it confidently estimated, that, adopting the past as a criterion, in the space of thirteen years, the resources of the government will be absorbed, and if the ability of the governed to support taxation, at that juncture, is not better than at present, there is no conceivable means of furnishing an adequate supply to sustain the papal credit. But it is highly probable that another and more rapid agency than the slow depreciation of the treasury will, ere then, have permanently altered the political condition not only of Rome, but of all Italy.

The degeneracy of modern Rome is a subject ever forced upon the thoughtful resident, whenever his mind is free to re-

vert to the local and moral circumstances by which he is surrounded. And to one who is in anywise familiar with her past history or susceptible to her present influences, it becomes an almost absorbing theme. Vainly, at times, do the glories of the Vatican allure him ; their delightful enchantments fade before a more impressive reality. He cannot rejoice unreservedly in the splendors of human art, when humanity is a wreck around him ; he cannot indulge in stirring retrospection over the sculptured figure of an old Roman, when it serves but to render more prominent the moral deformity of his descendant. And if a gleam of native enthusiasm excite him, caught from scenes which the supremacy of character has hallowed, or a sentiment of rich gratification steals over him from the midst of material beauty, the idea which he most loves to connect with these, — the idea of his race, — brings with it an overpowering sadness. Throughout all that art or antiquity here unfolds, he feels as if wandering in a beautiful garden, once blest with a presence which shall know it no more. He feels in his inmost soul, that it was this non-existent object of his love which lent an hitherto unknown interest to the marble and canvass, to mount and river, and while ever and anon their silent beauty affords a sad pleasure, they oftener serve but to remind him of the grave which has closed over the beloved of his memory.

Yet he gradually derives consolation, which sometimes brightens into happiness, in attaching himself to such mementos, and when they recall most strongly what has been, the thought of what may yet be, brings home an exquisite and almost forgotten delight. While melancholy even imparts its sad hue to the moral observer of Rome's relics and ruins, something of hope, of instinctive anticipation, bears out the mental gratification which ever flows from them.

The manners and morals of Italy, like the same characteristics of other countries, are sometimes condemned, without discrimination, even by intelligent as well as virtuous men. Yet not only should the general fact, that the intercourse of travellers is usually limited to the extreme exemplars of the population of a country, be kept in view, in judging of character in Italy ; let it be also borne in mind that the choicest spirits of a nation, in such a political condition, are often found only in the shades of retirement at home, or enduring voluntary exile in a foreign land. "Character," says a distinguished

authoress, "is an instinct; it is more allied with nature than the understanding; and yet circumstances alone give men the opportunity of developing it." And to the sojourner in Italy, who marks the unfolding of this instinct, where it is most truly and natively developed, in that inner tabernacle of life, which we call *home*, will be revealed such qualities of humanity as are rarely, if ever, known in equal freshness and beauty. Domestication in a Tuscan family, combining, as is there so frequently the case, nobility of birth with reduced circumstances, opened to ourselves a new and delightful vista of observation. The modern Italian character is far more intimately associated, in our minds, with the memory of acts and sympathies of rare urbanity and friendliness, than with the by-way specimens of imposition and mendicity, with which travellers seem to delight in interlarding their journals. He who, in estimating character, attaches due importance to what have been philosophically denominated the *affective* powers, will scarcely dwell despairingly upon the characteristics even of the present inhabitants of Italy. They are, in truth, the children of feeling. And hence we find the uneducated peasantry and artisans appreciating and relishing, often most enthusiastically, the poetry and music of their country. The modification of Petrarch's sonnets, and their becoming popular simply in an oral form, is a phenomenon explicable only on the ground of a national taste and enthusiasm. Nor have these general features ceased to be. Although "silent rows the songless gondolier," the stanzas of Tasso are not forgotten in Venice, nor does Ariosto cease to amuse the crowd on the Mole at Naples. If, therefore, one who mixes with the multitude, adapting himself sufficiently to their temperament and modes of expression, who goes with them to the opera and the festival, and especially, is brought near them in the family, fails to discover and feel a remarkable degree of the pure spirit of human brotherhood, such as shall impress his heart and win him from his prejudices, we think his experience must be singularly unfortunate.

Certain it is, indeed, that the intellectual charms, the religious graces, the native modesty, which are the glory of the American female character, are sometimes wanting; and yet, in frequent instances, one cannot but feel baffled in an attempt to point out their opposites. There is often a rich and perfect susceptibility without any great depth of sentiment; there is a spirit of affectionate kindness, but its extension is seemingly

a kind of constitutional habit; there is a pride without true dignity, and an open, playful, genuine nature, which yet we are almost persuaded, but for undoubted evidence, to brand as habitual affectation. Let one imagine loveliness combined with unrestrained and unrestrainable spirit, illumined with passionate feeling, and seconded by a language whose very accents are poetic, and a manner frank, and from its intrinsic peculiarities, interesting, and he may have a faint conception of an Italian beauty. Let him portray to himself a vivid and restless imagination, over whose magic-working energies no moral control presides, and into whose brilliant images no meditative coloring enters, an intellect too active and inconstant for intense or elevated action, a heart exquisitely alive to every faint impression of sympathy and love; in a word, a spirit ardent, unchastened by the perfect sentiment of religion, unnerved by the holy sinews of christian principle, and yet glowing, restless and energetic, and he may arrive at an inadequate but not incorrect idea of a species of female character in Italy.

General manners and morals are, indeed, proverbially too loose, not to merit the condemnation of the just observer. How far this is ascribable to the political and physical peculiarities of the country, an unprejudiced man cannot easily declare, while candor compels him to confess that these palliating causes exist. We have remarked, as a striking proof of the want of intellectual resources among the Italians, their sympathy for one who, from choice or necessity, is even temporarily solitary. And the importance which the mere conventional acts of life, and the occasional intervention of amusement, have acquired in their estimation, evinces the mournful absence of more worthy and truly valuable employments both for the time and intellect.

Let it ever be remembered, in view of the present moral and social condition of Italy, how early the "fatal gift of beauty" provoked those predatory incursions which have so despoiled her shores, and neutralized her nationality. How often have the glittering ranks of an invading host gleamed, like a meteor of ill omen, amid the mists of that mountain barrier, which nature has interposed between her favorite land and the surrounding nations!

The history of Italy, in the middle ages, is a detail of successive contests, internal and foreign, the only result of which seems to have been the settling down of the political being of

the whole country into a kind of hydra-despotism, — a government shared by foreign princes, ecclesiastical rulers, the inhabitants (and their representatives) of the several states. During the long twenty years of Napoleon's domination, whether enduring the horrors of famine in besieged Genoa, sacrificing to the Moloch of war upon the plains of Lombardy, or sending the flower of her army to perish amid Russian snows, she was courting martyrdom only to secure a change of masters, or minister to the ambition of the ascendant. It is perhaps impossible for a visitor of the present day, to realize that this land has indeed been the scene of such constant, severe, and unsuccessful warfare. The peace which has been enjoyed by other countries of the globe, — a peace no less fruitful of general prosperity and general intellectual growth, than void of the ever active causes of commotion, — with such a tranquillity Italy seems never to have been blessed.

There are, indeed, few problems more difficult to solve satisfactorily than the prospects of this country, as regards its vital interests. The several states, if united and penetrated by a just revolutionary sentiment, would advance towards independence as rapidly and certainly as the moral circumstances of the people would permit. But this is very far from being the case, as the experience of the past and the aspect of the present, most clearly indicate. There is Austria, on one side, jealous of her foothold in this devoted land, and perhaps, of all their political sufferings, none is more galling to the Italians, than the insulting presence of Austrian soldiery, an evil which the pope, as a measure of self-defence, is continually encouraging. Then the corroding internal divisions, which seem stronger and more baneful in proportion to the motives for union, are an awful barrier to the enfranchisement of the whole country. Such, too, is the power of the priesthood, and their influence over the women, that through them the existence of any liberal sentiment is almost immediately made known and its extension prevented. Indeed, this mutual conspiracy, for, viewed in reference to its operation, it merits no lighter name, between the two classes of community from which, according to nature and truth, the chief purifying influence should proceed, constitutes the spring which embitters and undermines all excellence, individual and political.

But a deeper cause, and one involving every other, is discoverable in the want of intelligence and moral sentiment among

the people. In short, while the liberalizing spirit and improving influences of the age, have to some extent become diffused in Italy, while we see distinct indications of the decline of ecclesiastical power and ignorant superstition, and hear of the King of Naples visiting the English and French courts to gain experience in the art of good government, we cannot but feel that Italy is not yet virtuous enough to maintain the forms or evolve the moral glory of genuine national freedom.

There are times when the American visitor is simultaneously impressed with the social and moral prëeminence of his native land and the local attractions of this; and is thus led to think of them in comparison with each other. In such a view it is impossible to lose sight of the several causes, which have combined to form the present moral atmosphere and intellectual spirit of the two countries. In Italy ages of barbarism and warfare, gradually changing to a more refined existence produced a brilliant period of chivalry and art, and then, amid despotic influences, acting upon a national constitution, and in a country peculiarly exposed to their worst effects, brought in the present form of society. With us the bracing air of freedom, alive with the higher impulses to action, teeming with moral motive, elevating knowledge and religious enthusiasm, naturally created a moral constitution presenting almost a complete contrast. What cause for wonder, if, destitute of a free arena, the ambition of a young Italian of the present day is merged in a frivolous passion for amusement? If, when the sublime motive of a national spirit is wanting, men think within the narrowest circle of human sympathies? If the women, looked upon as the victims and not aspired to as the honors of the other sex, cease to value the virtues which are their highest, but most unappreciated ornaments?

As the chief intellectual influence of Italy is that of the fine arts, one of their prominent intellectual results is to render us amateurs. Observation is engrossed with forms and sounds; the eye and ear evince a hitherto inexperienced capacity for enjoyment. The music, — the universal, metaphysical music of the land, — invites to the cultivation of the hearing powers, and the ever-present forms of art lead to a practised attention of the visual organs; so that we find ourselves insensibly drawn from the study of social circumstances, to that of influences far more abstract, but from their intimate connexion with humanity, with

genius, taste and feeling not less rich in overpowering interest. It is, indeed, remarkable under how many different aspects the studious observation of the productions of art ministers to mental gratification. They may be regarded with the eye of an artist, solely as illustrative of the various schools, or as embodying the true principles of his profession; or, by the student of human nature, as affording a beautiful exposition of the several epochs in the history of the development of mind; while the tasteful votary of letters delights in comparing their distinctive characteristics with those of the master-spirits of our race, whose thoughts are embodied in literature. The bold and sublime efforts of M. Angelo, the beautiful expressiveness of Raphael, the mellow and rich pencillings of Claude, the wild genius of Salvator, and the highly finished style of Leonardo present to him striking and interesting analogies with what is familiar in the sister art of writing. It has been well observed, that the bases of these arts touch each other.

The genuine amateur, won by the attractions, and attached by a spontaneous and intelligent sympathy with the delicate dependencies and distinctions which enter into the composition of external symmetry, beauty and grandeur, gives himself to the study and enjoyment of the abstract and embodied principles of art. In such a one, the first emotions of simple pleasure have expanded into profound and inspiring interest, and the lights of acquired knowledge and improving judgment have redoubled the primitive sentiment of pleasure, derived from these sources. Versed in the laws, according to which all physical grace and beauty exist, accustomed to find pleasure in every object which develops these, and ever quick to detect them wherever they exist, the world is to him full of enjoyment. Art's most glorious products are as cherished friends, ever awakening satisfaction, and affording consolation; blest with innumerable visions of beauty, garnered from imagination's pencillings, under nature's tuition, and glowing with a deliberate enthusiasm, which has become an instinctive principle, himself is his greatest resource. Nor are such enjoyments without a favorable moral, as well as intellectual benefit. The student and admirer of the noblest human productions, who has become such from native sentiment and discriminating taste, is allied to his race by a new and interesting bond; he may be said, with peculiar truth, to love in humanity, what is truly worthy of devoted affection, — her capacity of exalted effort.

And however vague and ill-sustained such a feeling may be abstractly, no regard can be more intelligent and vivid, when cherished through the medium of mind's most hallowed fruits. These give life to and sustain, in the devoted mind, a free and grateful respect, the legitimate spring of genuine philanthropy.

Were it only that the opera, like every national entertainment, is typical of the general taste, and in Italy affords the most free arena for talent, to an observant traveller it must be highly important, — but it is by the strong constraint of earnest sympathy that we dwell upon its character and influences. In point of excellence, simply as a popular diversion, it is unrivalled; and the chief, if not the only exception, which can be made to its detriment, springs from the deficiencies, not of the amusement, but of those to whose good it is designed to minister. For the want alike of that physical organization upon which the pleasure derivable from music depends, or of the sentiment and feeling, according to which that pleasure is bounded, must equally be denominated deficiencies, since they bar a species of gratification as refined, as it is rich and absorbing.

But it were indeed unjust to truth and human nature, to regard the opera, in its genuineness, solely as one of those means which the selfish ingenuity of man has contrived for occupying or even solacing the intervals of active existence. Its origin and legitimate intent are far higher and better; and although many may avail themselves of it for purposes of convenience, or at the suggestion of that restless craving for fashionable baubles, which is the besetting sin of the thoughtless, there are, and must ever be, better spirits to whom justice will refer its claims.

As a subject merely of speculation, the opera might be deemed an unphilosophical representation of humanity. As her master passions are ever developed at once and fervently, the idea of exhibiting them through the regular and measured medium of song, would seem essentially unnatural. Yet, as it is impossible in the drama to render the illusion complete; as in the most perfect efforts of the dramatist, and the actor, the *unreal* is palpably evident; in adopting a more deliberate and predetermined form of expression, nothing of imitative excellence is lost, while, in general effect, much is gained. In the opera, art and nature unite in their highest excellence. There is all the power of stage effect, the language of gesture and expres-

sion, the conventional paraphernalia of the theatre, with the superadded power of the most expressive melody, — that of the human voice exerted to the highest point of its natural capacity, and cultivated by the intervention of one of the most scientific and arduous of studies, to a degree almost incredible.

If speech is the readiest means of moral expression, and what has been termed the natural language the most unstudied and apposite, music, the breathing forth of the spirit in song, is the most spiritual, and therefore, more beautifully and delicately typical of the varying emotions which inspire it. To this form of expression we turn not, indeed, in the most passionate moments of experience, but when to these the calmer mood has succeeded, when love begins to assume the settled and deep character of a passion, when the shock of grief has given way to its calm sadness, and kindling hope slowly lessens the early heaviness of disappointment; when the quiverings of indecision have become composed into clear fixedness of purpose, and the sense of overwhelming joy is fast losing itself in the deep peace of conscious happiness,— in such ultimate stages of the passions, when their restless elements have become, in a measure, tranquillized, and their language more deliberate, then is it wont to pour itself forth in measured, but moving song; and if, in the opera, the limits of this natural order are occasionally exceeded what is it but an exercise of that poetical license, upon which even philosophy must contentedly smile?

The opera is the grand result of a general and discriminating passion for music. Without such a proximate cause its existence is truly impossible. It is this which gives rise to and sustains, not only the institution, but that remarkable and scarcely appreciated talent, which is its vital principle. It has ever been more or less the custom, even in the most civilized communities, to regard those individuals, whose lives are devoted, and whose present happiness is involved, in thus ministering to the general pleasure, with any sentiment rather than that of grateful respect, the evidence of this is to be found in the actual moral rank assigned to such a profession, and its cause is too often, doubtless, attributable to want of character in the members, and to that proverbial capriciousness which society ever evinces in relation to those professedly devoted to its diversion. The actual sympathy and respectful consideration cherished and manifested by the Italians for their favorite entertainment, and its worthy children, is most interestingly obvious to a stranger.

It is, too, delightful, to observe the conduct, the effect, all the phenomena of an Italian opera. Evening after evening, we behold the same countenances intently studious of the performance, the same votaries luxuriating in melody, criticising intonations, — Epicureans at the banquet of Euterpe. So well regulated is the police, and so genuine and universal the taste for music, that order, attention and quiet are effectually secured. The audience, indeed, go thither to partake of an habitual gratification. No sound but a *brava* spoken, as by one deep voice, during a momentary pause, or the full burst of general approval, interrupts the pervading silence.

And what the general will of a people supports, equally in the way of amusement as in the graver concerns of life, must bear the impress of national character, and for this, if for no other reason, should merit respect. This is singularly true in relation to the opera. Happy is that people whose taste has induced, whose discrimination has improved, and whose characteristic interest well sustains this morally beautiful entertainment.

To define justly the surpassing charms of Italian vocal music is indeed impossible; and yet, if in so entrancing a pleasure, as that derivable from this source, self-analysis be practicable, perhaps it will be discovered that in this, above most other species of melody, all the faculties are gratified. The ingenious combinations and intricate art delight the mental perceptions, its unanticipated variations and undiscernible power and facility of development captivate the imagination, while passion is excited by the imperceptible encroachments of its enchanting harmony over the empire of the heart. There is indeed a kind of universality in this singular, this unequalled vocalism. The heart often beats with eager enthusiasm, when the notes of martial music swell upon the air, an elevating sense of grandeur is awakened by the deep tones of a sacred choir, and a national air or household stave, by the force of association, will electrify the auditor. Yet something of all these effects, and something beyond and above all of them, can faithful introspection detect in the bosom agitated, soothed, inspired by the higher efforts of an Italian professor.

To the susceptible *student* of its influences, the opera, in its perfection, is a poetical representation of the deep things of life; of those passions which operate most powerfully and universally in the human heart, of that mysterious and in-

tricate connexion between motive and action, sentiment and thought, imagination and truth, which, in its development, constitutes the living poetry of our being. Such a one understands the mental experience of Alfieri, who says that the plots of some of his best tragedies were conceived while listening to the grand opera. And what medium like music, — music with all its depth and pathos, all its subtlety and infinity of expression, all its spiritual magnetism, for portraying to the heart its own indescribable capacity of feeling? And what an order of talent is that, which can successfully wield the power of expression requisite for a genuine opera-performer!

The votary of imaginative and intellectual happiness finds in this pleasure a satisfaction, similar in kind, though much more exalted, to that which the lover of physical science discovers in analyzing and combining the elements of matter. There is the same eager delight, which springs from the vivid knowledge acquired only by searching and successful experiment; but it is experiment upon self, not that which developes the anatomical relations of the body, but that which lays open, by a beautiful process of excitation, the delicate machinery of the inner and unseen being; it is the yielding up of one's native sentiment to the heavenly sway of the deepest melody, till its elements dissolve and combine in all the purest and most perfect forms of emotion. How palpable to the heart becomes its capacity of love, in all its endless modifications, and how keenly brilliant to the imagination shine its own magic energies, when both are bathed, excited, dissolved within the limitless scope of deeply undulating music!*

To many individuals, perhaps, the imaginative, the purely intellectual character of the enjoyments which attention and susceptibility may extract from the scenes and agencies of Italy, is an objection. These characteristics are, indeed, at war with the ultra-utilitarian spirit of the age. Yet there is a vastness in that source of happiness, denominated the *ideal*, of which

* "Can it be said, that there is such an art as that of music for those who cannot feel enthusiasm? Habit may render harmonious sounds, as it were, a necessary gratification to them, and they enjoy them as they admire the flavor of fruits or the ornament of colors; but has their whole being vibrated and trembled responsively, like a lyre, if, at any time, the midnight silence has been broken by the song, or by any of those instruments which resemble the human voice? Have they in that moment felt the mystery of their existence, in that softening emotion which reunites our separate natures and blends in the same enjoyment the senses and the soul?" *Madame De Staël.*

such cavillers are unaware. Notwithstanding the capacity of suffering involved in a sensibility to this moral incitement, life would be almost bereft of interest were the fountains of imaginative enjoyment sealed to mortals. We know not, nor under the present condition of being, can we know, how delicately, yet universally sentiment mingles with, and marks every pleasure of existence. Its commonest incidents, its familiar routine, not less than its exalted offices, insensibly imbibe and radiate a spiritual coloring, — an interest not their own, in which consists the true secret of the delight they afford.

There are few countries better calculated to nourish and bring out the latent *ideal* of existence than this, although here, as every where, its expansion must be aided. The great intellectual tendency of the legitimate influences of Italy is, indeed, to maintain the supremacy of taste, and to quicken the action of the sentiments. In younger and more agitated communities, there is much to excite a vigilant habit of observation, and develop native intelligence; and in scenes less environed by associations of almost universal interest, through a spirit of ambition or the bustling zeal of general enterprise, the mental powers are variously and often vigorously unfolded. But in this, the absence of all occasion of immediate excitement from the agitation of any one of the great elements of society, and the comparatively narrow circle in which the machinery of commerce and government move, are circumstances which serve to exhibit in broad relief those more intimate relations, and less general, and therefore more interesting influences, with which human society abounds.

One is singularly uninterrupted, in the endeavor to brighten into poetry the pathway of his being. He is undisturbed, nay, he is not unfrequently encouraged by the atmosphere in which he lives. Tranquillity, — that pre-requisite to the enjoyment of a poetical temperament, — clears the way, and beautiful forms in nature, glorious productions of art, a passionate social character, time-hallowed associations, a melodious language and the teeming presence of musical influences, are about him to feed the flame of that enthusiasm which idealizes, and therefore enriches, human nature.

There is, surely, ground for moral satisfaction in thus scanning, under the excitement of sympathy, the present scenes and intellectual influences of Italy. We stand among her ruins, eloquent of past greatness, and instinctively gaze around for a

lingering ray of existing glory; we contemplate with impatient sadness, her palsied political being, and yearn to lose its memory in dwelling upon the tokens of mental prowess and imaginative expansion; and these we find in the beauty and perfection of her literature and art. There is something singularly consolatory, in thus tracing out a conservative principle from amid the insignia of decay and prostration. There is something quickening to the love of humanity, something which renews our faith in her progressive tendencies, in beholding the continuance, and feeling the power of an intellectual dominion, a heritage of mind, an empire over the heart, where the mere external sway of the political sceptre has been most sadly subverted.

ART. VII. — *The Last Days of Pompeii.*

The Last Days of Pompeii. By E. L. BULWER. New York, 1835.

THERE is something in the idea of antiquity which fastens deeply upon human sympathies. We trace with intense pleasure and interest, the commonest events and the every-day machinery of past times. Upon the ingenious inventions and wonderful examples of contemporary skill, and taste, and knowledge, we may gaze with admiration, delight and awe. But there is wanting that half-superstitious and imaginative excitement, which lingers around the tale of former days, and calls forth to the delighted fancy the forms of things forgotten upon the earth, the shapes that haunted the busy home of man in the childhood of his long descended race, and reveals to curiosity, as it were, the immortal spoils of the grave, which have triumphed over oblivion and decay, — embalmed in the sympathies of our kind, and consecrated by the fragrant breath of glory. The earth and the sunlight are our home, and we look upon the bright scenes of the one and the beaming and glorious usefulness of the other, with an apathy derived from habit and daily want, — but when the voice of the dead speaks as from the tomb, we strain the ear to catch its faintest murmur as a holy and inspiring revelation, — and when the poet or the novelist summons from the dark banks of Lethe, back to light and life, the forms

of the unforgotten dead, we look upon the fictitious scene with the fresh and credulous delight of childhood. With the yet unsated and vivacious curiosity of inexperience we go forth as into a foreign land, and mark the strange costumes, the unknown voices, the foreign tongue, the differing habits, with reverence as well as satisfaction. If the scene be laid in a barbarous land, and its actors but the primitive and unlearned progenitors of happier and wiser nations, still we look upon these traits of those who have undergone the destiny to which we all must come, not only as landmarks in the deep and broad stream of time, as chapters of the great history of this world, but as resuscitated objects from the land of shadows, as a link between ourselves, who are, and the great congregation of those who have been, — but are not. And as our thoughts turn to that future, when we ourselves shall be a wonder and a dream to that posterity, which shall be to us, what we are to far antiquity, — surely we may find abundant matter for thought and feeling, till thought is lost and feeling chilled in the boundless and dim confines of time and eternity.

But when the magician collects around him the scattered pearls of history, to interweave with his fresh and blooming flowers, well may imagination drink in with delight the majestic vision. When to the proverbial magnificence of the unknown is added our fond reverence and deep sympathy for the familiar, then is the whole heart awake to feel, and almost to exist anew and apart from its former life, in the magic scene. And such are the golden recollections of classic lore. Such are to us the great and the beautiful, the witching memories of Grecian and Roman glory. Though far, far off adown the lapse of time, their little span has already become but a bubble in the ocean of the past, — immortality has bequeathed their fame, their story, their very features, to posterity. Their former home is hallowed, — their tongue the voice of science and wisdom, the first essay and the last best treasure of education, — their names the school-boy's theme, and the man's standard and prototype of moral glory. A Cicero, a Demosthenes, a Cæsar, a Homer, are no longer individuals of a few years of existence, they are archetypes and models of their kind, — the great and familiar precedents of scholars, statesmen and philosophers, the boast and admiration of all the civilized children of time.

When the majestic spirit of Eld rises upon us thus, from the tomb of the immortal and the glorious, — when we see him in

his own "bright clime of battle and of song," throned upon the beautiful and surpassing monuments of greatness, still unrivalled among the empires of earth, with his eye upon the Capitoline hill and the Acropolis, — when we hear in his voice, the long dumb oracles of Delphos and Dodona, and see around him the bright band of mythological divinities, that ministered to his ancient sway, — then indeed is memory eloquent, and our associations burst upon us fresh with Castalian dews, and bear us away from the cold utilitarian and sceptic present, to the glowing, poetic, and beautifully credulous creeds of former days.

But the scholar, however enthusiastic he may be, must feel that the picture has its dark shades, and the beautiful medal a rough and even hideous reverse. Though we look upon it with the extenuating tenderness with which we gloss over the failings of the departed great and good, — it is an obvious truth, that antiquity, even classical antiquity, is but another name for an era of ignorance, of credulity, of folly and even of savage barbarity. While the enthusiastic scholar loves to look on Marathon and Thermopylæ, he would fain forget Cimon and Miltiades, dying in prison, — Pausanius, a traitor and a victim, — Aristides, banished because his virtue became too severe a criticism upon his dissolute neighbors, and the hero of Salamis an exile and a recreant. He turns too often with awe, and almost adoration, to Delphos and the Parnassian hill, bright with graceful fiction — vocal with the inspiration of Apollo and the banded nine, and would forget that the oracle was a cheat and the god and his priestesses the arch impostors. But philosophy and regard for truth forbid us to encourage this delusion, and we must teach ourselves and our children to discriminate between the glories and the charms of intellect and fancy, and the cunningly interwoven falsehood, the arrant knavery, which disfigured those scenes which come to us softened in the distance, yet glowing with countless associated rays, and bright with long accorded excellence.

In the work before us Bulwer has, we think, succeeded in this difficult attempt. We feel throughout his book all the inspiration of the poetic and sublime creations of ancient genius, and share in the scholar-like fervor which evidently swells the author's mind. Still we are disabused of all false impressions by a full and vivid picture of the littlenesses and the vices, the depravity and corruption which existed at the heart of this brilliant era. We see the ancients, even in their own godlike home, and surrounded by the magnificent results

of genius, degraded, mean-spirited, base. We cannot here pause to discriminate between the different eras of Grecian history or award to each its peculiar character, its individual share of honor and disgrace. In her earlier day, the sons of Grecian mothers were more manlike than afterwards; and when the master-pieces of her art were produced, and the great achievements of her valor displayed, it is probable that her citizens generally were animated to some extent with the spirits of her chosen few, and were not unworthy to be compatriots of Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, Pericles or Phidias. At the date of our story, however, both Greece and Rome were sunk low in the scale of virtue and honor; and their past fame serves but to render the fall doubly disgraceful.

> "'Twas Greece, but living Greece no more.
> So coldly sweet, — so deadly fair, —
> You start, — for soul is wanting there.
> * * * * *
> A gilded halo hovering round decay,
> The farewell beam of feeling past away."

And saturnine and ungracious Rome, whose chief renown had been in arms, — whose chief excellence, brute force or skilful diplomacy, had forgotten her Seneca and disgraced the home of Cicero, Virgil and Horace. She had never been, like Greece, prëeminently intellectual and imaginative. She borrowed her literature and arts from her conquered neighbor, — and with the lapse of time, the giant had exchanged his energy for sloth, — his stern simplicity for gross and effeminate debauchery, — gigantic only in bulk, — terrible to others only in name, but truly formidable to himself.

These varying elements and antagonist ideas have been skilfully wrought up in the Last Days of Pompeii. While we revel in company with the bright souled Glaucus, and the high-minded, pure and beautiful Ione, on the memory of the past, and sympathise with feelings worthy of the scenery and the attributes of the times and the place, we see in the incidental sketches, and the subordinate personages, a skilful illustration of the sad depreciation of man. The witchery of poetry is around us, the magic of association upon us, — the fancy is delighted and the heart warmed even while the sober judgment sadly appreciates and bewails the truth.

The story is simple and unpretending. Two young persons of Grecian origin find themselves at Pompeii, and become

intensely attached to each other. The young Athenian, Glaucus, is an impetuous, high-minded and brilliant man, with no very extraordinary traits, but natural, gay, bright and attractive. Ione, a pure and lofty-minded woman, is a charming picture, but does not contribute much to the action of the plot. The principal characters, after the lovers, are Arbaces, an ancient liberal of the first water, who considers religion, as the alderman the charity soup, very good for the poor, — and uses the power and influence of his pretended sanctity and reputation for super-human knowledge for purposes of sensual gratification, and often to further criminal and bloody designs. He is the guardian of Ione, and his unhallowed and impure passion for his beautiful ward, and the struggle between him and Glaucus form the chief part of the plot. There are also Olynthus, an enthusiastic Christian, and Apaecides, the brother of Ione, who is inveigled into the priesthood of the religion of Isis by the artful Arbaces, and whose inward misgivings and anxious researches for the great principles of truth, with the attempt of Olynthus to convert him to the Christian faith, form interesting episodes. The other characters are but figurantes to fill out the skeleton of the drama. Sallust, the voluptuous but sound-hearted Epicurean, Diomed, the rich and purse-proud merchant, with his handsome, haughty and unfeminine daughter Julia, and the profligate and selfish noble, Clodius, are common, though well drawn characters. But Nydia, the blind flower girl, is an extraordinary being, very much like Scott's Fenella, but somewhat more natural. She also pines in unrewarded and hopeless love for the hero of the book; and the alternations of jealous frenzy and devoted affection to the happier, and by her, of course, envied lovers, are touchingly delineated, and beautifully expressed in the hopelessness and humility of her passion, in the little song in the second chapter of the third book. Her delicate and nervous temperament and sensitive feeling are finely imagined and well supported.

Arbaces, the Egyptian, is of all, however, the most striking personage, and his agency is the mainspring of the whole machinery. He is represented as a man skilled in all learning of the day, and deeply read in the occult sciences and deep arts of natural magic, and even of demonology. He is no enthusiast, but a cool and calculating impostor, who laughs in secret at the attributes which give him the means of governing and directing the multitude and advancing his own schemes and

power. Subtle and unprincipled, he is checked by no scruples; and accustomed to mock at the very faith which others place in his instructions and precepts, is withheld by no fear of retribution. The view which we have in Arbaces of the fluctuation between the doubts of all the popular dogmas and opinions of the later day of Paganism, and the confirmed contempt and unhesitating rejection of many of them, which enlightened minds could not fail to entertain, with the internal cravings for a better and a wiser faith, such as had only been made known to a few despised converts, is instructive both as an historical sketch of a peculiar era and a moral lesson. The philosophic and well informed were already accustomed to look with contempt upon the ceremonies and superstitions, and the irrational objects of worship of the classic mythology. Although society, in all its grades and shapes, still apparently acquiesced in the daily observance of the ancient ritual, — the human mind had outgrown the superstition which had hitherto found its subjects, now in the gay garland of a tasteful, poetic and imaginative ritual, and now in the long sweeping and gloomy trammels of fearful and oppressive hallucinations. Reason had triumphed long since over pure and barbarous ignorance, and was now growing impatient, even under the silken bonds of taste and ancient tradition in its bright garb of inventive beauty. The pagan mythology had ceased to command the respect and belief of the better educated, but it was still congenial to the national tastes and habits from which it originally sprang, and was intertwined with their literature, their laws and daily customs.

The multitude, in their blindness and ignorance, still adored its pomp, and trembled at its factitious errors, while the enlightened contented themselves with admiring the beautiful creations which breathed around them from statue and temple. The policy of the ruler led him to pay an external observance to a system which afforded the ready means of influencing and restraining the ruled, — and though augur laughed at augur, the gravity of the magistrate still sought in public, dignity and authority from the splendor of religious ceremonials, and the exposition of oracles which imposed upon the uninitiated. This constant mingling of splendid conceptions and paltry contrivances; — the humiliation of a highly imaginative and noble, but perishable, because false religion; the somewhat grotesque, yet interesting combination of highly cultivated taste and complete

prostration of the mental qualities in which that taste had its origin, at an earlier and better period. The twilight softness and gracefulness of the whole scene, with the brilliant hues, which yet hung around the dying day of Roman power, faint but still glorious memorials of the broad light that had faded, and the hour of greatness and moral sublimity that had passed away for ever, — all these are points to constitute a picture of unrivalled beauty. Volumes would scarce suffice to trace all the interesting features of these times, — for they add to their own peculiar and extraordinary character, a prescriptive and classic hold upon our youthful associations and our more mature meditations. Wherever we turn for models of taste and grandeur, in literature or art, to Greece still belongs the palm of an etherial and spiritual excellence, to which the moderns can oppose nothing but their superiority in scientific research and utilitarian philosophy, — whose results we all feel most sensibly, but cannot admire, except with our understanding. For the heart and the nervous and delicate perceptions, which we class under the name of taste, modern excellence is to Grecian art, what a Lowell factory is to the Parthenon. But to leave this endless and seductive topic, we will but add a recommendation to all who can, to go and behold the wreck of human glory on the plains of Greece and Italy, and to those who, from taste or necessity, travel entirely in their own elbow-chair, to take a jaunt with Bulwer.

Since the publication of the Last Days of Pompeii, Mr. S. L. Fairfield, editor of the American Monthly Magazine, published in New York, has claimed in that work the original authorship of much of its materials. According to his account of the matter, he printed some time since a poem, styled the "Last Night of Pompeii," a copy of which he sent to Bulwer, as one of the leading literary men of the old world. The general plan of both works, as might be supposed from their titles, is somewhat analogous; and many incidents, especially the *denouement*, in which some of the personages condemned to die, according to the cruel custom of Rome, by wild beasts in the amphitheatre, are rescued by the terrible event which overwhelmed both persecutors and persecuted, are common to both the poem and the novel. The scene in the temple between Arbaces and Ione, where the nefarious designs of the Egyptian are interrupted by an earthquake, is borrowed in its incidents alone from one in Mr. Fairfield's poem. Indeed, the plagiar-

ism is throughout solely in borrowing the plot without any reference to the characters that act, under the circumstances which constitute the machinery, — for the personages are entirely distinct in conception and widely different in style of execution. The more elevated parts of the work have not a feature in common; but it must be allowed, that Bulwer has most unceremoniously appropriated whole series of contrivances *ab ovo usque ad mala*, to an extent which would have rendered a previous acknowledgment of the debt, in our humble judgment, very creditable to the Englishman, and a mere act of justice to the American writer. *Sed non nostrum tantas componere lites.* The whole affair is rather a question of private property in a certain mechanical apparatus, than a literary fraud on which the public are interested to pass judgment.

But there are certain other charges adduced against Bulwer by our countryman, which have often before been objected both to him and Byron. These conspicuous and popular authors have introduced into their works a class of characters, preaching bad doctrines and practising worse morality, which many good and wise men have considered as dangerous ingredients in works addressed to the imagination, and read mostly by the unreflecting and superficial. The artificial and sensual Epicurianism of a Pelham, the refined, glozing and specious theories of Bolingbroke and Shaftsbury, and the gloomy, daring scepticism of an Arbaces, may chance to find among the classes who read more for excitement than instruction, who read much and think little, more gulls than critics, more who will have just enough of sympathy to admire, than who will have the discrimination to detect and the independence to reject them. And with regard to Byron's impassioned perversions of lofty feeling and aberrations of native energy, not a few will be hurried away in the rush of intense enthusiasm, to dwell more upon the splendor and dignity which still clothe the brow of the fallen one, than upon the guiltiness which caused the fall or the depth of the moral degradation; and thus, contrary to the assertion of Burke, vice will double its evil effects, by losing all its grossness. It is true that Byron has not given to his personifications of hearts maddened and led astray, nor Bulwer to his specimens of bewildered intellects, the sanction of success in their theories, or happy results of their experiments; and it may be said that it is neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to contemplate these various moods of the human character, good

or evil,—still, the writer who wishes to secure to himself the esteem as well as admiration of his contemporaries, and the gratitude of posterity, will be careful to set the mark upon every exhibition of erroneous and ill regulated feeling or guileful and specious reasoning, where it may meet the eye even of the careless reader, and leave nothing to be misunderstood, nothing to be a snare for thoughtless sympathy, nothing that may encourage a thought or a presumption derogatory to virtue. And if he have kindled by his Promethean touch, a meteor from the fog damps of error and mysticism, and hung it high in the heavens in his own strong and upward flight, he will place it not as a landmark to guide, but as a beacon to warn us off from the vicinity of danger. In the care which should thus be required of those who deal with perilous materials, Bulwer and Byron have both been deficient, and we have good cause to complain that the repast has been so served up, that many may swallow the poison and pass over the antidote. Such a result, it is true, would probably be chargeable to haste and want of reflection in the reader, more perhaps, than to insufficiency of moral point in the writer, — but authors are bound to remember that they furnish food for weak as well as strong stomachs, and it is their duty carefully to avoid and clearly to designate erroneous impressions.

On Bulwer's first appearance as a novelist, the prevailing disposition seemed to be to depreciate him. Whoever reads the Last Days of Pompeii will, we think, be no longer inclined to deny him his meed of praise. He has undoubtedly faults, — and peculiar as he is in style and manner, he could hardly fail to have them . But he has here shown himself an accomplished and thorough scholar, and if our opinion be correct, he has evinced great poetical genius. His songs in these volumes are, many of them, gems of the purest lustre and breathe a classical fervor and an antique spirit, such as none but a finished scholar could impart. Bulwer differs *toto coelo* from Scott. The latter owes his excellence in his novels, mainly to correct and keen observation ; the former principally to deep thought and enthusiasm. Scott's great characters are admirable personifications of manners and habits as they exist,—his more elevated and imaginative conceptions are not his best. Jeanie Deans is worth all his lady-like and romantic heroines ; Monkbarns and Edie Ochiltree are more interesting than all his grandees and lovers. Keen humor, deep relish for individual

peculiarities, and the faithful and full portraying of the thousand minute and various affections and ideas that make the man, have made Scott's fictions interesting to all, and given him his fame. Bulwer's personages are abstractions, — creatures of deep and peculiar thought, beings of acute sympathies and high-wrought intellect. You do not see many, perhaps none of Bulwer's principal characters, walking about the streets. They are his own, — such as might perhaps exist under the influences with which he surrounds them, but such as in real life are seldom to be found if at all. He resembles in this respect Lord Byron, — as he also does in his burning energy of thought, and powerful and captivating language. Scott is a man of the world, — Bulwer is more the man of books, — Scott observes what is going on without him, — Bulwer elaborates in his own heart and from his own stores, less natural but sometimes surpassingly grand and beautiful creations. And he has certainly proved his resources to be great, his mind powerful and highly cultivated, — his fancy vivid, and enthusiasm and learning of a high and pure order, — though he may be often eccentric and anomalous. The best proof of his merit is, that his works are highly interesting. The last, too, has less of his peculiar faults than most of the preceding ones. We shall be glad to tread again with him a far off land, and live awhile in a long gone age.

Bulwer and Byron are the best illustrations among the late writers of the peculiar genius of the last era of literature. There is a marked difference between the authors of the last fifty years and those who preceded, especially the writers of Queen Anne's day. It has been much the fashion to institute invidious comparisons and underrate the former, as having lost the true classic unction of Pope, Dryden, Swift, Johnson and Otway, — but though totally unlike, it does not necessarily follow, that the moderns are the inferior, — or at least, it is not clear that their dissimilarity constitutes of itself inferiority. The great changes which have been wrought in society, almost force the mind into new trains of thought and new modes of expression. What in Pope's Essays seemed to the generally uneducated people, a sage and acute observation, might now appear, to our devourers of works of every description, a trite remark, too obviously true to excite admiration or rouse an idea. What then occurred readily to the author and impressed favorably the reader, may now escape the observation of the first from its very familiarity, and be honored by the second, if presented in a book, with the

charge of stupidity. The literature of the present day is no longer much occupied in describing inanimate nature, or criticising and commenting on the common and social features of human life, — for philosophy and science have now passed the limits where they cease to interest general readers, and as the commonplaces of morality, and the every day appearances of life have been amply detailed, the light literature of the nineteenth century appeals more to feeling, under various and novel forms of excitement, as in our romances and poems. Plays, satires and didactic poetry are less in vogue. Thought is now become introspective and inculcates common truths, more through the tastes and passions and sentiments, than in moral points and antithetic dogmas. The attempt is less to rouse by descriptions of what must have been often before described, than to wake the heart, and thereby stimulate the mind by inspirations of passion and sentiment. If the different states of society and the great disparity of general information in the mass of the two periods, be well considered, many other causes for the distinctive attributes of these eras will be discovered, which we must pass over, for want of space. We will only add, that the inquiry must be both interesting and useful to those who will pursue it.

ART. VIII. — *Immigration.*

Remarks on the United States of America, with regard to the actual State of Europe. By HENRY DUHRING. London. 1833.

MANY principles of his nature conspire to render man a migratory animal. Curiosity, the desire of acquisition, the spirit of change and adventure have driven, at different periods, his footsteps over our planet, and have conferred on him in his wanderings the correspondent characters of the traveller, the conqueror and the colonist. Whatever interest may have occasionally attached to him in the two former capacities, it is the latter chiefly, in which, while consulting his individual advantage, he has fulfilled an imperious law of his nature, he is most universally interesting. But more especially so,

when statistical geography presents us, as in the present age, but two grand divisions of the earth; one, namely, in which population is pressing closely upon the limits of subsistence, and one in which the means of subsistence await an apparently unlimited development from the access of population. With respect to the former of these, the principles of emigration have been fully and anxiously investigated. The influence of colonization as regards both a subtraction of part of the people, and the subsequent benefits to be derived from the commercial relations of the colony, has been considered with a jealousy and care, inspired by the great importance of the subject, both in a political and economical point of view. It is a subject, which exerts at this day a paramount interest in the councils of princes and the cottages of peasants, and which must necessarily influence still more and more the domestic as well as external policy of civilized Europe.

But the subject is scarcely less interesting to those countries, which form the natural receptacle of this redundant population, although in this view it has received by no means the same degree of attention and discussion. Content with the obvious advantages of an arrangement, in which all the gain has appeared to be on our own side, we, who have led the van of emigration and have established in the wilderness a home and an empire, have perhaps been too little attentive to the many important responsibilities which devolve on ourselves in relation to this subject. We have been too keenly engrossed by the task of counting our rapidly multiplying millions, properly and adequately to appreciate the influence of those multitudes which the old world is daily pouring upon our coasts, on our political institutions or our social character. We have looked exclusively to the bright vision of future power and predominance; and it is only when some overburdened parish has disgorged in our sea-ports its occasional cargo of vice and pauperism, that we have been roused to ask ourselves the question, whether every addition to our numbers be an addition to our strength, and whether self-preservation, if not philanthropy, do not call our attention to the wants, the character and the destination of the foreign emigrant.

In the circumstances of the American republic, as will be observed, the subject is one not merely of peculiar interest, but of almost entire novelty; the emigrant being here offered on the one hand all the freedom and immunity of an original set-

tler, and enjoying on the other, the security and privileges of an already established and well organized community. As he, therefore, who looks exclusively to the wide and thinly settled domain, which stretches with unbounded fertility towards the Pacific, will be apt to consider the United States as the natural and undoubted receptacle of the surplus population of Europe, so, on the other hand, those who regard the importance of securing, strengthening and perpetuating the social institutions which we have already founded, may be permitted to ask whether some regulating superintendence and control might not be prudently and properly applied to the enormous influx of foreign emigrants. The inquiry is prompted by no illiberal jealousy, nor conceived in the spirit of exclusion or appropriation. It is suggested by a considerate regard as well for the real interests of the deserving emigrant as for those of the republic, and proceeds upon the obvious necessity of looking as well to the purity of our government and to the virtue and happiness of the people, as to the comparative vigor of the one, or the numerical amount of the other. If our social character be liable to be infected by the vices and misery of older countries, from a too rapid absorption of their redundant population, or our political institutions exposed to overthrow and corruption by the undue accession of unassimilating elements, how can it be other than wise and humane to guard against a state of things, which must prove ultimately so unfriendly to the best and perhaps last hope of the human family? America is indeed a sanctuary, from which none can be rightfully excluded whose presence does not endanger its permanence. The North American republic has realized the wish of the Macedonian, who, when asked by a tyrant how far he would go to escape from him, resolutely replied, "to some place where the name of Philip was never heard of." Here is opened a refuge from every tyranny which imposture can beget upon human credulity, and a retreat from every evil which monopoly can inflict upon popular incapacity. But how long could such immunities be maintained, if those to whose care so rich a blessing had been confided, should either basely betray that trust to incompetent and unaccustomed hands, or negligently suffer the materials of our national strength to waste away in indolent stagnation or to perish by violent fermentation, for want of a just distribution and a paternal superintendence? This would be in reality to defraud the human

race of that fair patrimony which has been opened for them in the western world; for the discovery of Columbus would lose more than half its value, if once separated from the noble institutions of Washington.

We proceed therefore, without further preface, to consider the actual state of the migration to this country and the ordinary condition and destination of the emigrant. With respect to the amount of this influx, which has been found to increase by a very rapid and extraordinary progression, it cannot be computed that less than 100,000 persons annually seek, in the United States, a refuge from the destitutions and adversities of the Eastern continent.* A few of these bring with them some amount of value in addition to their personal ability, but a far larger number contribute little or nothing more to their adopted country than their personal and physical resources. These therefore are represented in the language of political economy merely by their numerical value. The governments of Europe have denied them those advantages by which man is enabled, through the instrumentality of a practical education, to hoard up a productive capital in his own person; and it is fortunate indeed if, in a large number of cases, the value of the individual be not diminished by the whole amount of those vices, prejudices and immoral proclivities, which have been engendered by partial legislation and by a long series of unjust and oppressive discriminations.

For the most part then the emigrant arrives in our sea-ports, wholly destitute of property, and, under the name of a redemptioner, is often indented to labor in order to defray the expenses

* The immigration to the United States has been gradually increasing during the current century till the present time, when it seems to have risen suddenly to an amount which may well arrest the attention of all who feel an interest in the history and destinies of mankind. During the first ten years of the century, it was computed at from 4000 to 6000 per annum. From 1812 to 1821, it exhibits an average of nearly 8000, exclusive of those who may have found their way through the Canadas into the United States. In 1830 the immigration had risen to more than 20,000; while in 1833, if we may place any reliance on scattered accounts, it was not less than one hundred and fifty thousand, and may perhaps have amounted to 200,000! Thus, during the first thirty-three years of the present century, a term which is commonly allowed for one generation of the human family, about 600,000 foreigners have found their way into the United States, and constitute nearly one twentieth of the actual population. This proportion, it will be observed, at the present rate of immigration is rapidly augmenting. We have purposely inserted in the text a number lower than the probable influx of either the past or present year.

of his voyage. This, in his actual circumstances, is perhaps the most favorable lot which can befall him, for being thus supplied with immediate occupation, and placed in direct subordination to the habits, genius and character of American society, he is provided with a species of national education, acquires a real as well as a legal citizenship, and in many instances obtains an interest in the rights of property as well as of persons. The residue, however, with whom our business at present principally lies, are such as have either expended their little property in the purchase of a passage, or have been sent out at the charge of the parish to which their support had become a burthen. Emigrants of this description find themselves in our principal cities, without personal resources or friends, and in many instances with very erroneous impressions of the nature of our political and municipal regulations. The inequalities of European law, by robbing labor of its just fruits, and diverting so large a portion to the supply of the church and state, have probably deprived the individual of a just reliance upon his own resources, and prevented the acquisition of those habits of patient and unremitted application, which can scarcely be implanted with success, except in early life and by the animating expectation of a fair and certain profit on personal effort. Ignorant therefore from necessity, and idle through the absence of a wholesome stimulus, the emigrant's preconceptions of American freedom form generally the converse of his, who pronounced that "money was liberty," and in looking forward to his adopted country, the vision of wealth unattended by labor, and indulgence won without the inconvenience of toil, floats before an imagination which has unhappily confounded a land of equal rights with a land of voluptuous license. Even when the moral condition of the emigrant is more favorable, many circumstances occur to prevent his easy reception into the great mass of society which is floating around him. He is destined to feel the sharp encounter of many a prejudice which has sprung up, not altogether without reason, in a scene where the emigrant has so often avenged on individuals the unconcern and indifference with which his wants and sufferings have been regarded by the community. Whether therefore the human beings, thus cast unfriended and unknown on a foreign shore, be left to loiter away their time in the obscure retreats of the cities, or marched off to the service of some public work, where they must still be insulated from all the friendly influences of the society into which they have

been transplanted, much time must in either case intervene before they can be properly distributed through the country to furnish a supply of labor where it is needed, or to undergo that nationalizing process, which can only result from intimate and friendly contact in the walks of private business and domestic life.

In the meantime, however, the influence of the emigrant upon the community, into whose bosom he has been thus admitted, is by no means of a negative or indifferent nature. Long before the process of which we speak is completed, and consequently before the relations of civil and social life have indued him with the character and purposes of an American, he is allowed a participation in many of the most important functions of the citizen. In most of the States, the terms of admission to the polls are of such a kind as to give room, we apprehend, for an easy evasion of those qualifications which are required by the general law of naturalization. The state, the church, the police and the judiciary are thus all alike liable to be modified in their character, administration and prospects by the agency of an individual, who has been suddenly transferred from a land where he possessed no interest in the conduct of either, to one where every barrier is thrown down, and every institution submitted to the skill or empiricism of all who may choose to bestow upon it their regard or censure. Under such circumstances it cannot be a matter of surprise, if the emigrant, unfortunate alike in his previous disqualification and in his sudden investiture with new and untried privileges, be found sometimes disposed to add his weight to that portion of society which is most susceptible of partial impressions, and most exposed to violent and hurtful impulses. Bringing with him all the prejudices of his native land, and subjected to no moral quarantine at all adequate to their purgation, he is still, in his new locality, such both in character and opinion, as when he formed a part of the altogether differently constituted societies of Europe. As a philosophic poet has long ago expressed it, —

"Telle est la loi du ciel, dont la sage équité
Sème dans l'univers cette diversité!
Les Macedoniens aiment la monarchique,
Et le reste des Grecs la liberté publique;
Les Parthes, les Persans veulent des souverains;
Et le seul consulat est bon pour les Romains."

Cinna. Acte II. Sc. 1.

The effect which a promiscuous immigration may thus produce upon the political condition of the state, is not without some illustration in the past experience of republicanism. Montesquieu, in tracing the causes of the decline of Roman liberty, arrives at the conclusion that the disastrous change was occasioned not more by the enlargement of the empire, than by the indiscriminate extension of the rights and immunities of citizenship. "Si la grandeur de l'empire perdit la république, la grandeur de la ville ne la perdit pas moins." The different states of Italy first procured for themselves the establishment of a precedent, which, by a gradual extension to other and more distant communities, threw open the *comitia* to the natives of Europe and Asia alike, and corrupted the sources of liberty by the incongruous admixture of all the prejudices, interests and passions of the known world. The consequences were answerable, and it is worth while to trace them in the words of the illustrious writer whom we have just quoted. "Pour lors Rome ne fut plus cette ville dont le peuple n'avoit qu'un même esprit, un même amour pour la liberté, une même haine pour la tyrannie, ou cette jalousie du pouvoir du sénat et des prerogatives des Grands toujours mêlée de respect, n'étoit qu'un amour de l'égalité. Les Peuples d'Italie étant devenus ses citoyens, chaque ville y apporta son génie, ses intérêts particuliers, et sa dependance de quelque grand protecteur; la ville déchireé ne formait plus un tout ensemble; et comme on n'en étoit citoyen que par une espèce de fiction, qu'on n'avoit plus les mêmes magistrats, les mêmes murailles, les mêmes Dieux, les mêmes Temples, les mêmes sepultures, on ne vit plus Rome des mêmes yeux, on n'eut plus la même amour pour la Patrie, et les sentimens Romains ne furent plus."*

We do not mean to deny that there are important differences in the circumstances under which this accession of suffrages took place in the Roman commonwealth, and those under which a similar accession annually occurs in the political census of the United States. Yet these differences must proceed upon one of three suppositions; either that stricter guards have been here annexed to the right of suffrage, or that the materials of which the immigration is composed are themselves of better quality, or that, being dispersed over a larger tract of country and becoming immediately interested in the welfare of the community, they present a very different moral spectacle from the

* Considérations sur la Grandeur des Romains, &c.

condensed, yet fluctuating and venal population of Rome. If it appear however on examination, that in fact very feeble guards are opposed around the national ballot; that of the numbers who take refuge here from the oppressions of the old world, many have been not only impoverished but demoralized by the arbitrary and capricious exactions of the governments under which they have lived; and that, so far from being speedily and systematically absorbed into the mass of the native population and dispersed through the country, they are allowed by the neglect or indifference of the nation to collect in masses and to settle upon particular points of the body politic, then we presume that the supposed differences will lose much of the practical importance which we might at first have attached to them.* At all events, no one will deny, that wide as the country may be, and urgent as is every where the demand for mechanical industry, the access of foreign population may yet be too rapid and indiscriminate for easy and healthful absorption into the community under existing circumstances. A single glance at our large maritime cities will convince us that some such predicament has already occurred. Mrs. Trollope herself was sagacious enough, in looking at the collected masses of indigent emigrants, to perceive that all was not right. And without being able to perceive that the matter would be much mended, at least to the emigrant, by sending him to seek his fortunes on the banks of the Sascatchewan or Severn, rather than among the rich prairies of Missouri and Illinois, we may be permitted to doubt whether as much attention has been given to this subject, either by individuals or legislatures, as it deserves; whether, in

* Whatever we may think of the general spirit of the following remarks, there is undoubtedly some ground for the distinction which is there drawn between the conduct of an election at the North and at the South. We do not know how this can be accounted for, except by the accumulation of needy and uneducated emigrants in our principal sea-ports. We have ourselves heard an eminent citizen of Virginia express his satisfaction at the existence of negro slavery in that State, as tending to preserve it from the indiscriminate immigration of the lower class of Europeans.

"Compare the elections in the great cities of the North and of the South; what tumult in the one, what calm in the other! In the North, the inferior classes of society take possession tumultuously of the place of election, and by their indecent conduct, drive from it, as it were, every well educated and enlightened man. In the South, on the contrary, all the inferior classes are black, tongue-tied slaves. The educated classes conduct the elections quietly and rationally, and it is, perhaps, to that alone that the superiority of talent exhibited by the southern members in the Congress is attributable."

Murat's Sketch of the U. S.

a word, some measures might not be usefully resorted to, in order to facilitate the transit of the emigrant from the sea-port to the interior, and to promote by other means his safe and speedy resolution into the political and social body, of which he is to be thenceforward a constituent portion.

There are some considerations of an economical nature, connected with this subject, upon which it may be worth while to bestow a moment's attention. The almost unlimited demand for labor in America, occasioned by the extent of unoccupied land, and the comparative scarcity of that class of population which devotes itself to agricultural production, with a view only to the wages of such application, manifestly leads to the conclusion, that nothing can be more beneficial to all parties, than an unobstructed immigration of persons from the Old World, disposed and qualified to avail themselves of these advantages in the New. No adaptation in the processes of nature, no correspondence between the capabilities of one part of creation and the wants of another can be more plain, than the existence of such an adaptation, and such a correspondence between the unenjoyed prodigality of the Western hemisphere, and the necessities and destitution of the surplus population of Europe. The legislator or economist would deserve but ill of his species, who should attempt to oppose any obstacles to the accomplishment of so providential an arrangement as is here pointed out. Yet, the endeavor to control or regulate the misdirected and short-sighted impulses of avarice or want, can scarcely be viewed in the light of such an attempt. It is not necessary, certainly, that evils should be always left to work their own cure; there are cases which call loudly for benevolent interference, even where none of the rights of society are invaded or endangered. Thus it may become the duty of society to use means not merely for enlightening the judgment, but for imposing a salutary constraint on the will of the emigrant. After the discovery of the New World, when the thirst for gold, stimulated by the success of the first adventurers, had seduced mankind into a wild and hazardous pursuit of visionary wealth, any measure which might have had for its end to check the extravagance of public expectation, and to recall commercial industry into less romantic and deceptive channels, must surely have deserved approbation, as a considerate effort to avert an evil, which, if left to its own operation, could only be corrected by the bitter experience and the ruin

of multitudes. Now, so far as the extravagance of expectation, and the neglect of more certain but less dazzling advantages is concerned, the mineral delusions of the early age of America may be said still to exist in the wide and unappropriated riches of "the far West." A spirit of restless speculation is destined, we apprehend, to be kept up for ages, not merely in the emigrant, but in the native American also, by the persuasion, that beyond the great "father of waters," and yet farther and still farther onwards, new settlements await the hand of enterprise, and court the acceptance of the most daring adventurers. The El Dorado of the sixteenth century has vanished, only to assume this new form among the savannahs of Texas and Missouri. The vision of wealth, unattended by those difficulties which retard its acquisition in more populous countries, will continue, no doubt, to operate in this way unfavorably upon American industry, until that *hereditas jacens*, which nature has opened beyond the Mississippi, shall be in some measure explored and settled, or until some revolution in taste or opinion shall attract a more equal estimate to the resources, refinement and cultivation of older communities.

It would seem but natural, that while this process is going on, by which the Eastern part of the continent is drained of a laborious population, in order to supply the demands of the West, it should itself be supplied in turn by the regular course of emigration from Europe. Yet this, under existing circumstances, is by no means the case. The immigration to America, in reference to the countries from which it proceeds, and its ulterior destination, may be divided into three classes. Of these, it is remarked, that the Irish are most inclined to linger about the cities by which they have been first received, and into the vices and follies of which they are most liable to be betrayed by the ardor of their temperament, and the recklessness of their habits. The Germans, the Swiss, and other natives of the continent, would seem to be inclined to seek a more remote settlement in the West, where they form detached associations, as at Vevay and Harmony, and while they subsist in a friendly connexion with the community, for a long time resist an entire integration with it. As far as our own observation extends, it is the Englishman chiefly who passes, by an easy transition, into the bosom of American society, and, repelled by no inaptitude or prejudice, readily adapts himself to the pursuits of American industry, securing, at the same

time, his own permanent attachment to the country. In this distribution, we do not, of course, contend for any high degree of exactness. Individuals of every denomination may be found, we are aware, in each of the situations which we thus distinguish. Yet our distribution is sufficiently exact, to enable the philanthropist to contemplate the emigrant under several existing conditions, and to lead, consequently, to the adoption of correspondent measures for his relief and disposal. The end to be attained would probably be, to bring the first of the three classes above-mentioned, and perhaps the second, into the same intimate and beneficial relation to society at large, which is borne by the latter.

The German carries with him for the most part, into the interior settlements of the country, the same patient and laborious habits which had distinguished him in his native land. A peaceable citizen and a judicious husbandman, the colonies which he founds, though strikingly characterized by national peculiarities, are yet, almost without exception, models of well ordered and productive industry. The Swiss, too, will be found not to have lost that characteristic application and perseverance, which enabled him to clothe the most rugged cliffs of his native country with unaccustomed verdure, and to force its most churlish soil into a kindly subservience to his wants. "I have seen the inhabitants of Switzerland," says an intelligent writer, "carry on their shoulders baskets of manure up steep ascents, inaccessible to beasts of burden, and this for the purpose of cultivating some little insulated spot of ground which did not appear worth any such labor. The country-women wear their knitting round their waists, in order to have it at hand to fill up every little interval that occurs in their domestic employments. If a Swiss woman goes to fetch water from the fountain, or faggots from the wood, her burthen is skilfully poised on her head, while her fingers busily ply the needles." Habits such as these are not lost by a transit across the Atlantic; they are found as useful and as effectual to subdue the forest as the Alps. All that can be desired with respect to such emigrants is, that in free and intimate communication they may soon lay aside the Shibboleth of a foreign language, and arrive at a just understanding and appreciation of the character and institutions of the republic. It is the Irishman, and all who, like the Irishman, have been destined to contend with the ceaseless and disorganizing enactions of provincial vas-

salage, that must still present the most anxious and perplexing subject of contemplation to the philanthropist and the statesman. We take our illustrations of this class of emigrants from authorities which will scarcely be disputed, none perhaps having so good a title to paint the effects of misgovernment as those who have been instrumental in producing them. We can scarcely suppose such artists willing to overcharge the picture. "That Ireland is overwhelmed with a beggarly and redundant population; that its millions are starving in the midst of plenty; and seem to live only to bring into the world millions as miserable and distracted as themselves, is matter of common observation, not only to all who have visited the country itself, but to all who have compared it with other states, even in the lowest stage of civilization, and under circumstances generally supposed the most adverse to human improvement. That its population is redundant as well as miserable to the very greatest degree, is demonstrated, not merely by the immense tide of emigration which annually flows over the Atlantic, but the enormous multitudes who are daily transported across the channel to overwhelm the already overpeopled shores of Britain. From Mr. Cleland's admirable statistical work on Glasgow, it appears that there are no less than 35,000 Irish in that city, almost all in the very lowest rank and humblest employments of life; and the proportion in the great cities of the empire, Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, Birmingham and Edinburgh, is probably at least as great. Humboldt was the first who took notice of the extraordinary, and but for his accuracy, almost incredible fact, that between the years 1801 and 1821 there was a difference of a million of souls between the increase of the population of Great Britain as demonstrated by a comparison of the births and the deaths, and the actual increase of its inhabitants; a difference which he justly considers as chiefly owing to the immense influx of Irish during that period. There is no instance on record of so great an inundation of inhabitants breaking into any country, barbarous or civilized, not even when the Goths and Vandals overwhelmed the Roman empire."* "The Irish are far less industrious than the English. Arthur Young, in his travels through Ireland, observes, that husbandry labor is very *low-priced*, but not *cheap*. Two shillings a day in Suffolk is cheaper than sixpence a-day in Cork."† "The starvation and

* Blackwood's Magazine, Jan. 1833. † Conversations on Pol. Economy.

anarchy of Ireland is a leprosy which will soon spread over the whole empire!"*

Such is the estimate which is formed in Great Britain of the Irish character, and such the apprehensions entertained of the irruption of the wretched and starving population of that kingdom into the sister island. While our extracts furnish unequivocal evidence of the general destitution and misery of Ireland, the immediate cause of these, we may observe, is sufficiently explained by the want of industry, which is perhaps too justly imputed to the Irish peasantry as a national characteristic. It forms no part of our present purpose to ascend to higher sources, in order to account for the strange phenomenon which is presented to us in this wholesale destitution, demoralization and obloquy of an entire people. It only concerns us to know, that whatever causes may have produced these disastrous effects, they are not likely to remain subjects of distant and indifferent speculation to the American statist. Such as the Irishman is on his native shores, such is he found to be when landed on the quays of New York, Boston or Philadelphia. There is no charm in the middle passage to remove from his character the impress of recklessness and ignorance. The three pounds which bring him to America, buy him no more exemption from the inevitable consequences of his own want of industry and subordination, than the sixpence which lands him on the wharfs of Liverpool or Glasgow. Nor is it the Irishman alone, although constituting much the larger portion of the class, of whom the same disinclination to labor and incapacity to avail himself of the advantages of a free and unexhausted country may be predicated. There are hundreds of refugees annually entering the United States, whom the same political influences, which operate in the case of Ireland, have reduced to the same state of disqualification for every pursuit of laborious and persevering industry. In the condition of such emigrants, something more is needed than the mere removal of those legal impediments, which had hitherto obstructed their acquisition of property and independence. The desire of possessing these advantages is not necessarily consequent on the restoration of the natural ability to procure them; we must contrive in some manner to instil a sense of their value, before the emigrant can be animated to a course of rigorous self-denial and strenuous

* Blackwood. Ubi supra.

exertion. It is necessary to implant in him a taste for many of the gratifications of life to which he has hitherto been a stranger, and to enlarge the scope of his purposes beyond the mere support of a reckless and precarious existence. Without this previous discipline, the increased facility of satisfying his animal wants, so far from supplying a stimulus to increased exertion, will be found to afford the strongest solicitation to renewed and indolent indulgence.*

We wish certainly to speak upon this subject not merely with forbearance, as remembering that our own fathers were once also strangers in the land, but even with a sense of the deepest gratitude to those, who from time to time confer upon our country the honor of affording a sanctuary to those, to whom injurious laws have denied even a home. Passing by the illustrious names for which we have been actually indebted to almost every realm of Europe, it is by no means permitted us to forget that America was the destined refuge of Hampden, and that, but for a change in his private circumstances, a like plan of voluntary expatriation had dedicated to our institutions the virtues and the genius of Burke. While such genius and such virtues can be spared by the old world, we have certainly no inclination to close against them the gates of the new. Even the throng of less brilliant, but not ignoble minds, which we annually add to our national census, we welcome as life-giving streams in a thirsty land; as a strong and animating testimony to the value of our institutions, operating to the assurance of that faith which we repose in the ultimate prevalence of human liberty. It is but now, while inditing these lines, that we observe the birth of one of our most distinguished public men, — distinguished alike for his virtue, — his attainments, — his talents, traced to an obscure hut on the plains of New Jersey, the refuge some fifty years since of an obscure but honest Irishman. With such motives to grateful acknowledgment, and with such inducements

* "The remedy for the evils under which Poland and Ireland suffer, which are similar to those experienced in the South Seas, is to stimulate exertion, to create new wants, and to implant new tastes. The facility with which the wants of the Irish are supplied, permits that people to pass a great part of their time in idleness. If the population were diminished this evil would increase, because wages would rise, and therefore the laborer would be enabled, in exchange for a still less portion of his labor, to obtain all that his moderate wants require. Give to the Irish laborer a taste for the comforts and enjoyments which habit has made essential to the English laborer, and he would be then content to devote a further portion of his time to industry, that he might be enabled to obtain them." *Ricardo*, Chap. V.

to throw wide the avenues of approach to our favored country, we cannot in candor be supposed to indulge the wish of exercising any capricious discrimination among the objects of our national adoption. Yet it must not be concealed that some discrimination is proper, nor can we repress the conviction that a juncture has arrived in the condition of the two continents, when some degree of vigilance must be exercised by the one, in order to guard itself against the inauspicious influences of the other. The considerations which we have offered above, apply to the ordinary relations of Europe and America, but if we are not deceived by testimony emanating from different and independent sources, a new species of emigration, without example in the history of nations, and not to be embraced in the ordinary reasoning upon the subject, has already commenced its gloomy procession to our shores. The poor-houses and parishes of England, no longer able to endure the weight of pauperism, which a system of poor-laws, whose policy and administration seem equally open to censure, conspiring with the evils of a crowded population and a preter-naturally stimulated industry, has thrown upon the country, design to transfer a part of this incumbrance to the charity of the United States. It is not sufficient that the *penal colonies* of Australia are open to her convicts, England, it would seem, needs also that a species of *pauper colony* should be opened in America for her poor. Thus, while her own parishes guard with the keenest jealousy every avenue by which they may possibly become burthened with more than their proper and unavoidable share of the evil, and while the indigent and houseless Briton is scarcely permitted to pass the invisible line which separates Cornwall from Devonshire, or Durham from Yorkshire, it is held no wrong to transport the mendicant and vagabond by ship-loads across the Atlantic, and to abandon them, all helpless and aimless, on the territory of the young republic. That such things have been perpetrated, there can be no doubt, while more than one warning has lately reached us that the practice was growing into a system, distinctly meditated and embraced by more than one parish and county in England. While the inhabitants of Great Britain, therefore, are themselves exclaiming, as we have seen, against the incursions of the Irish, who, to say the least, are physically capable of labor, no compunction it appears is felt in shifting off a still more helpless and pernicious population on the hands of a younger people, still struggling with the difficulties and embarrassments of early settlement.

That the evil of which we thus express our apprehension is of no trivial nature, any one may satisfy himself, who considers the actual amount of pauperism in Great Britain. Not less than 1,275,976 persons, in a population of 12,300,000, derive their support either in part, or wholly, from the charity of individuals, or the doubtful benevolence of the laws. Whether the considerations which render these individuals objects of public munificence, be of a physical or moral kind, is nearly immaterial to the nation which is to become their recipient. We have already shown, that a change in his relations to society, and the increased facility of obtaining subsistence, can of themselves work no improvement in the character of the emigrant, and that some degree of moral culture is necessary, in order to endue him with those tastes and habits which are requisite for his own independent support, and the discharge of his civic duties. If we could imagine the 50,000 Lazzaroni of Naples, who at present content themselves with a mess of herbs and the moiety of a shirt, to be transferred at once to Charleston or New Orleans, we cannot suppose that the republic would gain any thing more than an equal number of worthless mendicants, whom, however capable of physical exertion, nothing less than the most urgent discipline could ever convert into honest and useful citizens.

We are gratified at observing, that the American public is not altogether indifferent to this subject. The legislature of New York has already provided, that any master of a vessel arriving from a foreign country, who shall knowingly bring any convict as a passenger, or otherwise, into that State, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and be subject to a fine not exceeding three hundred dollars, and to imprisonment for a term not exceeding one year. We cannot but think that such a law strongly recommends itself to the adoption of all our maritime States. We do not see, however, why its provisions should not be extended to meet the whole class of cases to which we have just been alluding, and to prevent the introduction of such *paupers* as, having been previously chargeable on any parish, shall be brought out at the expense, or by the agency of such parish. We are told, indeed, that such expeditions are gotten up under color of a pretended destination to Canada and other colonies; but by throwing upon masters of vessels a responsibility for the character of passengers, an effectual degree of vigilance would be induced amongst these

agents, by whom it could be most successfully exercised, and at the very point where a moderate degree of it might be most efficacious. Such a law would arm the police of our cities with a very desirable species of authority, of which no one, who is at all acquainted with the general feeling in America, could for a moment apprehend an abuse. While it would sanction their efforts to arrest a practice which threatens to inundate our sea-ports with a flood of foreign pauperism, it would encourage them to extend to the deserving emigrant a degree of favorable discrimination and patronage, which is nearly impracticable under present circumstances.

Having taken such measures to avert from this country the injurious operation of the British poor-laws, and to bar the oppressive influx of convicts and mendicants of every description, we should be in a situation to employ such measures as might suggest themselves for the relief of the immense body of destitute emigrants, to whom our ports and our hospitality would be still open. What those measures might be, we shall not venture very minutely to prescribe. Our immediate purpose is fulfilled in calling the public attention to a subject, upon which nothing can be effectual but concerted action, guided by the experience and the prudence of the common mind. As in the course of these remarks, however, we have alluded to the expediency of promoting the dispersion of indigent and uneducated emigrants through the country, we will not quit the subject without briefly stating at least one of the modes in which that object might be attained.

With this view we should rely mainly upon the organized benevolence of individuals. It is, surely, no vain calculation to presume, that in an age like the present, a very extensive and effective association might be formed for the purpose, not merely of relieving the immediate wants of the emigrant, but of enlightening him with respect to the choice of an ulterior destination, and of enabling him to reach that destination as soon as possible after his arrival in the country. We are aware that many laudable associations already exist for the first of these purposes, but we know of none, so extensively ramified and possessing such means of communication with the interior, as to qualify it for the competent discharge of the latter. Such a society, being national in its object, should be national also to the fullest extent in its structure and operations. From our principal cities it should spread its branches into every district

and village of the country, so that on the arrival of an emigrant, it should not only be ready to take cognizance of his wants and capacity, but be prepared likewise to pronounce at what point of the confederation his services would be most acceptable, and where, consequently, he might be most speedily and effectually engrafted into the community. Enough has been said, we hope, to prove that it is no inconsiderable object to procure employment for the emigrant as soon as practicable after his arrival, in some situation where he shall be detached, as far as may be, from the seductions incident to large cities, be brought into direct contact with American habits and industry, fixed in his attachment to the country, and enlightened with respect to his rights, his interests, and his duties. Much as we have heard of the want of genius in America, there is a spirit emanating from our institutions, and perpetually called forth by the difficulties as well as privileges of our social position, which must be at once recognised by all whose moral perceptions are not utterly obscured, in the earnestness, order and cheerfulness with which the business of life is every where encountered. With this spirit, the emigrant can scarcely be imbued, until by active co-operation in the pursuits of the community, he has become identified with its interests, and by some experience of its benefits, has learned to devote to it, not merely his fealty, but his affections. It is necessary, in a word, that in order to become a useful and creditable citizen, he should be placed in a situation where his services are wanted, and where he will consequently be repaid, not merely in the wages of labor, but in the kindness and encouragement extended to him.

If considered only with reference to the comparative density of population, the inducements to immigration will be thought to differ widely with respect to different parts of the country. From Massachusetts, which computes its seventy-eight inhabitants to the square mile, to Missouri, which numbers but two in the same space, every intermediate ratio may be distinguished in the different States of the Union. But there are some considerations, which might be found to counterbalance the apparent advantage of a slender population. The manufactures and commerce of the Eastern States must of course require a supply much more than proportionate to the territorial extent of those States, while in the region immediately south of Pennsylvania a process is going forward, which must ultimately make

room for an augmented immigration. It has long been observed by all familiar with the tract of country in our view, that the tide of negro population was rolling away, perceptibly and even rapidly, to the South. The staple productions of those regions are of the kind which is most familiar to the husbandry of Europe, and which, from the extent of demand and eligibility of culture, is most likely to attract the attention of voluntary labor. As therefore it is an admitted law that slave-labor cannot stand before the competition of free, it follows that in all the grain-growing country of America, a sense of interest must finally abolish the system of slavery, and open the way for the substitution of a more profitable species of industry. These considerations, it is true, will operate gradually, not only from the necessary difficulty of effecting so great a change, but from the operation of many prejudices, which at present exist on the part of the land-holder as well as of the emigrant. These prejudices, it would be one of the objects of such an association as we have recommended, to overcome. It might thus contribute to throw open to the emigrant a region of country unsurpassed in natural advantages, and peculiarly fitted by the temper and spirit of its inhabitants to conciliate the affections of the stranger, and to convert by an easy process the needy peasant of Europe into the independent husbandman of America.

We do not wish to protract these remarks; having expressed our own persuasion of the importance of the general subject, we leave to others to determine how far present action is expedient, and what degree of practicability belongs to those measures which we have ventured to suggest. We cannot forbear however to express our surprise, that amongst the benevolent enterprises of the age, the case of the destitute emigrant should have been comparatively overlooked. While, as a nation, we acknowledge the evils of ignorance, and practically endeavor by diffusive education to avert its disastrous effects from our national institutions, we regard with unaccountable indifference the condition of some thousands of persons, who, by the process of naturalization, may be said without violence of language to be annually born into the republic, although it is a well-known fact that most of them require to be not merely endued with new principles, but divested of innumerable prejudices that disqualify them for the proper exercise of even the lowest of those offices, which must necessarily devolve on the private American citizen. It seems to be one of the most common practical

errors of the age to follow up the acknowledgment of a right by a hasty and inconsiderate surrender of all the privileges which may accidentally appertain to it, forgetful that in transferring power to those who have long been its victims, and investing men with rights, of the correspondent duties of which they have been kept in entire ignorance, we contravene a clearly established law of nature, which dictates that all great and momentous changes should be introduced not merely with caution, but with assiduous preparation. In the case of the emigrant we do not, it is true, complain of the term to which his naturalization is limited. Five years, under favorable circumstances, are perhaps quite sufficient. But we *do* complain that no means are used to render that interval what it was intended to be, a season of preparation, and that having loitered it away in the haunts of vice and wretchedness, without notice, encouragement or occupation, the emigrant is at last invested with the high responsibilities of citizenship, before any real progress has been made towards securing his principles or fixing his attachments. Our policy is defective in this, that while it recognises the abstract rights of human nature, it fails to redress the inequalities of European law in that very point, the moral incapacity of the emigrant, where they press with most hardship and most severity. The ignorant and improvident refugee should be considered in the light of a pupil, whom we have five years given us to form into an intelligent and virtuous citizen. If we fail in any considerable degree to attend to his wants, to supply his defects, to enlighten his darkness, we must of course expect that our chalice will be returned in time to our own lips, charged with the ingredients of insubordination, recklessness and venality; and that the fate will be at last inscribed on our own institutions, which has been already written on those of Rome, —"La ville dechireé ne forma nait plus un tout ensemble, *et comme on n'en étoit Citoyen que par une espèce de fiction*, on n'eut plus le même amour pour la Patrie, et les sentimens Romains ne furent plus."

ART. IX. — *Burckhardt's Travels in Africa.*

1. *Travels in Nubia, by the late John Lewis Burckhardt, published by the Association for promoting the Discovery of the Interior Parts of Africa.* London. 1819.

2. *Reisen in Nubien, Kordofan und den peträischen Arabien.* Von Dr. Edward Rüppell. Frankfurt am Main. 1829. (*Travels in Nubia, Kordofan and Arabia Petræa.* By Dr. Edward Rüppell. Frankfort on the Maine. 1829.)

JOHN Lewis Burckhardt, one of the most distinguished of the modern travellers in Africa, and the East, was born at Lausanne in 1784, of a highly respectable family, whose usual residence was Basle. His father was obliged to leave his country, in consequence of the persecution which he suffered from the French and their party. He entered a Swiss corps in English pay, leaving his wife and children in Basle.

In the year 1800, young Burckhardt, being then sixteen years of age, was admitted into the University of Leipsic, and after a stay of nearly four years removed to Göttingen. In both places his exemplary conduct and high feelings of honor, his distinguished talents and ardent zeal for knowledge, gained him universal esteem, while a remarkable frankness, cheerfulness, kindness and evenness of temper, made him particularly beloved by his more intimate acquaintance.

In 1805 he left Göttingen, remaining for a short time at Basle, and then proceeded to England in the hope of finding some employment in the service of that country. He reached London in July, 1806, and soon became acquainted with some of the leading members of the African Association, which at that time was desirous of making new attempts at discovery in the north of Africa. Such an undertaking was peculiarly attractive to Burckhardt's bold, inquiring and enterprising spirit, and he soon offered his services. The dangers of the expedition were clearly represented to him, but without shaking his purpose, and in May, 1808, his offer was accepted. He received his instructions in January, 1809, having diligently employed the interval at London and Cambridge in the study of the Arabic language, and of the branches of science most important to the success of his expedition. He allowed his beard to grow and

assumed the Oriental dress; he attended lectures on chemistry, astronomy, mineralogy, medicine and surgery, and in the intervals of his studies, exercised himself by long journeys on foot, bareheaded in the heat of the sun, sleeping upon the ground and living upon vegetables and water. March 2d, 1809, he left England for Syria, where he intended to perfect his knowledge of the Arabic language and familiarize himself with Oriental manners, at a distance from the countries in which he was to travel in the character of a native of the East. He was directed, after a stay of two years in Syria to proceed to Cairo, accompany the Fezzan caravan to Mourzouk, and thence depart for the interior. He remained two years and a half in Syria, residing principally at Aleppo, but made several excursions to various parts of the country.

In the beginning of September, 1812, he arrived at Cairo, and after remaining four months at that place, he set off for Upper Egypt, January 11, 1813, arrived at Assouan (Syene) the southern extremity of Egypt, on the 22d of February, and thence travelled into Nubia as far as Tinareh, 430 or 450 miles from Assouan, according to his calculation. He came back to Assouan thirty-five days after having left it. His journal on this expedition forms part of the volume under notice. From Assouan he went north to Esne, to join a Sennaar caravan. Various circumstances detained the caravan till March 2, 1814, so that Burckhardt remained nearly a year in Upper Egypt. During the tedious interval he continued to wear his usual disguise of a poor Mohammedan trader, taking care to be as little noticed as possible. Among the jealous, treacherous and cruel Mussulman nations through which he passed, after leaving Daraou, it was difficult for him to find opportunities of continuing his journal. Still less was it in his power to transmit any intelligence to the Association until after his arrival at Souakin, a port of considerable traffic on the African coast of the Red Sea, whence he crossed over to Djidda in Arabia. The detailed account of this expedition forms the subject of the greater part of the present volume. He returned to Cairo in June, 1815, and thence wrote to the Association.

"As the unfortunate state of his health prevented him, upon this occasion, from entering into any particulars of his Arabian journey, it is right to inform the reader, that in the following year he transmitted to the Association the most accurate and complete account of the Hedjaz, (Arabia Petræa,) including the cities of

Mekka, and Medina, which has ever been received in Europe. His knowledge of the Arabic language and of Mohammedan manners had now enabled him to assume the Mussulman character with such success, that he resided at Mekka, during the whole time of the pilgrimage, and passed through the various ceremonies of the occasion, without the smallest suspicion having arisen as to his real character. Upon one occasion, when the Pasha of Egypt, Mohammed Aly, then holding his head-quarters at Tayf, to the eastward of Mekka, and who was not altogether ignorant of Burckhardt's connexion with England, thought proper to put his qualifications as a Mussulman to the test, by directing the two most learned professors of the law, then in Arabia, to examine him upon his knowledge of the Koran, and of the practical as well as doctrinal precepts of their faith, the result was a complete conviction upon the minds of his hearers, or at least of his two examiners, of his being not only a true but a very learned Mussulman. It was his firm conviction, that the title of Hadji, which his pilgrimage gave him the right to assume, would be of the greatest use to him in his future travels in the interior of Africa. Important however as were the experience and information acquired by his journey in Arabia, they were too dearly purchased; for there can be little doubt, that his constitution never recovered from the effects of that fatal climate, which has always proved pernicious to Europeans.* The severe attacks of fever and dysentery, which he suffered in Arabia, appear to have been the ultimate cause of the fatal termination of the disorder which, two years afterwards, in closing at once his labors and his existence, destroyed the best founded hopes of success, in exploring the unknown regions of Africa, which the Association had ever formed."

During the succeeding nine months, his attention was almost entirely devoted to the care of his impaired health, and to the preparation of his Nubian and Arabian journals for the Association.

In April, 1816, the plague began to rage in Cairo, while Burckhardt was waiting there for an opportunity to penetrate westward into the interior of Africa, and he therefore set out on an expedition to the peninsula of Mount Sinai. He returned to Cairo in June, and continued to reside there, occupied in preparing various papers for the Association, in the study of Arabic literature, and in other pursuits connected with the objects of his travels, till October in the succeeding year, when he was carried off by a severe attack of dysentery.

* The Danish scientific mission to Arabia, in the year 1761, consisted of five persons. Niebuhr was the only one who returned to Copenhagen.

"By the African Association," say the committee who published this volume, "his loss is severely felt, nor can they hope to supply the place of one whom birth, education, genius and industry conspired to render well adapted to whatever great enterprise his fortitude and honorable ambition might have prompted him to undertake. It cannot be doubted that his name will be held in honorable remembrance, as long as any credit is given to those who have fallen in the cause of science."

Since the appearance of the volume under notice, the Association have published the Travels of Burckhardt in Syria, the Holy Land and Arabia.

We now proceed to extract from his Travels in Nubia an account of the people of that country.

The Nubians represent themselves as descended from the Arabian Bedouins, who invaded the country after the promulgation of the Mohammedan creed. The country, when Burckhardt visited it, was under the government of three brothers, who paid an annual tribute of £120 into the treasury of the Pasha of Egypt. These governors, or kashefs, had about a hundred and twenty horsemen in their service, and were almost always moving about in order to exact taxes from their subjects, who paid them only on the approach of superior force. The kashefs committed acts of great injustice when they found persons unable to resist them. The brothers shared the revenue equally, but were very jealous of each other, and each robbed clandestinely as much as he could.

The revenue is derived from a tax on the sakies or water-wheels, employed for the purpose of irrigation. They are turned by cows. In fruitful years the winter wheat and barley, irrigated by one water-wheel, yields from twelve to fifteen hundred bushels. The whole system of taxation is extremely arbitrary and irregular. The poor villages are soon ruined by it. The rich pay less, because the governors are afraid of driving the inhabitants to open resistance. The kashefs derive also a considerable income from their office of judges, the administration of justice being wholly venal.

If one Nubian happen to kill another, he is obliged to pay the debt of blood to the family of the deceased, and a fine of six camels, a cow and seven sheep. If not paid by him, they are taken from his relations. Every wound inflicted has its stated fine, consisting of sheep and dhourra, (millet) but varying in quantity according to the parts of the body wounded. This is an ancient Bedouin custom.

Although the governors of Nubia extort large sums from their subjects, they do not maltreat their persons by beating them or putting them to death, except in cases of open rebellion, which happen not unfrequently. The following is one mode of extorting money. When any wealthy individual has a daughter of a suitable age, the governors demand her in marriage. The father dares not refuse, and is soon ruined by the extortions to which he is subjected under the name of presents to his daughter.

The habitations of the Nubians are built either of mud or of loose stones. Those of stone stand generally on the declivity of the hill and consist of two separate round buildings, — one of which is occupied by the males, the other by the females. The mud dwellings are generally so low, that one can hardly stand upright in them: the roof is covered with stalks of dhourra, which last till they are eaten up by the cattle, when palm leaves are laid across. The houses in Derr, and those of the wealthy inhabitants of the larger villages, are well built, having a large area in the centre with apartments all round, and a separation between those of the men and those of the women. The utensils of a Nubian's house consist of about half a dozen coarse earthen jars, from one to two feet in diameter, and about five feet in height, in which all the provisions of the family are kept; a few earthen plates, — a hand-mill, — a hatchet, and a few round sticks, over which the loom is laid.

"To the north of Derr, the dress is usually a linen shirt only, which the wealthier classes wear of a blue color; or the woollen cloak of the peasants of Upper Egypt; the head-dress is a small white linen cap, with sometimes a few rags twisted round it in the shape of a turban. Young boys and girls go naked: the women wrap themselves up in linen rags, or black woollen gowns; they wear ear-rings, and glass bracelets; and those who cannot afford to buy the latter, form them of straw. Their hair falls in ringlets upon the neck, and on the back part of the head they wear short tassels of glass or stones, both as an ornament and an amulet. The richer class wear copper or silver rings round their ankles. South of Derr, and principally at Sukkot and in Mahass, grown up people go quite naked, with the exception of the sexual parts, which the men conceal in a small sack. This sack resembles exactly what is seen in the figures of the Egyptian Priapus upon the walls of the temples. The hair of the people of Mahass is very thick, but not woolly. All the young men wear one ear-ring, either of silver or copper, in the right ear only, and men of all classes usu-

ally carry a rosary suspended round the neck, which they never remove; they also tie round one arm, above the elbow, a number of amulets covered with leather about three or four inches broad, consisting of mystical writings and prayers, which are sold to them by the Fokara.

"The Nubians seldom go unarmed; as soon as a boy grows up, his first endeavor is to purchase a short, crooked knife, which the men wear tied over the left elbow, under their shirt, and which they draw upon each other on the slightest quarrel. When a Nubian goes from one village to another, he either carries a long heavy stick covered with iron at one of its extremities, or his lance and target. The lance is about five feet in length, including the iron point; the targets are of various sizes; some are round, with a boss in the centre; others resemble the ancient Macedonian shield, being of an oblong form, four feet in length, and with curved edges, covering almost the whole body. These targets, which are sold by the Sheygya Arabs, are made of the skin of the hippopotamus, and are proof against the thrust of a lance, or the blow of a sabre. Those who can afford it, possess also a sword, resembling in shape the swords worn by the knights of the middle ages, a long straight blade, about two inches in breadth, with a handle in the form of a cross; the scabbard, for fashion's sake, is broader near the point, than at the top. These swords are of German manufacture, and are sold to the Nubians by the merchants of Egypt, at from four to eight dollars apiece. Fire-arms are not common; the richer classes possess match-locks. Hassan Kashef himself had no pistols. Ammunition is very scarce and highly valued; travellers therefore will do well to carry with them a few dozen cartridges, which are very acceptable presents. When I left the camp of Mohammed Kashef at Tinareh, his nephew ran after me for at least two miles, to obtain a single cartridge from me, telling me that he had shot off the only one he had, during the rejoicings of the preceding day."

Tobacco forms the chief luxury of all classes, who either smoke it, or mixing it with nitre, suck it by placing it between the lower gums and the lip. The common food of the Nubians is thin, unleavened, and slightly baked cakes of dhourra, served up with sweet or sour milk. The dhourra bread is very coarse and made without salt. It is prepared on a thin iron plate. The whole operation of grinding, kneading and baking, does not occupy more than ten minutes. Animal food is rarely tasted by the Nubians. Palm wine made from dates is common in the large villages. A liquor called bouza, resembling beer, is made from dhourra or barley. At Cairo, and in all the towns

and larger villages of Upper Egypt, there are shops for the sale of bouza kept exclusively by Nubians.

The climate of Nubia, though intensely hot, is very healthy, owing perhaps to the extreme dryness of the atmosphere. The small pox occasionally makes dreadful ravages.

The men are generally well made, strong and muscular, with fine features; in stature somewhat below the Egyptians; they have no mustachios, and but little beard, wearing it under the chin only, like the fugitives in the battle-pieces sculptured in the Egyptian temples. In the rocky districts where the plain is narrow and the people stinted for food, they are meagre. The women are well made, and though not handsome, have generally sweet countenances and very pleasing manners.

"Denon has certainly not done justice to them; but they are worn down, from their earliest years, by continual labor; the whole business of the house being left to them, while the men are occupied exclusively in the culture of the soil. Of all the women of the East, those of Nubia are the most virtuous; and this is the more praiseworthy, as their vicinity to Upper Egypt, where licentiousness knows no bounds, might be expected to have some influence upon them. During my stay at Esne, girls came every morning to my lodging to offer milk for sale; the Egyptians boldly entered the court-yard and uncovered their faces, a behavior equivalent to an offer of their persons; but the Nubians (of whom many families are settled at Esne) stood modestly before the threshold, over which nothing could induce them to step, and there they received the money for their milk without removing their veils.

"The Nubians purchase their wives from the parents: the price usually paid by the Kenous is twelve Mahboubs, or thirty-six piastres. They frequently intermarry with the Arabs Ababde, some of whom cultivate the soil like themselves; an Ababde girl is worth six camels; these are paid to her father, who gives back three to his daughter, to be the common property of her and her husband; if a divorce take place, half the value of the three camels goes to the latter. In Upper Egypt, when a wife insists upon being divorced, her husband has the right to take all her wearing apparel from her, and to shave her head; nobody will then marry her till her hair be grown again. The Nubian is extremely jealous of his wife's honor; and on the slightest suspicion of infidelity towards him, would carry her in the night to the side of the river, lay open her breast by a cut with his knife, and throw her into the water, 'to be food for the crocodiles,' as they term it. A case of this kind lately happened at Assouan.

"Public women, who are met with in thousands in every part of Egypt, are not tolerated in Nubia, except at Derr, and these are not natives, but emancipated female slaves, who being left destitute, betake themselves to this vile profession, to gain a subsistence. The execrable propensities which the Mamelouks have rendered so common in Egypt, even amongst the lowest peasants, are held in abhorrence in Nubia, except by the Kashefs and their relations, who endeavor to imitate the Mamelouks in every thing, even in their most detestable vices."

The Nubians are generally of a kind disposition, hospitable, inquisitive, and without that propensity to theft, so common among the Egyptians.

"If the government were not so extremely despotic, the Nubians might become dangerous neighbors to Egypt; for they are of a much bolder and more independent spirit than the Egyptians, and ardently attached to their native soil. Great numbers of them go yearly to Cairo, where they generally act as porters, and are preferred to the Egyptians, on account of their honesty. After staying there six or eight years, they return to their native Wady, with the little property they have realized, although well knowing that the only luxuries they can there expect, in exchange for those of Cairo, are dhourra bread and a linen shirt. Such of them as do not travel into Egypt, hardly ever go beyond the precincts of their village, for, generally, the Nubians have no inclination towards commercial speculations. At Ibrim I met with two old men, who assured me that they had never visited Derr, though it is only five hours distant. Those Nubians who have resided in Egypt, and can speak Arabic, are for the most part good Mussulmen, and repeat their prayers daily: but in general the only prayer known to the others is the exclamation of Allahu Akbar. A few make the pilgrimage to Mekka, by the way of Suakin.

"I estimate the whole population of Nubia, from Assouan to the southern limits of Mahass, an extent of country about five hundred miles long, with an average breadth of half a mile, at one hundred thousand souls."

Such is the account which Burckhardt gives of the Nubians. But the Arab tribes, who lie south of Mahass, he paints in much darker colors. He staid a considerable time in some of their principal settlements, — Berber, Shendy, and Taka. The following remarks, taken from his account of the people of Berber, are substantially applicable to most of the Arab tribes whom he met with south of Nouba.

The inhabitants of Berber are Arabs of the tribe of Meyrefab. In common with all the Arab tribes who inhabit the valley of the Nile from Upper Egypt to Sennaar, they report that their origin is from the east, meaning Arabia. None of the tribes who live on the Nile are large, and each district is seldom more than a day's march in length. The settlements of the Meyrefab extend only six or eight hours' march along the river, but many of them inhabit the neighboring districts as foreign settlers. They say that the Meyrefab can arm a body of one thousand free Arabs and five hundred slaves, but, in their wars with their neighbors, they seldom appear with more than four or five hundred men. Their chief is called Mek, a title common to all the petty chieftains of these countries as far as Darfour and Sennaar. The king of Sennaar, who has extended his authority north to the southern limits of Nouba, sells this dignity on the Mek's decease to the highest bidder. The Mek's authority is feeble, but he is oppressive to strangers. The sums paid to the king of Sennaar for confirming him in his office, are generally made up by a forced loan from any caravan that may be passing. The houses in Berber are of mud or sun-baked bricks, and consist of but one story built round a large yard. Two of the apartments are generally inhabited by the family, a third serves for a store room, a fourth for the reception of strangers, and a fifth is often occupied by public women. There are very few houses of people, considered respectable, in which such women are not lodged. They are generally liberated slaves, who have no means of procuring a living except by prostitution and the preparation of the intoxicating liquor called bouza. Some slaves pursue this occupation to procure the means of purchasing their freedom. The women of Berber, even those of the highest rank, always go unveiled, and young girls are often seen without any covering whatever, except a girdle of short leathern tassels about their waists. Many, both men and women, blacken their eyelids with kohel or antimony, but the custom is not so general as in Egypt. Both sexes rub their skins with fresh butter almost every day. They maintain that it is refreshing, prevents cutaneous complaints, and renders the surface of the skin smoother; the men, in reference to their frequent quarrels, add, that it renders the skin tougher and firmer, and more difficult to be cut through with a knife. Burckhardt says, that he himself found great relief during the mid-day heats, from rubbing his breast, arms and legs with butter, and also

from rubbing his feet with it when fatigued with walking. The skin of these Arabs distinguishes them from negroes, for though very dark, it is smooth and delicate, and as fine as that of a white person. The native color of the people of Berber seems to be a dark red-brown, which, in children, whose mothers are slaves from Abyssinia, becomes a light brown; if the mother is a negro, it becomes extremely dark. The features of the people do not resemble those of the negroes, the face being oval, the nose often perfectly Grecian, and the cheek bones not prominent. The upper lip is generally somewhat thicker than is considered beautiful among northern nations, though it is still far from the negro lip. Their legs and feet are well formed, which is seldom the case with negroes.

"In marrying, the bride's father receives, according to the Mussulman custom, a certain sum of money from the bridegroom, for his daughter, and this sum is higher than is customary in other parts inhabited by Arabs. The daughters of the Mek are paid as much as three or four hundred dollars, which the father keeps for them as a dowry. Few men have more than one wife, but every one who can afford it keeps a slave or mistress, either in his own or in a separate house. Kept mistresses are called companions, and are more numerous than in the politest capitals of Europe. Few traders pass through Berber without taking a mistress, if it be only for a fortnight. Drunkenness is the constant companion of this debauchery, and it would seem as if the men in these countries had no other objects in life. The intoxicating liquor which they drink is called bouza. Strongly leavened bread made from dhourra is broken into crumbs, and mixed with water, and the mixture is kept for several hours over a slow fire. Being then removed, water is poured over it, and it is left for two nights to ferment. This liquor, according to its greater or smaller degree of fermentation, takes the name of merin, bouza, or om belbel, the mother of nightingales, so called, because it makes the drunkard sing."

"The effects which the universal practice of drunkenness and debauchery has on the morals of the people, may easily be conceived. Indeed every thing discreditable to humanity is found in their character, but treachery and avidity predominate over their other bad qualities. In the pursuit of gain they know no bounds, forgetting every divine and human law, and breaking the most solemn ties and engagements. Cheating, thieving, and the blackest ingratitude, are found in almost every man's character, and I am perfectly convinced that there were few men among them or among my fellow-travellers from Egypt, who would have given a

dollar to save a man's life, or who would not have consented to a man's death in order to gain one. Especial care must be taken not to be misled by their polite protestations, and fine professions, especially when they come to Egypt; where they represent their own country as a land inhabited by a race of superior virtue, and excellence. On the contrary, infamous as the eastern nations are in general, I have never met with so bad a people, excepting perhaps those of Souakin. In transactions among themselves the Meyrefab regulate every matter in dispute by the law of the strongest. Nothing is safe when once out of the owner's hands, for if he happen to be the weaker party, he is sure of losing his property. The Mek's authority is slighted by the wealthier inhabitants; the strength of whose connections counterbalances the influence of the chief. Hence it may well be supposed that family feuds very frequently occur, and the more so, as the effects of drunkenness are dreadful upon these people. During the fortnight I remained at Berber, I heard of half a dozen quarrels occurring in drinking parties, all of which finished in knife or sword wounds. Nobody goes to a Bouza hut without taking his sword with him; and the girls are often the first sufferers in the affray."

"Upon our first arrival the people appeared to me very hospitable. Every morning and evening large dishes of bread and meat and milk, often much more than we could eat, were sent to us from different quarters. This lasted for five or six days, when those who had sent the dishes came to ask for presents, as tokens of friendship; this was well understood to be a demand of repayment; and we found ourselves obliged to give ten times the value of what we had eaten. In general, foreign merchants are considered as "good morsels," (as the Arabs say,) of which every body bites off as much as he can."

"The success of a traveller, in this part of the world, depends greatly, I may say wholly, upon his guides and fellow travellers, and their being well disposed towards him. If he is not thoroughly acquainted with the language of the country it will be very difficult for him to select proper persons for his guides or companions, or to elude the snares laid for him by villainy or treachery; it is in vain to suppose that fortune will throw in his way honest or friendly people, who are too scarce ever to be calculated upon, in preparing for a journey through these countries. The traveller must consider himself as surrounded by some of the most worthless of the human race, among whom he must think himself fortunate, if he can discover any less depraved than the rest, whom he can place some degree of confidence in, and make subservient to his views; and which can only be done by identifying their interest with his own safety. Above all, he must never be seen taking notes. I am fully convinced, that if I had ever been detected by

my companions with my journal in my hand, it would have given rise to the most injurious reports, and blasted all my hopes of success. While travelling through the desert I took my notes with much more ease than during my stay at Berber. Being mounted on a good ass, I used to push on ahead of the caravan, and then alight under some tree, or rock, where I remained, unobserved, apparently occupied only in smoking my pipe, until the caravan came up; but at Berber, and at Shendy also, I was often at a great loss how to withdraw from the persons who surrounded me in the house where we lodged; and it was unsafe to walk so far from the village into the fields, as not to be observed."

The rest of the Arabs whom Burckhardt met, during his travels on the west of the Red Sea, much resemble the people of Berber. After reaching Souakin, at which he embarked to cross the Red Sea and visit Arabia, he writes thus of the nations through which he had passed.

"The manners of the people of Souakin are the same as those I have already described in the interior, and I have reason to believe that they are common to the whole of Eastern Africa, including Abyssinia, where the character of the inhabitants, as drawn by Bruce, seems little different from that of these Nubians. I regret that I am compelled to represent all the nations of Africa which I have yet seen, in so bad a light. Had I viewed them superficially I might have been scrupulous in giving so decided an opinion, but having travelled in a manner which afforded me an intimate acquaintance with them, I must express my conviction that they are all tainted more or less deeply with ill faith, avarice, drunkenness, and debauchery. The people of Souakin partake of these vices with their neighbors of the desert, and in cruelty surpass them. My not being ill treated by the Souakin merchants in the caravan must not be adduced as a proof of their kindness of disposition. The secret fears of the Turks, which the entrance of Mohammed Aly into the Hedjaz had generally inspired, together with the apprehension of being brought to an account, if it should be known at Souakin and Djidda, that an Osmanly* had been ill-treated by them, were probably a powerful protection to me, although not a motive sufficient to induce them to shew me the smallest kindness on the route. I do not recollect a single instance of their condescending to assist me in loading my camel, or filling my water skin, of interpreting for me, or of rendering me any of those little services which travellers are in the habit of in-

* I had assumed the name of Osmanly on quitting Shendy, having there heard that there was an officer of the Pasha at Souakin, and another at Massouah.

terchanging: on the contrary, they obliged me, on different occasions, to furnish them with provisions and water; and in the evening their slaves were often sent to me to ask for a part of my supper for their masters, or to demand permission for the slave to eat with mine, under pretence that he had not had time to cook his supper. The intimacy of the people of Souakin with the Nubian Bedouins, and the unsettled state of their own government, have been the principal causes of their degenerating from the character of their Arabian ancestors. They have every where on the coast of the Red Sea, the character of avarice and ingratitude, or, to use the expression of an Arab of Yembo: 'Though you give them water from the holy well of Zemzem to drink when they are thirsty, yet they will suffer you to choke with thirst, even when their own wells are full;' and this character is confirmed by the testimony of all those who have had an opportunity of observing them in their houses. At Souakin, the law of the strongest alone is respected, and it is impossible to carry on business without purchasing the protection of some powerful Hadherebe. Every day some bloody quarrel takes place among them. Their bodies, principally their backs, are covered with scars; and a man, far from being reproached as a murderer, prides himself in the number of persons he has slain in private quarrels, and the sums he has paid as the price of blood."

We shall now give Burckhardt's account of the slave-trade carried on in this country. Shendy, a town on the Nile, in the southern part of the large region between Egypt and Abyssinia, has become the chief town in the black countries, for the Egyptian and Arabian slave-trade. Burckhardt calculates the number of slaves sold annually in the market of Shendy, at about five thousand. Far the largest proportion of them are below the age of fifteen. Those between eleven and fifteen years old, are the most esteemed. A male of this class, when Burckhardt was at Shendy, would sell for fifteen or sixteen dollars, if he had the marks of the small pox, otherwise he would not bring more than two-thirds of that price; a female was worth from twenty to twenty-five dollars. The males, above the age just mentioned, seldom sell for more than eight or ten dollars, because it is thought, both in Egypt and Arabia, that no great dependence is to be placed upon any slave who has not been brought up in the owner's family from an early age. Grown up female slaves, although past the age of beauty, sometimes sell for as much, if they are known to be skilful in working, sewing or cooking. Few slaves are imported into Egypt

without changing masters several times before they are finally settled in a family. In fact, slaves are considered on the same level with any other kind of merchandize, and as such are continually passing from one merchant to another. When the buyer is desired to take the slave away, it is usual to say, *soughe*, (drive him out,) an expression commonly applied to cattle. The traders in buying slaves are very attentive to their origin, because long experience has shown them that there is little variety of character among individuals of the same nation.

"I never knew any instance of a Negro boy following the pagan worship of his father, and refusing to become Mussulman, though I have heard it related of many Abyssinian slaves, who, after having been converted from idolatry to the Christian religion by the Abyssinian Copts, were sold by them to the Mussulman traders. I have been told of several of these slaves, particularly females, so steadily refusing to abjure their faith when in the harem of a Mohammedan, that their masters were finally obliged to sell them, in the dread of having children born of a Christian mother, which would have been a perpetual reproach to the father and his offspring. In Soudan, the slaves, though made Mussulmans by the act of circumcision, are never taught to read or to pray: and even in Egypt and Arabia this instruction is seldom given to any but those for whom their masters take a particular liking. It may be observed, nevertheless, that they are greater fanatics than the proudest Olemas, and that Christians and Franks are more liable to be insulted by slaves than by any other class of Mussulmans.

"I inquired at Shendy whether any of the slaves were eunuchs, but I was informed that no eunuchs were imported into that place during my stay, and that Borgho, to the west of Darfour, is the only country in eastern Soudan where slaves are thus mutilated for exportation. Their number, however, is very small; a few are carried to Egypt from Darfour, and the remainder are sent as presents by the negro sovereigns to the great mosques at Mekka and Medina, by the way of Souakin. The great *manufactory* which supplies all European, and the greater part of Asiatic Turkey with these guardians of female virtue, is at Zawyet-ed-deyr, a village near Siout in Upper Egypt, chiefly inhabited by Christians. The operators, during my stay in that part of the country, were two Coptic monks, who were said to excel all their predecessors in dexterity, and who had a house in which the victims were received. Their profession is held in contempt even by the vilest Egyptians; but they are protected by the government, to which they pay an annual tax; and the great profits which accrue to the owners of the slaves in consequence of their undergoing this cruel

operation, tempts them to consent to an act which many of them in their hearts abhor. The operation itself, however extraordinary it may appear, very seldom proves fatal. I know certainly, that of sixty boys upon whom it was performed in the autumn of 1813, two only died; and every person whom I questioned on the subject in Siout assured me that even this was above the usual proportion, the deaths being seldom more than two in a hundred."

"A youth on whom this operation has been successfully performed is worth one thousand piastres at Siout, he had probably cost his master, a few weeks before, about three hundred; and the Copt is paid from forty-five to sixty for his operation. This enormous profit stifles every sentiment of mercy which the traders might otherwise entertain. About one hundred and fifty eunuchs are made annually. Two years ago, Mohammed Aly Pasha caused two hundred young Darfour slaves to be mutilated, whom he sent as a present to the Grand Signor. The custom of keeping eunuchs has greatly diminished in Egypt, as well as in Syria. In the former country, except in the harems of the Pasha and his sons, I do not think that more than three hundred could be found; and they are still more uncommon in Syria. In these countries there is great danger in the display of wealth, and the individual who keeps so many females laves as to require a eunuch for their guardian, becomes a tempting object to the rapacity of the government. White eunuchs are extremely rare in the Turkish dominions. In Arabia I have seen several Indian eunuchs of a sallow or cadaverous complexion, and I was informed that slaves are often mutilated in Hindostan. Almost all the eunuchs of Siout are sent to Constantinople and Asia Minor."

"The treatment which the slaves experience from the traders is rather kind than otherwise. The slaves are generally taught to call their masters *abouy*, my father, and to consider themselves as their children. They are seldom flogged, are well fed, are not over-worked, and are spoken to in a kind manner; all this, however, results not from humanity in the traders, but from an apprehension that under different treatment the slave would abscond; and they are aware that any attempt to prevent his flight by close confinement would injure his health: for the newly imported slaves delight in the open air, and reluctantly enter houses, which they look upon as prisons. But when they are once in the desert, on the way to their final destination, this treatment is entirely changed; the traders knowing that the slaves have no longer any means of escaping, give a loose to their savage temper. At Shendy I often overheard my companions, who, although savage enough, were certainly not of the worst class of slave-merchants, say to each other, when a slave had behaved ill, and they were afraid of punishing him, 'Let him only pass Berber, and the Korbadj

(whip) will soon teach him obedience.' The Souakin traders with whom I afterwards travelled, shewed as little humanity, after we had passed Taka. The health of the slave, however, is always attended to; he is regularly fed, and receives his share of water on the road at the same time that his master drinks; and the youngest and most delicate of the females are permitted to ride upon camels, while all the others perform the journey on foot, whether it be to Egypt or to Souakin, as they had done from Darfour to Shendy. The hardiness of the young slaves is very extraordinary; after several successive days' march at the rate of ten or twelve hours a day, I have seen them, in the evening, after supper, playing together as if they had enjoyed a long rest. Females with children on their backs follow the caravan on foot; and if a camel breaks down the owner generally loads his slaves with the packages. If a boy can only obtain in the evening a little butter with his dhourra bread, and some grease every two or three days, to smear his body and hair, he is contented, and never complains of fatigue. Another cause which induces the merchants to treat the slaves well, is their anxiety to dissipate that horror which the negroes all entertain of Egypt and of the white people. It is a common opinion in the black slave countries that the Oulad-er-Rif,* or children of Rif, as the Egyptians are there called, devour the slaves, who are transferred thither for that purpose.† Of course the traders do every thing in their power to destroy this belief, but notwithstanding all their endeavors, it is never eradicated from the minds of the slaves. Another terrible apprehension which they have is of a small jumping animal, which they are told will live upon their skin, suck their blood, and leave them not a moment's rest. By this description they mean fleas, which are entirely unknown in the interior parts of Soudan, and of which the most curious stories are told by the people of the country, in enumerating the superior advantages of their own country over those of Egypt. Other vermin however, more to be dreaded than fleas, are too common among them. The fear of being mutilated on their arrival in Egypt operates powerfully also upon the minds of the young slaves.

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* Rif is the name given to Egypt throughout those countries; it means properly a low ground, abounding in water.

† A curious proof of this happened while I was in Upper Egypt; a great man who had bought two girls at Siout from the Darfour caravan, soon afterwards made a party with some friends to spend an afternoon in the cool caves in the mountain behind Siout, and ordered the two girls to attend him. When they entered the caves they immediately conceived it to be the place destined for their immolation; and when the knives were produced to cut the meat that had been brought for dinner, one of them ran off, and endeavored to escape, while the other threw herself on the ground, imploring the company to spare her. It required a considerable time to convince them that their fears were ill-founded.

"Slave boys are always allowed complete liberty within the yard of the house; but the grown up males, whose characters cannot be depended upon, or whose dispositions are unknown, are kept in close confinement, well watched, and often chained. On the journey they are tied to a long pole, one end of which is fastened to a camel's saddle, and the other, which is forked, is passed on each side of the slave's neck, and tied behind with a strong cord, so as to prevent him from drawing out his head; in addition to this, his right hand is also fastened to the pole at a short distance from the head, thus leaving only his legs and left arm at liberty; in this manner he marches the whole day behind the camel; at night he is taken from the pole and put in irons. While on my route to Souakin, I saw several slaves carried along in this way. Their owners were afraid of their escaping, or of becoming themselves the objects of their vengeance: and in this manner they would continue to be confined until sold to a master, who, intending to keep them, would endeavor to attach them to his person. In general, the traders seem greatly to dread the effects of sudden resentment in their slaves; and if a grown up boy is only to be whipped, his master first puts him in irons.

"It is not uncommon to hear of a slave-dealer selling his own children, born of negro women; and instances occur daily of their disposing of female slaves who are pregnant by them; in such cases, the future child of course becomes the property of the purchaser. Most of the traders have old slaves, who have been for many years in their service; these are placed over the young slaves bought in trade, and become very useful in travelling; but even these too I have seen their masters sell, after they had become members as it were of the family, merely because a high price was offered for them. It is in vain to expect in a slave-trader any trace of friendship, gratitude, or compassion.

"Slave girls are every where thirty per cent. dearer than males of the same age. They are called in these countries khademe and not djarye, as in Egypt. The finest of them are kept by the traders themselves, and are called serrye; their masters allow these girls great liberty, which they often abuse. It is falsely asserted by the caravan traders in Egypt, that it is a custom among them to respect the chastity of the handsomest female slaves; on the contrary, the traders do not observe the slightest decorum in their intercourse with the slave girls. During our journey to Souakin, where the caravan often encamped, on account of the apprehension of danger, in one large circle, I frequently witnessed scenes of the most shameless indecency, which the traders, who were the principal actors, only laughed at. I may venture to state (whatever may be the opinion at Cairo,) that very few female

slaves who have passed their tenth year, reach Egypt or Arabia in a state of virginity. The grandees, and rich people of those countries, take care never to buy grown up females from the traders, except for servants; but they often purchase very young girls, whom they educate among their women."

"Slavery, in the East, has little dreadful in it but the name; male slaves are every where treated much like the children of the family, and always better than the free servants. It is thought a mean action to sell a slave, after he has been long resident in a family. If a slave behave ill, he is generally sent into the country to work as a laborer in the fields of his master. Female slaves who are servants in families, are not so well off as males, because they generally suffer much from the jealousy of their mistresses. It is only by the Turkish soldiers that slaves are ill-treated. They purchase, in Upper Egypt, slave boys, whom they rear in their service, and who, after they have come to a certain age, and learned the Turkish language, are clothed and armed as soldiers, and enlisted into the company or corps of which their master is the chief. He then draws the monthly pay of his slave from the governor, as he does that of every other soldier; for, according to the regulations of the Turkish army, the captain, or Binbashy, receives the pay for the number of men whom he has under his command, and distributes it among them. It thus becomes a source of emolument to him to enrol slaves, to whose services the government never objects, and whose pay goes into his own pocket, as he is subject only to the obligation of feeding and clothing them. Great numbers of black soldiers have, in this manner, been introduced into the Turkish army in Egypt; it was even thought that Mohammed Aly Pasha had formed the plan of organizing a body of black troops, and drilling them according to the European manner; but the great dislike to this innovation expressed by his principal officers, appears to have made him abandon it. At present, from six to eight hundred slaves are bought up annually by the Turkish officers in Egypt.

"In the southern countries, a slave brought up in the family (I do not here speak of the traders) thinks himself superior to every other person in it except the master: he is admitted to all the family councils, is allowed to trade, or to engage in any other business on his own account, and to do just as he pleases, provided he proves a bold fellow, and in case of emergency can wield a sword in his master's defence; he may then misbehave at pleasure, without the fear of punishment. If a slave kill a free man, his master is obliged to pay the price of blood, otherwise his own family becomes exposed to the retaliation of the relations of the slain; for the death of a slave who commits murder is not deemed a sufficient atonement for the blood of a free man.

"In Arabia and Egypt, the law gives to the slaves one great advantage; if they are discontented with their master, and decidedly determined not to remain with him, they have the right of insisting upon being sent to the public slave market, to be resold. The owner may at first refuse to part with his slave, but if, having overcome the fear of exposing himself to the effects of his master's rage, the slave find an opportunity of making his demand, in presence of respectable witnesses, and persevere in this conduct, he must at last effect his purpose. Some slaves are less able to take advantage of this privilege, which the law grants to all, from being shut up in the harem, where no one hears their complaints except those who are the cause of them.

"According to the most moderate calculation, the number of slaves actually in Egypt is forty thousand, two thirds of which number are males, and the rest females. There is hardly a village in which several of them are not found, and every person of property keeps at least one. During the plague in the spring of 1815, upwards of eight thousand slaves were reported to the government to have died in Cairo alone. I have reason to believe, however, that the numbers exported from Soudan to Egypt and Arabia, bear only a small proportion to those kept by the Mussulmans of the southern countries themselves, or in other words to the whole number yearly derived by purchase, or by force, from the nations in the interior of Africa. At Berber and Shendy there is scarcely a house which does not possess one or two slaves, and five or six are frequently seen in the same family, occupied in the labors of the field, tending cattle, &c. &c.; the great people and chiefs keep them by dozens. As high up the Nile as Sennaar the same system prevails, as well as westward to Kordofan, Darfour, and thence towards Bournou. All the Bedouin tribes also who surround those countries, are well stocked with slaves. If we may judge of their numbers by those kept on the borders of the Nile, (and I was assured by the traders, that slaves were more numerous in those distant countries than even at Shendy,) it is evident that the number exported towards Egypt, Arabia, and Barbary, is very greatly below what remains within the limits of Soudan. From what fell under my own observation at Berber and Shendy, I believe that the slaves of both sexes on the borders of the Nile from Berber to Sennaar, amount to not less than twelve thousand. As the population of Darfour, according to Mr. Browne, is two hundred thousand, there are probably twenty thousand slaves in that kingdom; and every account agrees in proving, that as we proceed farther westward into the populous countries of Derr, Saley, Bournou, Bagermé, and the kingdoms of Afnou and Haoussa, the proportion of the slave population does not diminish.

"The laudable efforts made in Europe, and particularly by England, to abolish the slave-trade, will, no doubt, in time, extend a beneficial influence over the negro countries of Western and South-western Africa, whence slaves have hitherto been drawn for the supply of the European traders; but there does not appear to be the smallest hope of the abolition of slavery in Africa itself. Were all the outlets of Soudan closed to the slave-trade, and the caravans which now carry on the traffic with Barbary, Egypt, and Arabia, prevented from procuring further supplies, still slavery would universally prevail in Soudan itself; for as long as those countries are possessed by Mussulmans, whose religion induces them to make war upon the idolatrous negroes, whose domestic wants require a constant supply of servants and shepherds, and who, considering slaves as a medium of exchange in lieu of money, are as eager to obtain them as other nations might be to explore the African mines, slavery must continue to exist in the heart of Africa; nor can it cease, until the negroes shall become possessed of the means of repelling the attacks and resisting the oppression of their Mussulman neighbors. It is not from foreign nations that the blacks can hope for deliverance; this great work must be effected by themselves, and can be the result only of successful resistance. The European governments, who have settlements on the coasts of Africa, may contribute to it by commerce, and by the introduction among the negroes of arts and industry, which must ultimately lead them to a superiority over the Mussulmans in war. Europe, therefore, will have done but little for the blacks, if the abolition of the Atlantic slave-trade, which is trifling, when compared with the slavery of the interior, is not followed up by some wise and grand plan, tending to the civilization of the continent. None presents a fairer prospect than the education of the sons of Africa in their own country, and by their own countrymen, previously educated by Europeans. Faint hopes, however, can be entertained that the attention of European governments will be turned towards the remote and despised negroes, while selfishness and a mistaken policy have prevented them from attending to the instruction of their own poor."

We shall now add a few miscellaneous extracts, which struck us as interesting. The following illustrates the singular idea entertained in Egypt and Nubia of the motives of European travellers, in exploring the numerous remains of ancient architecture to be found in those countries.

"While inspecting the interior apartments of this temple with a lighted candle, for they receive no light but what is communicated through the outer gate, I was joined in the adytum by the Shikh

of Gyrshe, who had hurried after me, on seeing us take the road to the building. He begged me to give him half the treasure I had found, or at least, a handful; but he was obliged to be contented with a piece of wax candle. He shewed me the place where the Englishmen (Messrs. Legh and Smelt,) who had been here before me, found, as he asserted, an immense treasure, with which they loaded their vessel; one of the peasants had seen the gold! Similar tales are often spread abroad; every peasant swears to their truth; and singular as it may appear, all the inhabitants of Egypt, notwithstanding the long residence of the French in that country, and the continual passage of travellers, are still persuaded that the ancient temples are visited for no other purpose than to search for treasure."

To shew the cheapness of land carriage in countries in which camels are bred in large numbers, Burckhardt observes that the carriage for a camel load of goods, weighing from six to seven hundred English pounds, from Bagdad to Aleppo, a distance of six hundred miles, is £4.

He strips the Simoom or Semoum, the poisonous wind of the desert, of most of its terrors.

"I again inquired, as I had often done before, whether my companions had often experienced the Semoum (which we translate by the poisonous blast of the desert, but which is nothing more than a violent south-east wind.) They answered in the affirmative, but none had ever known an instance of its having proved fatal. Its worst effect is that it dries up the water in the skins, and so far it endangers the traveller's safety. In these southern countries, however, water skins are made of very thick cow-leather, which are almost impenetrable to the Semoum. In Arabia and Egypt, on the contrary, the skins of sheep or goats are used for this purpose, and I witnessed the effect of a Semoum upon them, in going from Tor to Suez over land in June, 1815, when in one morning a third of the contents of a full water skin was evaporated. I have repeatedly been exposed to the hot wind, in the Syrian and Arabian deserts, in Upper Egypt and Nubia. The hottest and most violent I ever experienced was at Souakin, yet even there I felt no particular inconvenience from it, although exposed to all its fury in the open plain. For my own part I am perfectly convinced, that all the stories which travellers or the inhabitants of the towns of Egypt and Syria relate of the Semoum of the desert, are greatly exaggerated, and I never could hear of a single well authenticated instance of its having proved mortal either to man or beast. The fact is that the Bedouins, when questioned on the subject, often frighten the townspeople with tales of

men, and even of whole caravans having perished by the effects of the wind, when upon closer inqury made by some person, whom they find not ignorant of the desert, they will state the plain truth. I never observed that the Semoum blows close to the ground, as commonly supposed, but always observed the whole atmosphere appear as if in a state of combustion; the dust and sand are carried high into the air, which assumes a reddish, or bluish, or yellowish tint, according to the nature and color of the ground, from which the dust arises. The yellow, however, always more or less predominates. In looking through a glass of a light yellow color, one may form a pretty correct idea of the appearance of the air, as I observed it during a stormy Semoum at Esne, in Upper Egypt, in May, 1813. The Semoum is not always accompanied by whirlwinds; in its less violent degree it will blow for hours with little force, although with oppressive heat; when the whirlwind raises the dust, it then increases several degrees in heat. In the Semoum at Esne the thermometer mounted to 121° in the shade, but the air seldom remains longer than a quarter of an hour in that state, or longer than the whirlwind lasts. The most disagreeable effect of the Semoum on man is, that it stops perspiration, dries up the palate, and produces great restlessness. I never saw any person lie down flat upon his face to escape its pernicious blast, as Bruce describes himself to have done in crossing this desert; but during the whirlwinds the Arabs often hide their faces with their cloaks, and kneel down near their camels to prevent the sand or dust from hurting their eyes."

He does not appear to put full faith in the destructive effects ascribed to whirlwinds of sand.

"Bruce has mentioned the moving pillars of sands in this desert, but although none such occurred during my passage, I do not presume to question his veracity on this head. The Arabs told me that there are often whirlwinds of sand, and I have repeatedly passed through districts of moving sands, which the slightest wind can raise; I remember to have seen columns of sands moving about like water spouts in the desert on the banks of the Euphrates, and have seen at Jaka terrible effects from a sudden wind; I therefore very easily credit their occasional appearance in the Nubian desert, although I doubt of their endangering the safety of travellers."

In speaking of the coins in use at Shendy, he observes, "Of dollars those only are current that are coined in Spain, and have the inscription Carolus IV. These numerals or lines must be visible on the dollar to make it pass at its full value. They say that the dollars with Carolus III. must be of less

value, because they have only three lines, whence they are estimated at one sixth below the real value."

Burckhardt's white skin attracted great attention in the black countries through which he travelled.

"My appearance on this occasion, as on many others, excited a universal shriek of surprise and horror, especially among the women, who were not a little terrified at seeing such an outcast of nature as they consider a white man to be, peeping into their huts, and asking for a little water or milk. The chief feeling which my appearance inspired I could easily perceive to be disgust, for the negroes are all firmly persuaded that the whiteness of the skin is the effect of disease, and a sign of weakness; and there is not the least doubt, that a white man is looked upon by them as a being greatly inferior to themselves. At Shendy the inhabitants were more accustomed to the sight, if not of white men, at least of the light-brown natives of Arabia; and as my skin was much sunburnt, I there excited little surprise. On the market days, however, I often terrified people, by turning short upon them, when their exclamation generally was: 'God preserve us from the devil!' One day, after bargaining for some onions with a country girl in the market at Shendy, she told me, that if I would take off my turban and shew her my head, she would give me five more onions; I insisted upon having eight, which she gave me; when I removed my turban she started back at the sight of my white closely shaven crown, and when I jocularly asked her whether she should like to have a husband with such a head, she expressed the greatest surprise and disgust, and swore that she would rather live with the ugliest Darfour slave."

The effect of a hurricane in the desert is thus described.

"Towards evening we were visited by another hurricane, the most tremendous I ever remember to have witnessed. A dark blue cloud first appeared, extending to about 25° above the horizon; as it approached nearer, and increased in height, it assumed an ash gray color with a tinge of yellow, striking every person in the caravan, who had not been accustomed to such phenomena, with amazement at its magnificent and terrific appearance; as the cloud approached still nearer, the yellow tinge became more general, while the horizon presented the brightest azure. At last, it burst upon us in its rapid course, and involved us in darkness and confusion; nothing could be distinguished at the distance of five or six feet; our eyes were filled with dust; our temporary sheds were blown down at the first gust, and many of the more firmly fixed tents of the Hadendoa followed; the largest withstood for a time the force of the blast, but were at last obliged to yield, and

the whole camp was levelled with the ground. In the mean time the terrified camels arose, broke the cords by which they were fastened, and endeavored to escape from the destruction which appeared to threaten them, thus adding not a little to our own embarrassment. After blowing about half an hour with incessant violence, the wind suddenly abated, and when the atmosphere became clear, the tremendous cloud was seen continuing its havoc to the north-west. Similar hurricanes frequently happen at this time of the year, their consequences, however, are never more disastrous than what I have just detailed; in a few minutes the tents were raised, and every thing was again put in order."

The consumption of water in travelling through the desert is very great.

"No idea can be formed by Europeans of the quantity of water necessary for drinking, cooking, and washing during a journey through these countries, but more particularly to allay the thirst of the traveller, whose palate is continually parched by the effects of the fiery ground and air, who has been confined perhaps for several days to a short allowance of water, and who lives upon food which, consisting of farinaceous preparations and butter, is calculated to excite thirst in the greatest degree. It is a general custom in the caravans in these parts, as well as in the Arabian deserts, never to drink, except when the whole caravan halts for a few minutes for that purpose; the time of doing this is, in the slave caravans, about nine o'clock in the morning, and twice during the afternoon's march, namely, about four and six o'clock. In the forenoon, also, every one drinks at the halting of the caravan, and again after the meal; and the same rule is observed in the evening. To drink while others do not, exposes a man to be considered effeminate, and to the opprobrious saying, that 'his mouth is tied to that of the water skin.'—And it is otherwise imprudent, as the opening of his water-skin at an unusual time subjects the traveller to importunities which it is not always prudent to reject; but none thinks of asking such a favor when the whole caravan halts to drink. Those who have many slaves fill the large wooden bowl in which dinner is served up, and place it upon the ground, when the slaves kneel down and drink out of it half a dozen times, as cattle do out of a trough; this is done to prevent the waste of water that would be occasioned by each having a separate allowance. Travellers in these journeys drink a great quantity of water when it is plentiful; I do not exaggerate when I say that I have often drunk in the afternoon, at one draught, as much as would fill two common water-bottles. To drink three or four times a day is considered short allowance; few

Blacks and Arabs, when water is abundant, drink less than six or seven times daily; but when the S. E. wind blows, no quantity is sufficient to keep the mouth moist, and one wishes to drink every quarter of an hour. The stories related by the Bedouins to the town's-people, of their remaining often two or three days in the desert without drinking, are mere fables. In all parts of Nubia, at least in the caravan routes, travellers can never be in very great distress for want of water, if the wells are not dried up. The only portions of the road, of any length, without water, are from Goz Radjeb to Sennaar, and from the frontiers of Kordofan to Shendy. Yet the Black traders often suffer from want of water, even where the wells are near, because their avarice leads them to load their camels so heavily with merchandise, that they have no room for a plentiful supply of water. The usual computation is that a middling sized skin or Gerbé, holding about fifty or sixty pounds of water, will serve a man for three days, if he is alone, or four men for one day, if they mess together."

We come now to the work of Rüppell.

Dr. Edward Rüppell appears to be a traveller of much respectability. The death of both his parents, in his seventeenth year, interrupted his studies, and made it necessary for him to prepare himself for commercial pursuits. On attaining his majority he came into possession of some property, and was enabled to follow his inclinations; and in the year 1817, when he was about twenty-one years old, he made an excursion into Egypt and Arabia, for his amusement. At this time he formed the idea of exploring at leisure the north-eastern part of Africa. He returned to Europe in 1818, and after employing himself for some years in acquiring the necessary knowledge, obtaining astronomical instruments, &c., he returned in 1822 to Egypt, with a young physician, Dr. Hey; and was occupied until the middle of the year 1826 with excursions in Nubia, Kordofan and Arabia. In the autumn of that year he went to Cairo, and was obliged in consequence of his impaired health to return to Europe in May, 1827. The book before us contains the results of his observations during that period. We believe that he has since been engaged in another expedition to the same regions.

His statements agree with those of Burckhardt, and he visited some parts of Nubia into which Burckhardt did not penetrate. Among these is Dongola, a province on the Nile, five or six degrees south of Egypt, and under the government of

Mohammed Ali, sovereign of Egypt. From his account of the people of this district, we extract the following notices.

The inhabitants of Dongola may be divided into two classes: —First, Barabra or Berbers, the descendants of the ancient Ethiopians; and, second, Arab tribes from the Hedjaz, (Arabia Petræa.) The features of the Barabra resemble those which are found on the colossal statues and bas-reliefs of the ancient temples and monuments, still extant in their country. A long oval face, a well curved nose, somewhat rounded toward the end, rather thick but not disagreeably projecting lips, retreating chin, thin beard, lively eyes, thick curled but not woolly hair, symmetrical figures of a moderate size, and a bronzed complexion, characterize this people.

The Arabs are mostly employed in raising cattle and pass a nomadic life in tents. Some tribes, however, live in permanent habitations, and practise agriculture.

Both among the Barabra and the Arabs, a large cotton cloth thrown over the shoulders and loins, and full of dirt and grease, constitutes the whole covering of the men. Their hair, twisted into small braids, hangs dripping with butter down their necks. They wear sandals, of which the soles and thongs consist of but one piece of leather. Every one carries a short knife fastened to his left arm above the elbow, with some written amulets in a leather case; sometimes a pair of iron pincers to extract splinters, and a hollowed piece of buck's horn, containing crocodile's musk, and other strong smelling ingredients, which is occasionally applied to the nose to excite a pleasant sensation.

The Berber, when he goes to the field, is armed with a straight broadsword of German manufacture, imported by the way of Egypt. The Arab carries this weapon at all times, usually accompanied by two lances, and an oblong black shield prepared from the skin of the Antelope Leucorix.

The women wear a white cotton cloth with broad red stripes about the border; this is thrown over their shoulders: their ornaments are thick silver rings in their ears and noses. Some few persons of distinction have them of gold. The wealthy have also silver clasps on their arms and legs, and silver bells adorned with coral in their hair, which hangs in braids over their shoulders and bosoms. Their neck and temples are adorned with beads and pieces of amber; silver rings sometimes containing carnelians are much in fashion. The beauties redden their nails and the inside of their hands with henna leaves, and blacken their lips and eye-

lids with powder of antimony. Girls, till the time of their marriage, wear an apron of leather tassels, and sometimes throw a cotton cloth over their shoulders. About their loins they wear a girdle, with pieces of carnelian an inch long attached thereto. Boys, till their tenth year, go entirely naked. They then put a rag round their loins.

The Barabra are principally engaged in agriculture. The land all requires artificial irrigation. The water is raised by means of wheels turned by cattle. The people are most oppressively taxed and extremely poor. Their food is often only boiled bean leaves with a little seasoning, sour milk and bread made of dhourra, (millet). They have the intoxicating bouza already described. In many parts of the country they taste flesh only on the occasion of the death of some person of distinction, when a cow is killed in honor of him.

The unsettled state of the country for the last fifty years, has induced them to substitute straw huts for houses built of sun-dried bricks. The frame of these huts consists of slender posts, and the interstices are filled with great mats of straw, or with bundles of long dhourra stalks. These huts can be easily removed when the termites or white ants become intolerable, as is frequently the case.

The adult male Barabra pass their lives in the greatest indolence, excepting some mechanics employed in weaving, manufacturing iron, or in making boats and water-wheels, and these labor only two or three hours a-day. The women are more occupied; they must cut, thresh, and grind the grain, bake the bread, bring the water, and clean and spin the cotton. The same licentiousness prevails in Dongola, which Burckhardt has described as existing in other parts of southern Nubia.

The administration of justice is almost entirely in the hands of the Turkish military officers, who decide according to their pleasure.

In almost every village there is a fakir; that is, a person able to read and write and well acquainted with the usages of the Mohammedan religion. The fakir does not engage in agriculture, but lives on the contributions of his neighbors, in return for which he is bound to instruct the boys in reading and writing, and also in prayer and the other duties of religion. The fakirs derive considerable profit from writing amulets or charms, of which almost every Berber has half a dozen. These are

even hung on horses or attached to particular pieces of land, to guard them against the evil eye or the ravages of the Hippopotamus. The Arab tribes, residing among the people of Dongola, are much like those described by Burckhardt.

The following extract will serve to illustrate the state of the Nubian provinces under the government of Mohammed Ali, the sovereign of Egypt.

"When I visited the province of Shendy, in the winter of 1824, it had just been reduced anew by the army of Mohammed Bey. Unheard of cruelties were perpetrated to avenge the death of Ismail Pasha. At Matemma, a thousand helpless women and children were butchered with knives in cold blood, after they had received a promise of pardon. At Shendy the Turks shut up all whom they could seize, in several large buildings to which they set fire, and their victims perished in the flames. Impalement, mutilating, and burning were the order of the day.

"Ismail Pasha's death was the consequence of his own rashness and brutality. About the end of October, 1822, on his return from Sennaar to Cairo, he arrived at Shendy in a boat accompanied by a few Mamelukes. Nemir, the Mek or governor of the place, received him as his sovereign, when Ismail astounded him by demanding a tribute of a thousand slaves, to be delivered within two days. On Nemir's replying that it was impossible, he threatened him with impalement if the order were not punctually executed. There was little time for reflection. Nemir prevailed on the Pasha to leave his bark and take up his abode in a house, where he might devote himself to pleasure more conveniently. Around this house he collected a great quantity of millet. straw, under the pretence of supplying fodder for the horses presented to the Pasha. Towards evening the people of Shendy rose in insurrection. The half inebriated Pasha being called upon by his followers to retire, is said to have answered, — 'I am the son of Mohammed Ali; who dares touch a hair of my head?' Meanwhile Nemir set the straw on fire; all avenues to escape were barred, and the Pasha and his train perished in flame and smoke. The whole district then rebelled against the Turks. Mohammed Bey, governor of Kordofan, hastened to avenge the death of his brother-in-law. Nemir rashly met him in the field with undisciplined troops destitute of fire-arms, and was totally routed. Mohammed Bey then burned Shendy, and exterminated its inhabitants. The town of Matemma, which lay opposite to it, experienced a like fate."

In his description of the province of Kordofan, Rüppell states, that since 1820 the Turks have been masters of it. They exer-

cise the most arbitrary tyranny over the plain country, and every year systematic forays are made on the Nouba who inhabit the mountains. Their settlements are surrounded, and if the inhabitants do not escape by flight, they are carried off into slavery. It is calculated that about two-thirds of these wretched captives perish before reaching Cairo, on account of the total neglect which they suffer. Of the forty thousand persons whom the Turks have thus torn from their homes, there are not five thousand at present alive in Egypt.

Rüppell says that the fishermen and hippopotamus hunters form a particular caste in Dongola. Their mode of taking the crocodile is as follows. The most favorable season is the winter, when the animal sleeps on land in the sun, or in the spring after its eggs have been deposited in the sand, when the creature often comes to visit them. The hunter marks the spot and makes a hole near it, throwing up the sand towards the side on which he expects the crocodile. There he conceals himself. The crocodile, if he does not observe the man, comes to the place and soon falls asleep in the hot sunshine. The hunter now strikes him a violent blow with a harpoon. The iron must penetrate at least four inches that the barb may hold. The crocodile hurries to the water, and the hunter to his boat, which a companion urges towards him. A piece of wood, fastened to the harpoon by a long rope, floats and shows the course which the crocodile takes. The hunters seize the rope and drag the animal to the surface of the water, where it is assailed anew. The chief difficulty is, to thrust the lance with sufficient force to pierce the creature's rocky hide. The crocodile is not idle, but strikes violent blows with his tail, and seeks to bite off the rope which holds the harpoon. To guard against this, it is composed of about thirty small cords which are bound together at intervals of two feet. These cords slide between the crocodile's teeth and elude its attempts. The harpoon, however, often drags through the flesh, and the animal escapes. "If I had not seen it myself," says Rüppell, "it would appear to me incredible, that two men could drag a crocodile fourteen feet long out of the water, bind together its jaws, fasten its legs together over its back, and finally kill it by thrusting a sharp iron into its neck, which divides the spinal marrow. The flesh and fat are a favorite food of the Berbers, but have a strong taste of musk."

The hippopotamus hunters attack their game both by day and night. They prefer the day, however, because they can then more easily escape from the animal's fury. They use a harpoon attached to a long rope, at the other end of which is a thick piece of wood, which, floating on the water, enables them to discover by daylight a beast which has been attacked by night. The hunter takes the harpoon and part of the rope in one hand, in the other he carries the remainder of the rope with the log of wood attached to it, and cautiously approaches his prey by daylight when asleep on a small island, or watches by night on the bank where he hopes the animal will land, in order to ravage the fields of grain. When he has arrived within the proper distance, (about seven paces) he throws the harpoon, which, if skilfully sent, penetrates the thick skin and sinks beyond the barb. The wounded animal usually flies to the water and conceals himself below its surface, the wooden shaft of the harpoon falls out, but the piece of wood attached by the rope to the iron head, indicates the direction which he takes. The hunter's greatest danger is that of being discovered before he throws the harpoon, in which case the beast sometimes rushes furiously on him and crushes him at once in his huge jaws, an instance of which Rüppell says happened during his residence at Shendy. As soon as the harpoon has taken effect, the hunters hasten to their little boat and carefully approach the floating wood, to which they fasten a long and strong rope, and carry the end of it to the large bark containing their companions, which follows them. The hunters now pull on the rope. The pain of the barb excites the fury of the animal, and as soon as he sees the bark he rushes on it, seizes it with his teeth and sometimes succeeds in crushing or overturning it. The hunters now throw four or six harpoons into him, and exert all their strength to drag him close to the side of the bark, so as to obstruct his efforts, and strive with a long sharp iron to separate the ligament of the neck or to pierce the skull. On account of the bulk of the animal, they cut him up in the water after he is killed, and drag the separate pieces to land. Only one or two hippopotamuses are killed yearly in the Turkish province of Dongola. The meat of the young animal is agreeable food. That of the old ones is apt to be too fat. The quantity of their flesh is considered equal to that of four or five oxen. The hide is used chiefly for making whips, and each

one yields from three hundred and fifty to five hundred. The teeth are not used.

Rüppell, in the years 1821 and 1823, was personally engaged in the capture of these animals.

"One of them, a very large male, appeared to have reached his full dimensions. He measured from the snout to the end of the tail nearly fourteen feet and a half, and his tusks, measured along the outer curve, were above twenty-eight inches long. He cost us a struggle of four hours by night, and came near destroying our bark. He discerned the hunters in the small boat when they were about to fasten the long rope to the piece of wood attached to the harpoon, rushed on them, dragged the boat under water and crushed it to pieces. The men hardly escaped. Of twenty-five musket balls shot into the head of the monster at a distance of about five feet, only one penetrated his skin and lodged in the bone near his nose. At every breath the animal now snorted streams of blood upon the bark. We were finally obliged to resort to a swivel, which we had supposed it unnecessary to use at so short a distance; and it was not until five of its balls had been fired at the distance of a few feet, and had made hideous breaches in his head and body, that the giant gave up the ghost. The darkness of the night increased our danger. The huge beast dragged our bark with ease in every direction, and was killed at a very critical moment, for the vessel had become involved in a labyrinth of rocks, which none had observed in the confusion. Hippopotamuses of this size cannot be killed by the natives alone for want of ordnance. The voracity of these animals makes them scourges of the districts in which they are found. The inhabitants have no means of keeping them out of their grounds. All which they do is to sound a small trumpet during the night, and keep up fires at different places. In some districts the creatures cannot be driven off, unless a large body of men armed with sticks assail them with shouts."

A meteorological phenomenon, which our traveller observed in passing from Suez to Cairo, is thus described.

"It was on the 22d of May, 1822, at a distance of about seven leagues from Cairo, in the desert, that we experienced a violent south wind, of which travellers have told so many absurd stories. A light breeze from the north-east had blown during the night. Soon after sun-rise a strong wind arose from the south-south-west, and gradually increased to a violent storm. Clouds of dust filled the air, in such a manner that a camel could not be seen at

the distance of fifty paces in any direction. Along the surface a rustling was perceptible, which I attributed to the rolling of the sand driven by the wind. The parts of our bodies exposed to the wind were unusually hot, and we experienced a singular smart resembling the pricking of fine needles, which was accompanied with a peculiar sound. I supposed at first that the pain was owing to small stones being driven against us by the wind. To judge of their size, I attempted to catch some of them in a cap, but found with surprise that none of them entered it. I now observed, for the first time, that the painful feeling in the skin did not proceed from particles of stone striking against it, but from some invisible power which I could compare only to a current of electric fluid. I now began to observe accurately the appearances around me. I saw that our hair was somewhat raised, that the sensation in the skin was particularly perceptible at the joints and extremities, as if I had experienced an electrical shock on an isolated stool. To convince myself that the sensation did not proceed from particles of stone or sand, I held a piece of paper against the wind. Every particle of stone or sand, or even dust, which should strike the paper, I knew would be detected by the ear or the eye, but none were to be discovered. I now stretched out my arms, and immediately the prickly pain increased at the ends of my fingers. These observations convinced me that the violent wind, called in Egypt, Camseen, is either accompanied by a strong electrical current, or gives rise to such a current by the motion of the sand in the desert. Hence the thick clouds of dust, consisting of isolated atoms of sand, darken the sun for a whole day in a cloudless sky. We may conjecture that such a storm, by its electrical character, may prove injurious to a caravan, and this may explain the destruction of caravans in the desert, related by some travellers: although I must say, that I never heard of such accidents in the countries through which I have travelled. At any rate, to suppose that caravans have perished by being overwhelmed with sand, is in the highest degree ludicrous."

Rüppell devotes a chapter to the fever, which has proved so fatal to travellers and settlers in Africa. From this we extract the following observations. His opportunities of investigating the disease and his success in escaping it, entitle them to attention.

"The *sogene* of the Arabs, or the hot fever of the tropical regions of Africa, attacks both natives and foreigners, and adults

of all ages, but seems to spare children. It begins with a violent headache and a dry heat over the whole body, together with a distressing thirst. Pains in the loins, great irritability, and other common symptoms of fever also accompany it, but the characteristic marks of the disease Rüppell professes himself unable to state. On the third day the patient experiences a dreadful depression, and anticipates the rapid approach of death, his reason soon becomes impaired, unbroken delirium follows, and on the ninth day death ensues. If the attack is comparatively mild or proper remedies are seasonably used, the violent fever is succeeded about the ninth day by a tertian intermittent fever, which is very obstinate and greatly reduces the patient, but is not of itself usually fatal. This disorder appears regularly in the tropical countries, containing large rivers or other extended bodies of water, especially in the hot season when the wind is still, during the period of the summer rains. It is not epidemic, but is nevertheless confined to these countries, so that removal to the dry desert plains is a well known and sure mode of avoiding it. This shews that the state of the atmosphere in those regions, which are full of water, stagnating under a hot sun, has a great influence in producing the disease. But this cannot be the only cause, otherwise the fever would prevail more extensively. Some other cause must introduce the seeds of the disorder which are then rapidly developed under the influence of the corrupted atmosphere. This cause Rüppell considers to be the presence of *animalculæ* in the water used for drinking. In regions in which, during the warm season, the temperature remains for months between 95 and 104 degrees, (Fahrenheit), and the difference of temperature between day and night is only about four and a half degrees, all stagnant water exposed to the sun must become filled in a few days with *animalculæ*, which will be more abundant in proportion to the amount of dead plants and animals in contact with the water. Rüppell gives several instances in which he himself or the persons in his company were attacked with fever after drinking water in this state. Considering the disorder, therefore, to originate in the use of stagnant water, and to derive its violence from the corrupt state of the atmosphere, Rüppell took his measures accordingly to guard against it.

To destroy the *animalculæ*, he caused all the water procured for the use of his company to be boiled, except such as came

from running streams, or such as had a naturally saline taste, which shewed it to be free from these creatures ; and when he was in the neighborhood of rivers, after they had overflowed, he was careful to make his servants obtain water from the stream itself, and not from the stagnant pools along its banks. During the hot season he avoided all residence in districts exposed to the evaporation of stagnant water, and never passed the rainy season within the tropics. Where cases of fever took place in spite of his precautions, he resorted immediately to large doses of quinine, (extract of Peruvian bark,) accompanied with a strict regimen, and followed by the use of bitter extracts during the period of convalescence. He himself, in one instance, took twelve grains of quinine divided into six doses during the course of twenty-four hours. As crudities are seldom present at the commencement of the fever, he condemns the use of emetics as occasioning a loss of time and exhausting the patient. The prevalence of the disorder was well-known to the people of the northern tropical regions of Africa, to be proportionate to the number and violence of the summer rains. Notwithstanding the fatalism of the Mohammedans, they now use as a remedy in this disorder, a bitter black resin, which flows from the trunk of the acacia sazal in summer.

But it is time to close this article. We have extended it to its present length, under the impression that our readers would not be uninterested in the description of a country, cursed indeed at present with ignorance, poverty, tyranny and vice, but whose gigantic and beautiful monuments speak of a civilization which preceded the dawn of authentic history, and shed lustre on the shores of the Red Sea, while thick darkness brooded over the coasts of the Mediterranean.

ART. X. — *Popular Education.*

1. *Rapport sur l'état de l'Instruction Publique dans quelques pays de l'Allemagne et particulièrement en Prusse.* Par M. VICTOR COUSIN, Conseiller d'Etat, Professeur de Philosophie, Membre de l'Institut et du Conseil Royal de l'Instruction Publique. 2 vols. 4to. Paris. 1832.

2. *Etat de l'Instruction primaire dans le Royaume de Prusse à la fin de l'Année,* 1835. *Supplément au Rapport sur l'Instruction Publique en Prusse.* Par le même. 8vo. Paris. 1835.

3. *Rapport fait à la Chambre des Pairs par M. Cousin au nom d'une Commission spéciale chargeé de l'examen du Projet de loi sur l'Instruction Primaire.* Séance du 21 Mai. Paris. 1835.

4. *Rapport fait à la Chambre des Pairs par M. Cousin au nom d'une Commission spéciale chargeé de l'examen du Projet de loi sur l'Instruction primaire amendé par la Chambre des Deputés.* Séance du 22 Juin. Paris. 1835.

5. *Report on the State of Public Instruction in Prussia; addressed to the Count Montalivet, Peer of France, Minister of Public Instruction and Ecclesiastical Affairs.* By M. VICTOR COUSIN, Peer of France, Counsellor of State, Professor of Philosophy, Member of the Institute and of the Royal Council of Public Instruction; with Plans of School-Houses. Translated by SARAH AUSTIN. 12mo. New York. 1835.

6. *Report of the Committee of Education of the Massachusetts Legislature upon so much of the Governor's Address at the opening of the Session of* 1835, *as relates to the School Fund; including an outline of the Prussian System of Education.* Boston. 1835.

WE have for some time past intended to call the attention of our readers to the publications of Professor Cousin upon the the state of education in Germany, and we are glad to be re-

minded of this intention, by the republication, at New York, of Miss Austin's well digested abridgement of them. This has been executed under the direction of the distinguished author, and offers in a small duodecimo, and in a very correct and elegant English dress, the most valuable portion of the contents of the two large quartos which compose the original. The name and character of M. Cousin are already familiar to our readers. We have, on more than one occasion, been led to notice his labors in the great field of intellectual philosophy, and if we have not been able to give our unqualified concurrence to all his theories upon that subject, we have never risen from the perusal of any of his works without feeling fresh admiration of his learning, eloquence, and indefatigable industry. He seems, in fact, to combine the vivacity and brilliancy of the French school of literature, with the immense erudition and dogged perseverance in study, which have sometimes been considered as almost peculiar to the scholars of Germany. In addition to the voluminous works now before us, prepared and brought out in the midst of a variety of ministerial and political occupations, he has also continued his translation of Plato, of which we announced the commencement in a former number. We have just received from Paris, three new volumes of this noble work, the preparation of which, including as they do, very copious notes and illustrations, would have been regarded by most writers as an exclusive, and, indeed, very ample occupation for the whole of their time. We look forward with strong interest to the publication of the first volume, which will contain the life of Plato, with a dissertation on his philosophy, and will form, unquestionably, one of the most important philosophical works that have lately appeared in Europe.

Whatever may be thought of the tendency and substantial value of Mr. Cousin's metaphysical theories, upon which, as we have intimated, the public opinion is not yet settled, there can be no doubt of the great practical importance of his labors in the cause of education. He was despatched by the French government to Germany as a commissioner, to collect information on the methods employed in that country; and the masterly manner in which he performed the duties entrusted to him, has rendered his mission a sort of epoch in the progress of improvement, not merely in France, but in most other civilized countries. It has already led to a reform in the system of instruction in France, which was carried through the Cham-

bers by M. Cousin himself, in his capacity of Peer. In England, his writings on this subject, have awakened a strong interest, and probably will give occasion to great practical changes. In this country, they have arrived very opportunely, at a moment when some of the most important States, particularly New York and Massachusetts, are laboring to place their schools on a better footing, and will furnish a body of most valuable information in aid of this purpose. In this commonwealth, where a school fund has just been established, and is now going into operation, many valuable hints may be, and doubtless will be, taken from the successful experiments of the older countries. The committee of the legislature have directed the public attention to the Prussian System, by including in their report an outline of its principal features, furnished by a distinguished Prussian, Dr. Julius of Berlin, now travelling in this country under the orders of his government, for purposes similar to those for which Professor Cousin was despatched to Germany. The committee have also recommended the distribution of Miss Austin's abridgement to all the towns, — a measure which cannot but be attended with the best results. We also anticipate a very favorable effect from the publication of these works in some parts of Spanish America, where the public feeling is at length roused to the great subject of education, and the labors of some of the most conspicuous individuals are zealously devoted to its improvement.

The works before us are of too much importance to be treated as a mere text for new speculations on the same subject: our readers will desire and expect to be made acquainted with their contents, as far as this object can be effected within the narrow limits of this notice. In the impossibility of giving any thing like a complete analysis of the whole, we shall direct our principal attention to the sections which treat of the seminaries for the education of teachers.

A succinct account of the origin of these establishments is given at the commencement of the report made to the government, upon the condition of the one at Potsdam, which is considered as among the most flourishing, and is under the care of Mr. Striez.

"It is impossible," says Mr. Cousin, "more completely to justify the confidence of the ministry than Mr. Striez has done. From year to year the normal school confided to his care has made extraordinary progress, and in 1826 he laid before the public an

account of it, which excited the liveliest interest. This account I place before you; it will give you an accurate and complete idea of the material and moral condition, — of the whole internal life, — of one of the best primary normal schools of Prussia.

"Until the middle of the last century there were no primary normal schools in Brandenburg. The school-masters were appointed by the parishes, either with the approbation of the authorities or without their knowledge, and were all drawn from the primary school then established. All that was required of these masters, who were chiefly mechanics, was to be able to read, say the catechism, sing tolerably a few well-known psalm-tunes, and to write and cipher a little. Numbers of shepherds, employed in summer time in keeping sheep, during winter assumed the office of teachers of youth. The nobility used generally to bestow the place of schoolmaster (if it was at their disposal) on their valets or grooms, as a reward for past services. The primary schools in towns sometimes had masters a little better informed, but even they had neither good taste nor method in their manner of teaching.

"Johann Julius Hecker, chief councillor of the consistory at Berlin, and minister of Trinity church, was the first who undertook to train young men for the art of teaching. With this view he founded a school to supply masters for his own diocese.

"This establishment, founded in 1748, remained for some time a private one; in the year 1753 it was raised to the rank of a royal primary normal school for schoolmasters and parish-clerks. The provincial authorities were enjoined, in a Cabinet order published the 1st of October, 1753, to select, as far as possible, the members of this establishment for the royal places of parish-clerk and schoolmaster.

"But this primary normal school was still far from meeting the constantly increasing wants of the province, and little merited the name of a royal school. The pupils, scattered in all parts of the capital, were not properly watched nor directed in their studies. Being all mechanics, they labored at their trades rather than their studies, and were besides exposed to the influence of the corporation spirit,* and to the seductions of a great town. In fact, the time which they devoted to their studies at the normal school was in general, too short to afford any hope of effecting the end proposed.

"In 1771 Frederick the Great appropriated 4000 crowns, interest upon a capital of 100,000 crowns, to the improvement of the country schools in the Electoral March; he used on this occasion the following expressions: 'Primary education, especially in the

* In Germany the members of each trade, till very recently, composed a *Zunft*, — guild, or corporation. — *Trans.*

country, has been hitherto much neglected; it becomes imperative to remove the bad masters, and replace them by competent men.' Understanding that the schools were better organized in Saxony, he ordered that masters should be drawn thence, and put in the place of those whom it might have seemed fit to remove, in spite of their being dependents on the crown or on the nobles. An increase of salary was to be allowed to the new masters, from the special fund lately created; and the individuals most distinguished among them to be held out to the primary normal school as *models for masters in training*.

"But the benevolent intention of the king could not be entirely realized; either the persons intrusted with its execution were negligent, or they found it difficult to draw skilful masters from Saxony. To obviate this inconvenience, it was determined to place in the schools which were susceptible of reform, theological candidates, who should fill the office of masters. The only effect, however, of all this was to attach a better salary to a certain number of schoolmasterships, and to relieve the inhabitants of the parishes of Brandenburg from the obligation of paying for the education of their children, — the better-paid masters being bound to give gratuitous instruction. Such is the origin of the so-called charity-schools.

"Some lesser normal schools, indeed, sprang up insensibly at Berlin; but either they were not of long continuance, or they remained unimportant; or else they had no other view than to form masters for Berlin and the neighboring towns, of an inferior order.

"Such was the state of things when, in 1809, the regency of Potsdam, the ecclesiastical authorities, and the school-deputation began to give a new direction to the system hitherto followed in primary instruction.

"Nothing was more strongly felt than the want of good masters. Exact information was eagerly sought as to the condition of the primary normal school at Berlin, and in 1810 great improvements were effected in this establishment. Upon their success depended, in part, whether this school should be continued and remain at Berlin, or whether it should be transferred to another place. Now, on experiment, the measures adopted appeared inapplicable to the establishment at Berlin, and a serious intention was consequently formed of founding another. As the chapter-house of Havelberg, which they had in view, was not at that time to be disposed of, it was in 1815 resolved to establish provisionally the new normal school at Potsdam. The license was granted in 1816, and the project executed in 1817."

The following extracts will give a distinct notion of the organization of these establishments in their principal points.

"The normal school and its annexed school are placed under a director or principal, subordinate to the royal school-board of the province of Brandenburg at Berlin, and to the minister of public instruction and ecclesiastical and medical affairs.

"The last named authority lays down the principles to be followed in this school, as in all other public schools; exacts an account of all important matters, such as the nomination of the masters, and any change in the fundamental plan of the studies; and receives every year, through the medium of the royal school-board, a detailed report, prepared by the director of the school.

"The school-board is charged with the special inspection of the normal school: it must watch its progress, and from time to time send commissioners to make inquiries on the spot. It examines also and approves the plan of studies presented every half-year and decides on all questions submitted to the consistory.

"The director should superintend the whole establishment, observe and direct the masters and servants, make reports to the superior authorities, carry on the correspondence, &c.

"The normal school, situated near the canal and the Berlin gate, is a large edifice two stories high, with a frontage of 127 feet, and considerable back-buildings, which, joined to the main building, form a square within which is a tolerably spacious court. The whole comprehends:

"1. A family residence for the director or principal, and another for a master;

"2. Three apartments for three unmarried masters;

"3. An apartment for the steward and his servants, and sufficient convenience for household business and stowage;

"4. A dining-room for the pupils, which serve also for the writing and drawing class;

"5. An organ-room, in which the music-lessons are given, the examinations take place, and the morning and evening prayers are said;

"6. Two rooms for the scientific instruction of the pupils;

"7. Four rooms for the classes of the annexed school;

"8. Five rooms of different sizes, and two dormitories for the pupils;

"9. Two infirmaries;

"10. A wash-house;

"11. Two cabinets of natural history;

"12. Granaries, cellars, wood-houses, &c.

"The normal school receives yearly 5,400 thaler (810*l.*) from different state funds. To which we must add nearly 2,750 thaler (412*l.* 10*s.*) paid by the pupils, and 250 thaler (32*l.* 10*s.*) by the children of the annexed primary school; so that the annual income of the whole establishment amounts to 8,400 thaler (1,260*l.*)

"This sum serves to pay, —

"1. The salaries of the masters;

"2. The household expenses;

"3. The materials for instruction for the normal school and the school annexed;

"4. The garden-ground;

"5. The heating and lighting;

"6. The repairs of the building, furniture and utensils, the insurance, taxes and expenses of the house, &c.;

"7. The maintenance of the pupils, the ten purses or exhibitions, and half-purses, and the sundries;

"8. The physician and surgeon.

"The establishment contains the following articles.

"1. Things required in the economy of the house, kitchen utensils, tables, forms, &c.;

"2. Sufficient and suitable furniture, consisting of chests of drawers, tables, forms, chairs and boxes, for the class of the normal school, and the school for practice, and for the masters' rooms, &c. There is also, for the poorer pupils, a certain number of bedsteads with bedding;

"3. A considerable library for the masters and pupils, as well as a good collection of maps and globes for the teaching of geography;

"4. A tolerably complete collection of philosophical instruments;

"5. A collection of minerals, presented to the establishment by Councillor Von Turck;

"6. A collection of stuffed birds, and other objects in natural history;

"7. The instruments most required in mathematical instruction;

"8. Complete drawing apparatus;

"9. A very considerable collection of music;

"10. A very good organ, a piano-forte, seven harpsichords, and many wind and string-instruments.

"Additions are made every year, from funds specially appropriated to this purpose, and by the care of the superior authorities; the whole inventory of the establishment is insured for 7,500 thaler (1,125*l.*) in the insurance office at Aachen at a premium of only about 14 thaler (2*l.* 2*s.*)

"To support about eighty pupils, and to preserve cleanliness in the house, a steward has been appointed, whose duties are specified in a contract renewable every year.

"The food of the pupils is good and wholesome, which is proved by the state of their health. Some parents think it needful to send their children eatables, or money to purchase them. They are wrong, for the children have no such want; on the contrary,

so far from being advantageous, these presents only serve to take away their appetite at meals, and to make them dainty and gluttonous. The orphans, and those whose parents are too poor to send them any thing, are exactly those who are the strongest and healthiest.

"The director is almost always present at meals, to be sure of the goodness of the food, and to prevent any irregularity in the serving up.

"Sick pupils are sent to the infirmary, and are attended by the physician or surgeon of the establishment."

"The number of the pupils is fixed by the regulation at from 75 to 80, and is now 78, of whom 72 live in the establishment; the other six have obtained a license to remain with their parents in order to lessen the expense of their maintenance.

"This number is determined not only by the building, but also by the wants of the province. Brandenburg contains about 1500 masterships of primary schools, in town and country. Supposing that out of a hundred places, two become vacant every year, there will be at least thirty masters required for this province; but these places for the most part pay so badly, that they are compelled to be content with but moderately qualified masters, who, perhaps, have not been educated at a normal school, and who sometimes follow some trade or handicraft. If, then, the normal school contains 78 pupils who form three classes, one of which quits annually, it will furnish each year 26 candidates, which about meets the wants of the country.

"Once a year, at Michaelmas, 26 pupils are admitted. Of these are required —

"1. Good health and freedom from all bodily infirmity. (Obstacles to admission would be, exceeding smallness of stature, short-sightedness, or a delicate chest;)

"2. The age of 17 complete;

"3. The evangelical religion;

"4. A moral and religious spirit, and a conduct hitherto blameless;

"5. A good disposition and talents, amongst which are a good voice and a musical ear;

"6. To be prepared for the studies of the normal school by the culture of the heart and mind: to have received a good religious education (which shall include a knowledge of the Bible and biblical history;) to be able to read; to know the grammar of the German language, of composition, arithmetic, the principles of singing, the piano-forte and violin.

"A written request for admission must be sent to the director, by June at the latest, accompanied with —

"1. A certificate of birth and baptism;

"2. A school certificate, and one of good conduct;

"3. A police certificate, stating the condition of the young man or his father, or else a written declaration from the father or guardian, stating the time within which he can and will pay the annual sum fixed by law; *i. e.* 48 thaler (6*l.* 16*s.*)

"The director enters the petitioners on a list, and in the month of June or July invites them, by letter, to present themselves at the examination which takes place in July or August.

"The examination is conducted partly in writing, and partly *viva voce.*

"As a means of ascertaining the acquirements of the candidates, and of judging of their memory, their style, and their moral dispositions, an anecdote or parable is related in a clear and detailed manner, summing up and repeating the principal points, after which they produce it in writing, with observations and reflections.

"The oral examination usually includes only religion, reading, grammar, logical exercises, and arithmetic.

"They are also examined in singing, the piano-forte and the violin.

"After the examination, the talents and merits of the respective candidates are conscientiously weighed and compared, in a conference of the masters. The choice being made, it is submitted to the sanction of the royal school-board, with a detailed report of the result of the examination.

"At the end of some weeks the candidates are informed of the decision; their admission is announced, or the reasons which prevented it stated; with either advice to give up their project entirely, or suggestions relative to their further preparation.

"The admitted candidate is bound to bring, besides his clothes and books, amongst which must be the Bible and the prayer-book used in the establishment, half-a-dozen shirts, six pairs of stockings, a knife and fork, and, generally, a bedstead with all requisite bedding.

"He is also bound to sign, on his entrance, the following engagement to the director, with the consent of his father or guardian.

"Copy of the engagement with the director, to be signed by the pupil on his entrance.

"'I, the undersigned, N—— of N——, by these presents, bind myself, conformably with the ordinance of the royal minister of public instruction and ecclesiastical and medical affairs, dated Feb. 28th, 1825, with the consent of my father (or guardian) who signs this with me, ... to place myself during three years after my leaving the normal school, at the disposal of the king's government; and consequently not to subscribe anything

contrary to this engagement; or, in such case, to refund to the normal school the expenses incurred by the state for my instruction, namely:

"'1. Ten thaler for each half-year passed in the normal school, and for the instruction received in this period of time;

"'2. The whole amount of the grants and exhibitions I may have received.

"'Potsdam, the &c.'

"The applicant rejected, but not advised to choose another course, is summoned to a fresh examination the following year.

"The number of applicants having been for some time past very great, the author of this report thinks it his duty to warn parents, (especially schoolmasters,) whose children do not evince talents, and have not a decided taste for teaching, not to suffer them to lose the precious time which they might employ with much more success in some other career.

"This respects chiefly the poorer youths, who can have no claim to the exhibitions, unless they give proofs of an extraordinary capacity, from which the state and society may derive a real advantage.

"The normal school is by no means designed for those who are unfit for any business, and think, if they can read and write, they are capable of becoming schoolmasters. This notion is so deeply rooted, that you hear fathers declare with all the simplicity in the world — 'My son is too delicate to learn a business,' or 'I don't know what to make of my son, but I think of getting him into the normal school.' We reply to such, that the pupils of the normal school must, on the contrary, be sound both in body and mind, and able to brave the toils and troubles of a career as laborious as it is honorable.

"Much neglect unfortunately still exists on a subject which is of the highest importance, — the methodical preparation of these young men for the calling which it is desired they should embrace.

"A false direction is often given to their preliminary studies. A young man is believed to be well prepared for the normal school, if he have passed the limits of elementary instruction, and if he have acquired a greater mass of knowledge than other pupils. It frequently happens, however, that candidates who come strongly recommended from school, pass the examination without credit, or are even rejected.

"The most immediate and the most important aim of all instruction, is to train up and complete the man; to ennoble his heart and character; to awaken the energies of his soul, and to render him not only disposed, but able, to fulfil his duties. In this view alone can knowledge and talents profit a man; otherwise, instruction, working upon sterile memory, and talents purely

mechanical, can be of no high utility. In order that the teacher, and particularly the master of the primary school, may make his pupils virtuous and enlightened men, it is necessary he should be so himself. Thus, that the education of a normal school, essentially practical, may completely succeed, the young candidate must possess nobleness and purity of character in the highest possible degree, the love of the true and the beautiful, an active and penetrating mind, the utmost precision and clearness in narration and style.

"Such above all things are the qualities we require of young men. If they have reached this state of moral and intellectual advancement by the study of history, geography, mathematics, &c., and if they have acquired additional knowledge on these various branches, we cannot but give them applause; but, we frankly repeat, we dispense with all these acquirements, provided they possess that *formal instruction* of which we have just spoken, since it is very easy for them to obtain in the normal school that *material instruction* in which they are deficient."

"If the young men have no relations at Potsdam who can answer for their good conduct and application, they are all, without exception, bound to live in the normal school, and to take their food there, paying to the director the sum of 12 thaler (1*l.* 16*s.*) per quarter.

"Each pupil costs the establishment 100 thaler a year. In paying, therefore, the yearly sum of 48 thaler, required by law, he defrays only half his expenses. A bursar is entitled to lodging, firing, board, candles, and instruction. A half bursar pays only 24 thaler a year. He has then only to buy his clothes, to pay for his washing, books, paper, pens, ink, and whatever is wanted for music and drawing.

"The pupils pay for medicine; the establishment, however, willingly lends assistance, if, at the end of a severe illness, the cost is very great.

"As to clothes, (which, however, must be clean, and not ragged,) and books, no one is compelled to incur greater expense than his means will allow.

"During their stay in the normal school the young men can earn nothing, since they have no time left to give private lessons, which, moreover, would cause great inconvenience.

"With respect to lodging, they are distributed into five large rooms with stoves, appropriated to the pupils; and they live and work, to the number of eight, twelve, or sixteen, in one of these rooms, which is furnished with tables, chairs, drawers, book-cases, bureaus, and piano-fortes. Their beds and chests are put in two dormitories. Each sitting-room, each bed-room, has its inspector, chosen from among the pupils, who is responsible for its order.

It is the duty of one of the pupils belonging to the chamber to arrange and dust the furniture, &c every day. Neglect in the fulfilment of his office is punished by the continuance of it.

"So long as the pupils remain at the normal school, and behave with propriety, they are exempt from military service.

"All the pupils are bound to pursue the course of the normal school for three years; their acquirements and instruction would be incomplete if they did not conform to this regulation."

The following extract gives a general idea of the plan of instruction.

"This important subject is of far too great extent for us to attempt to exhaust it here. We shall take a future opportunity of entering upon it, and show how all the branches of instruction are treated in the normal school. At present we shall content ourselves with the mention of the principles which regulate the instruction and general discipline.

"In the education of the masters of primary schools the wants of the people must be consulted.

"We have abundant proof that the well-being of an individual, like that of a people, is nowise secured by extraordinary intellectual powers or very refined civilization. The true happiness of an individual, as of a people, is founded on strict morality, self-government, humility, and moderation; on the willing performance of all duties to God, his superiors, and his neighbors.

"A religious and moral education is consequently the first want of a people. Without this, every other education is not only without real utility, but in some respects dangerous. If, on the contrary, religious education has taken firm root, intellectual education will have complete success, and ought on no account to be withheld from the people, since God has endowed them with all the faculties for acquiring it, and since the cultivation of all the powers of man secures to him the means of reaching perfection, and, through that, supreme happiness.

"Religious and moral instruction, far from leading to presumption and a disputatious spirit, on the contrary, produces in man a consciousness of his weakness, and, as a consequence, humility. The object then should be, to give the people solid and practical knowledge, suited to their wants, which will naturally refine and soften their habits and manners.

"If such be the instruction the people ought to receive, that of the masters of the primary schools is at once determined, and the principles to be followed in the instruction of our pupils are equally clear.

"A more definite direction is given to religious and moral instruction by the belief in the revealed word of God in the Holy

Scriptures. But this belief must not be simply historical, as amongst the learned; nor amuse itself with obscure and mystical notions; nor be expressed with affectation, in word, gesture, or deed. It ought rather so to penetrate the heart of man as to produce a constant endeavor to have his thoughts, sentiments, and actions in strictest harmony with the word of God. It is, then, on the living conviction of the truths and doctrines of Christianity, that we base the religious and moral character of our pupils. Enemies to all needless constraint, we allow the young men all the liberty compatible with our responsibility, with our duty of guarding them from every seduction, and with the internal order of the establishment. We are indulgent to faults which arise not from bad disposition, but we punish unkindness and rudeness even in look and gesture. To be cringing and hypocritical is a bad way of seeking our favor, but we encourage to the utmost of our power, real unassuming piety, docility, zeal, and industry.

"To sustain and confirm the religious and moral spirit of our pupils, we adopt various means. We take particular care that they go to church every Sunday: they are not compelled to attend exclusively the *Heilige Geist Kirche*, (church of the Holy Ghost,) which is the parish church of the normal school, and which it supplies with a choir of singers; but on the Monday they are required to name the church they went to, and to give an account of the sermon. Every Sunday, at six o'clock in the morning, one of the oldest pupils reads, in turn, a sermon, in the presence of all the pupils and one master. At the beginning and end they sing a verse of a psalm, accompanied on the organ. A prayer, about ten or fifteen minutes long, is offered up every morning and night, by one of the masters. They begin with singing one or two verses; then follows a religious address, or the reading of a chapter from the Bible, and, in conclusion, another verse.

"To obtain a moral influence over the pupils, we consider their individual position, their wants, and their conduct. Much aid in this respect is derived from the weekly conferences of the masters, and particularly from the quarterly report of the pupils, or judgment on the application, progress, and conduct of each. This is written in a particular book, called the report-book, and forms the basis of the certificates delivered to the pupils on their leaving the establishment, as well as of private advice given at the time.

"The means of correction adopted are, warnings, exhortations, reprimands; at first privately, then at the conference of the masters; lastly, before all the pupils. If these means do not suffice, recourse is had to confinement, to withdrawing the *stipendia* or exhibitions, and, in the last resort, to expulsion. But we endeavor, as much as possible, to prevent these punishments, by keeping up a friendly intercourse with the pupils, by distinguishing the mer-

itorious, by striving to arouse a noble emulation, and to stir up in their hearts the desire of gaining esteem and respect by irreproachable conduct.

"It is on the interest given to the lessons that especially depends the application to study out of class. Certain hours of the day are consecrated to private study, and each master by turns takes upon himself to see that quiet is maintained in the rooms, and that all are properly occupied.

"At the end of each month, the last lesson, whatever the branch of instruction, is a recapitulation, in the form of an examination, on the subjects treated of in the course of the month.

"As to the branches of knowledge taught, and the course of study, the following is the fundamental plan:—

"In the first year *formal instruction* predominates; in the second, *material instruction;* in the third, *practical instruction.* The pupils, having then about ten lessons a week to give in the annexed school, (lessons for which they must be well prepared,) follow fewer courses in the school.

"Our principal aim, in each kind of instruction, is to induce the young men to think and judge for themselves. We are opposed to all mechanical study and servile transcripts. The masters of our primary schools must possess intelligence themselves, in order to be able to awaken it in their pupils; otherwise, the state would doubtless prefer the less expensive schools of Bell and Lancaster.

"We always begin with the elements, because we are compelled to admit, at least at present, pupils whose studies have been neglected; and because we wish to organize the instruction in every branch, so as to afford the pupils a model and guide in the lessons which they will one day be called upon to give.

"With respect to *material* instruction, we regard much more the solidity, than the extent, of the acquirements. This not only accords with the intentions of the higher authorities, but reason itself declares that solidity of knowledge alone can enable a master to teach with efficacy, and carry forward his own studies with success. Thus, young men of delicate health are sometimes exempted from certain branches of study, such as the mathematics, thorough-bass, and natural philosophy.

"Gardening is taught in a piece of ground before the Nauen gate; and swimming, in the swimming-school established before the Berlin gate, during the proper season, from seven to nine in the evening.

"*Practical* instruction we consider of the greatest importance.

"All the studies and all the knowledge of our pupils would be fruitless, and the normal school would not fulfil the design of its institution, if the young teachers were to quit the establishment

without having already methodically applied what they had learned, and without knowing by experience what they have to do, and how to set about it.

"To obtain this result, it is not sufficient that the young men should see the course gone through under skilful masters, or that they should themselves occasionally give lessons to their schoolfellows; they must have taught the children in the annexed school for a long time, under the direction of the masters of the normal school. It is only by familiarizing themselves with the plan of instruction for each particular branch, and by teaching each for a certain time themselves, that they can acquire the habit of treating it with method."

M. Cousin has also given copious extracts from the report upon the condition of another of these establishments, which is situated at Bruhl, on the banks of the Rhine, between Cologne and Bonn. Our readers will be gratified, we think, with the following specimen.

"It will not, I imagine, be out of place to begin this report with some details respecting the little town of Bruhl, in which the establishment in question is situated.

"The town of Bruhl stands in a beautiful plain on the left bank of the Rhine, two leagues from Koln, three from Bonn, and a short league from the river. It is surrounded by fertile fields and picturesque villages. Directly before it majestically rises the ancient Colonia, with its numerous towers and steeples, and its colossal cathedral. It bounds the view on that side: on the right, the *Siebengebirge** traces its gigantic outlines on the blue distance, and on that side presents to the eye a picture of grandeur and repose. From some neighboring heights the lover of natural beauty looks down with admiration on the plains which lie outspread before him, and the silvery lustre of the majestic Rhine, which, in its ample windings, rolls peacefully along, as if it delighted to linger in these smiling regions, while two long chains of hills seem to hold this magnificent plain in their embrace. One of these chains stretches along the left bank of the Rhine, to the Eifel mountains, and is for that reason called the *Vorgebirge*, — (fore or introductory range:) at the foot of this chain is Bruhl. The summit is clothed with the forest of Vill, and the undulating sides are dotted with country-houses and pretty villages, the houses of which are half hidden among fruit-trees. At the blossoming season these villages present the most delightful aspect, and help to compose a picture of enchanting variety. It is not without reason,

* The cluster of seven mountains nearly opposite to Bonn.

then, that Bruhl was the favorite residence of the Electoral Archbishops of Koln, and in former times this little town was far more important than it now is. At the present day Bruhl consists of only 278 houses, among which are many poor mud cottages, and contains only from fourteen to fifteen hundred inhabitants. Since it ceased to be the residence of the Electors, its inhabitants nearly all live by agriculture, and by a small trade. There are only two remarkable buildings, — the palace, which is abandoned, and the monastery. This latter building is occupied by the establishment under my care.

"The monastery was formerly the nursery of the order of Franciscan monks for the whole province of Koln. After the suppression of the order on the left bank of the Rhine, in 1807, Napoleon gave the monastery and its dependencies to the town of Bruhl, which, in 1812, granted them to Messrs. Schug and Schumacher for the establishment of a secondary and commercial school, whose existence closed in 1822. At the end of that year, the town ceded these buildings to the government, for the establishment of the primary normal school which now occupies them.

"The house is built in a grand style, with three stories, and in a quadrangular form. The entrance is to the north, and leads by a small fore court, on the one side into the convent, on the other into the church, which is handsome, light and lofty. The high altar, of artificial marble, and the organ, are much admired. On the south side are two wings, which give the buildings a handsome and palace-like appearance. From the very entrance, the cloisters are wide, with lofty vaulted roofs, cheerful and well lighted. They run quite round the building, as do the corridors over them on the first and second stories. On the ground-floor we have four rooms or halls for study, and a large and very light dining-hall which serves also for our public meetings, for study and for prayer. Beside it, are two school-rooms, and two rooms for the steward, with kitchen, offices and servants' hall in the basement story, where the porter has also his kitchen and two rooms. The establishment has a pump, abundantly supplied with fine water, near the kitchen; a rivulet which runs under the two wings is of great importance for purposes of cleanliness.

"The director occupies the eastern side of the building on the first floor; the inspector, the left wing and a part of the southern side; the steward has the rest of that side; the right wing and the western side are inhabited by an ancient father and brother of the Franciscan order, — regarded as the last remnant of a once flourishing body, now extinct, — and by the master of the school for practice. There are no rooms to the north, only corridors adjoining the church.

"The assistant masters inhabit the upper story, in which are also five hospital rooms to the south, and two large dormitories for the students to the east and west of the main building. A granary or loft, in good repair, runs over the whole of the building, and affords both steward and masters convenient stowage for their stock of grain of all kinds.

"Both masters and pupils have ample reason to be satisfied with the rooms for study and for dwelling. The masters' apartments are not handsome, it is true; other schools have better: with a little cleaning and decoration they might however be made very comfortable. The students' dormitories are cheerful, and better fitted up than any I have seen in any normal school; their appearance is very neat and agreeable, with the clean beds all covered alike, which can be done only where they are furnished by the establishment. This house has only one inconvenience,—violent currents of air, but these might, I think, be remedied.

"The outside of the building is as agreeable as the inside is convenient; it is situated on the prettiest side of the town, and has no communication with any other building except the palace, with which it is connected by a covered way, and by the old orangery. It has a magnificent view over a delightful country, a large kitchen-garden, a commodious court, and two flower-gardens.

"The building is of stone, and consequently very substantial; its aspect is indeed a little hoary now, but a new coat of plaster would soon give it a cheerful appearance. The roof is in good condition, and if once the building underwent a thorough repair the whole might be kept up at a very small expense. During the past year no great repairs have been done.

"The number of students is fixed at a hundred; at this moment there are ninety-two. The object of the establishment is to train schoolmasters for the catholic parishes of the four regencies of Coblentz, Koln, Aachen and Dusseldorf. Its position with relation to the government, is, in principle, to receive the pupils from its hands, and to render them back accomplished for their task. In the other normal schools the rule is, that the candidates for admission be examined by the schoolmasters, and by them declared fit or unfit to be either entered or immediately admitted; but here it is the custom for them to be examined in the department they come from, without any intervention of the school, and afterwards admitted by the director on the nomination of the government. On the other hand, the parting examination rests with the school, under the condition of a special commissioner being present. The pupil declared fit for nomination is not subject to be re-examined by the government authorities. According to its regulations, the school is not only authorized but obliged, at the end of the first year, to send away the pupils who are judged in-

capable of attaining the requisite excellence. At the time of the last parting examination, the school had been obliged to exercise this power in the case of eight pupils, which reduced their number to ninety-two.

"The health of the students was not so good in 1824 as in the preceding year; as sufficiently appears from the bill for medical attendance for the two years.

"In 1823 this amounted to 66 thaler (9*l.* 18*s.*,) in 1824 to 177 thaler (26*l.* 11*s.*) But we must not forget that the number of pupils in the latter year, as compared with the former, was as three to two. There have indeed been no contagious diseases, and few of a serious character, but frequent inflammatory and catarrhal fevers, some intermittent and one nervous fever. Inflammatory opthalmia, attacks on the chest, and palpitations of the heart have not been rare. The physician has paid the pupils great attention, indeed I might almost say too much; and I have agreed with him that he shall not order them medicines, except in cases where diet, rest, perspiration and domestic remedies are insufficient. In order to prevent the young men from abusing the facility of applying to a physician, I have ordered that no one shall for the future consult him without my permission. Infectious cutaneous diseases are avoided by having the pupils examined by the physician on their entrance, and again a week after. If any well-founded suspicions arise, separation takes place as a measure of precaution; if the appearances of a contagious disease are certain, the pupil is sent home till perfectly cured.

"Without rigid attention to order, we could not hope for the smallest success. In an establishment composed of various elements, like this normal school, where young men who differ in language (dialect,) manners and education are gathered together, there must be rigorous obedience to rule. In domestic life, the head of the family *is* the rule; and in a large establishment, unquestionably those who govern are strictly bound to furnish an example to all under them. They are that spring of the great machine which cannot cease to move without stopping the whole. But it is also necessary that the establishment should have its precise rules, its written code of laws. The governors, it is true, fill the place of the law whenever it is silent; but all, without distinction, ought to know accurately what they *must* do, and what they *may* do. For this reason the undersigned cannot share the opinion of some very estimable teachers who think it not necessary, nor even expedient, that there be written laws for an establishment like the primary normal school; nay, that their promulgation may operate only as an incitement to break them. Laws seem to me to grow out of the very nature of the institution. Gather together a number of young men without laying down any rule for them;

they themselves will soon feel the necessity of making laws for the government of their intercourse with each other, and will choose one of their body as guardian of these laws. It is then natural, useful and fitting, that the managers and masters should make laws for the school confided to them. If it be true that laws create the temptation to break them, that is a reason why laws for all human society ought to be abolished. Fixed laws give to an institution a steady course, protect the weaker against caprice and tyranny, prevent mistakes and precipitation, and, what is more important for the future, they show in a clear and striking manner the necessity of laws for the commonwealth, and train youth to a reasonable and willing obedience to them. The opinion I offer here springs from my general conviction of the utility of positive written laws, which my own experience has greatly strengthened. For in those infractions of order and discipline which have occasionally happened, I have contented myself with punishing the fault by reading the infringed law to the culprit, in a calm but severe manner, either in private or before all the pupils assembled; and this punishment has never failed of its effect.

"After this digression, which I have thought it expedient to insert here, I return to the order of the house. It is our duty to make the utmost possible use of the day-light, as being more healthful, more cheerful, and more perfect than lamp-light, and costing nothing. In our situation it would be unpardonable to turn night into day. I make it a great point, too, that the young men should get the habit of rising early, so that in the evening they may lay aside all anxiety and all labor, and give themselves up to the enjoyment of tranquil and refreshing sleep. In summer, therefore, we rise at four, and even earlier when the days are at the longest; in winter at six, in spring and autumn at five. In summer, I and my pupils go to bed at nine or half-past, in spring and winter at ten. The pupils ring the *reveil* by turns; a quarter of an hour after, the bell rings again, and all assemble in the dining-hall, where the morning prayer is said; then they all follow me to the church, where I perform the service of the holy mass. One of the students assists in the service; the others sing the responses; this religious act, for which we use the prayer-book and psalter of Bishop Von Hommer, is sometimes mingled with singing, but rarely, because singing very early in the morning is said to be injurious to the voice and chest. All is terminated in an hour; and the pupils, after having thus sanctified the first hour of morning, return to the house, make their beds, breakfast, and then prepare for lessons, which begin at seven or at eight, according to the season. In establishing this rule, I had some fears at first, that rising so early and going directly into a cold church in the depth of winter, might be injurious to their health; but I am

always there before them, and I have never suffered. It may be said that I am more warmly clothed than the young men; but then they are young, their blood is warmer than mine, and that restores the balance. Moreover, it cannot but be advantageous to them to harden themselves, while habits of indulgence and delicacy would be extremely unfavorable to them in their profession. On the Sundays and festivals of the church, I say mass to the students at half-past eight in the morning. They sing a German mass for four voices, or simple chants and hymns; and, on high festivals, Latin mass. During the last year, the pupils of the first class have several times executed some easy masses extremely well. But, generally speaking, I am not perfectly satisfied with our church music; not that our masters and pupils do not do their best, but we have not a suitable supply of church music. The singing in catholic churches is subject to a particular condition; it must be connected with the acts of the mass; it must form a whole, distinct, and yet in harmony with the mass, and moreover must be adapted to each of the epochs of the ecclesiastical year. Now we have very little church music fit for the people. What there is, is in the hands of a few individuals who do not choose to part with it. There is doubtless an abundance of sacred music suited to every occasion, but it is all in the most elevated style; and to what good end should the studies of the pupils be pushed so far beyond what can be of use to them in their future sphere of action? Music of the highest order never can nor ought to become the property of the people. Music ought not to be cultivated as a mere gratification of a sense; it ought to help to ennoble and refine the heart, and to form the moral taste.

"It does not signify so much how they sing, as what they sing. In primary normal schools music ought not, any more than reading, to be the principal object; it must be regarded and treated as a means towards a higher end, which is, education and moral culture. It is therefore with reason that the primary normal schools are required to diffuse a nobler and more worthy kind of popular sacred music; this is, as regards music, their proper office. A good composer, who would devote himself to this object, might acquire immortal honor. It is to be wished that the higher authorities, particularly of the church, would encourage composers who show a genius for sacred music, to fill this chasm. In these remarks I have in view, it is true, only the catholic church. It is quite otherwise with the protestant, which possesses a great store of psalms; there is only to choose what are appropriate to the sermon. This greatly facilitates the task of the protestant normal schools. In the catholic worship, on the contrary, the sermon is only a subordinate part of a higher whole, with which the singing must harmonize, adapting itself to the different important moments,

and hence the scarcity of simple counterpoint fit for the purpose. To attain the proposed end, we ought to have, not only a good organist, but also an able composer, which it is not easy to find. I return to the order of the day.

"As the day begins with prayer, so it ends with it. A quarter of an hour or half an hour before going to bed, all the pupils assemble, at the sound of the bell, for evening devotions. A short portion of the holy scripture is read, and after enlarging more or less on a text, and recommending it to imitation, I conclude by a prayer. During the past year I preached a homiletical discourse on the lesson of the day, before mass every Sunday morning; but as it becomes difficult for me to speak fasting, I now reserve it till evening. It has also been decided, that as a means of keeping alive religious and moral feelings, the pupils should confess and communicate once a month, unless particular reasons render it expedient to prolong the interval to six weeks, or, at furthest, two months. The rest of the day is employed according to the scheme of lessons and the order enjoined by the minister. The pupils are not allowed to go out, except on the weekly afternoon holiday; and this is sufficient for their health, because in all their hours of recreation they can take exercise in a garden of two acres which belongs to the establishment. Nevertheless, on fine days I occasionally give them leave to make expeditions into the country, when I think their health will be benefited by it; making it an express condition that they shall take no pipes.

"It is good to correct faults; better still to prevent them. Abundance of arguments have been adduced in support of the principle that we must let children have their will, in order that their will may become vigorous, and wait till the time when the reason expands to give it a lofty direction. But this is letting the tares overtop the wheat before we attempt to root them out. Experience proves that the good seed springs up more vigorously and thrives better when the soil has been cleared of weeds. Discipline ought, therefore, to precede and to accompany the instruction of young men, as docility and modesty that of children. Doubtless external reverence and reserve are but the beginning of wisdom; man must be brought to think spontaneously and without external impulse, of the duties he lies under, so that it may become his inclination to fulfil whatever he has clearly recognised as a duty, to consult nothing but conscience, and to set himself above the praise and the blame of men. This is true and uncontested; nevertheless, the flesh is always weak, even though the spirit be willing; and there are few of those elect for whom approbation and censure, remonstrances and encouragements, hope and fear, are not necessary helps; and for that reason, such helps are used for great and small, in private houses as well as in schools, in

church as well as in state, and will never fail, if wisely used, to have a salutary effect. A hard ascetical constraint and discipline are as far from my taste as from my principles; but experience demands rigorous order in great schools, especially at their outset. When order has once been thoroughly established, when the will of each has learned to bend to the unity of the collective body, the early severity may be relaxed, and give place to kindness and indulgence. As long as I can recollect, I have observed that the education of children is best in houses where this principle is observed. To let children grow perverse and wayward in their infancy through weak tenderness and indulgence, and then to reprove and chastise them with harshness when their habits are formed, cannot be other than a false system. For these reasons we always begin by reading the rules and disciplinary laws of the house, so that the pupils may distinctly know what they have to do; we then take care that these laws are strictly enforced. The masters, on their side, are careful to show the most punctual obedience to all their duties. We afterwards read portions of the rules, according to circumstances, and to the demand for any particular part; thus the discipline is strengthened and facilitated. The highest punishment is expulsion; and last year we were obliged to resort to this twice. In all cases we try to proportion the punishment to the fault, so as to conduce to the amendment of the culprit and the good of all. For instance, if one of the pupils lies in bed from indolence, he is deprived of his portion of meat at dinner, and for four days, a week, or a fortnight, as it may be, is obliged to declare his presence when we meet in the morning. Being kept at home on holidays, ringing the bell, fetching water, &c. are the only corporal punishments for faults of indolence and infractions of order. Faults of impatience or carelessness, of insincerity or mischievousness, of coarseness or any sort of incivility, offences against decency or good manners, are punished by notes in the inspection-book, which the culprits themselves are obliged to sign. As to the conduct of the students when out of the house, the authorities and inhabitants of the whole neighborhood unanimously bear witness that the presence of these young men is in no way perceived. It is not difficult to speak to their hearts, and by expostulation suited to their age and station to touch them even to tears.

"Of this I could cite several instances, did I not fear prolonging this report. I will, however, give one. Last year the students of the highest class were dissatisfied with the steward, and presented a petition very numerously signed, in which they enumerated their causes of complaint, and asked to have him removed. I gave the petition to him, that he might answer the charges; and after he had made his defence, I suffered accusers and accused to plead

their cause, at the time of one of the religious lessons. The steward was not irreproachable; his fault was, indeed, evident enough: on the other hand, the complaint was exaggerated, invidious, inexact, and inconsiderate; for several had signed without reading; others had signed because such or such a point seemed to them just; others again had shown themselves extremely active in collecting signatures, and had reproached those who refused to sign. The affair being clearly and circumstantially stated, the steward had his share of the reprimand, and was deeply affected by it; others were moved to tears; and the offenders, when the unbecoming, inconsiderate, and even criminal points of their conduct were distinctly explained to them, acknowledged their injustice, and promised never to act in the like manner again.

"Order and discipline, instruction and prayer, are thus regarded and employed as so many means, general and particular, for cultivating the morality of the pupils; and the undersigned, during the short time he has had the care of the institution, has had the satisfaction of seeing many who entered it with bad and distressing habits, leave it metamorphosed and renewed. Sedateness and modesty have been substituted for giddiness; the spirit of temperance for craving after sensual enjoyments; and those who came to seek but ordinary bread, have acquired a taste for purer and higher food. It is hardly possible that among so many, a vicious one should not occasionally creep in; and last year, among the new comers, was a cunning and accomplished thief, whose depredations filled the establishment with dissatisfaction and alarm. It was difficult to find him out, but falsehood and perversity betray themselves in the end. Heavy suspicions were accumulated during the year on the head of the criminal; and though there were not positive proofs, he could not so escape our vigilance as not to leave us in possession of a moral certainty against him. He was expelled at the examination of last year. Nevertheless, as there was no legal proof, his name was not stigmatized by publicity, and the higher authorities will readily excuse my not mentioning it here, and will be satisfied with the assurance that no misfortune of the kind has since occurred.

"The business of the primary normal school is to form schoolmasters. It must therefore furnish its pupils with the sum of knowledge which the state has declared indispensably necessary to the intellectual wants of the lower classes of the people, of whom they are to be the teachers, and must afterwards fit them to fulfil their important vocation with zeal and with a religious will and earnestness.

"No more than grapes can be gathered from thorns, or figs from thistles, can anything good be hoped from schoolmasters who

are regardless of religion and of morality. For this reason religious instruction is placed at the head of all other parts of education: its object is to implant in the normal schools such a moral and religious spirit as ought to pervade the popular schools. The course of religious instruction has undergone no change from that stated in the report of last year, except that the several classes have been united for the Biblical part. During the present year we propose to treat the concordance of the Gospels, the history of the Apostles, and some of the Epistles. The course adopted is this, — The series of the concordance is established and dictated by the master; the passages and discourses are explained, and, if thought expedient, learnt by heart by the pupils. For the catechising, or religious and moral instruction, properly so called, the classes are separated. . The great catechism of Overberg is taken as a ground-work; and we treat first of faith, then of morals, so that the latter may be intimately connected with the former, or to speak better, that morality may flow from faith as from its source. I regard religion as a disposition or affection of the soul, which unites man, in all his actions, with God; and he alone is truly religious, who possesses this disposition and strives by every means to cherish it. In this view of the subject all morality is religious, because it raises man to God, and teaches him to live in God. I must confess, that in religious instruction I do not confine myself to any particular method; I try by meditation to bring the thing clearly before my own mind, and then to expound it intelligibly, in fitting language, with gravity and calmness, with unction and earnestness, because I am convinced that a clear exposition obliges the pupils to meditate, and excites interest and animation.

"As for the historical part, I have made choice of a short exposition of the history of the Christian church, with an introduction on the constitution of the Jewish church. I think it impossible to learn any thing of universal history, that can be useful or instructive to the students, in less than a hundred lessons. It signifies little whether a village schoolmaster knows the history of India, China or Greece; but he ought to know something of the history of the church, because it is in many points nearly connected with that of religion. I must confess that, in the measure of time allowed us, I cannot make universal history very interesting or profitable to the pupils; but it is otherwise with ecclesiastical history.

"I introduce the theory of education and tuition by experimental psychology. This course of study is of infinite use, in teaching the science of education, and of tuition, as likewise in teaching morals and religion; but I regard the school for practice, and the method there pursued, as the best course of pædagogical instruc-

tion. I have come to the conviction that, generally speaking, it is necessary to recommend to the pupils of the normal schools, and to all young schoolmasters, a firm and decided plan, leaving it to them to modify it as time and experience dictate. It is with them, as with a traveller going to a place he has never been at before; it is best to show him the high road, that he may not lose himself; when he is familiar with that, he may try cross roads, if he thinks they will abridge his journey. The masters of the school agree in my views on this point, and endeavor to act up to them."

These extracts give a pretty complete view of the nature of the seminaries for teachers established in Prussia. We cannot, however, but recommend very strongly to all who feel any interest in the subject, to recur to the work itself, which is replete in every part with information, hardly less valuable and interesting, than that contained in the passages which we have extracted.

In inviting the attention of our readers to this subject, one of our objects has been, to suggest the expediency of introducing establishments of a similar kind in this country. A want of competent teachers is the great complaint in all parts of the Union, where any attention is paid to education; and it is certainly singular, that an occupation, which employs a larger number of persons than any other of the liberal professions, should in general be taken up without any special training, and as a merely temporary resource. In New-York, an attempt has been made to introduce a system for the education of teachers, in a form somewhat different from that of Prussia. Instead of separate schools for their instruction, departments appropriated to this purpose, have been organized in each of the eight academies, or higher free schools. The expediency of this plan has not yet been fully tested; but we have been informed by intelligent observers on the spot, that it will probably not be found an improvement on the foreign model. We are glad to find, from the Report of the Committee on Education, that the attention of our own legislature is now directed to this subject, and we trust that their labors upon it will exhibit the same liberal and enlightened spirit, which has always prevailed in the government of Massachusetts, in regard to education, from the foundation of the colony. The recent establishment of a large school fund, furnishes a fit occasion for a revision of the existing system, and, if properly improved, may be made the commencement of a new era in the history of educa-

tion in this commonwealth. We look with solicitude to the results of the measures which are understood to be in progress, and sincerely hope, that no blind attachment to the old routine, or narrow prejudices against improvements of foreign origin, will prevent the adoption of the plans which may appear best adapted to the purpose. Massachusetts is looked to, by many of the younger States, for examples in the modes of education; and a thorough reform here would not only do its work upon our own institutions, but would have a most important influence upon the state of education throughout the Union.

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